



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





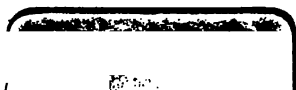
600095015Q



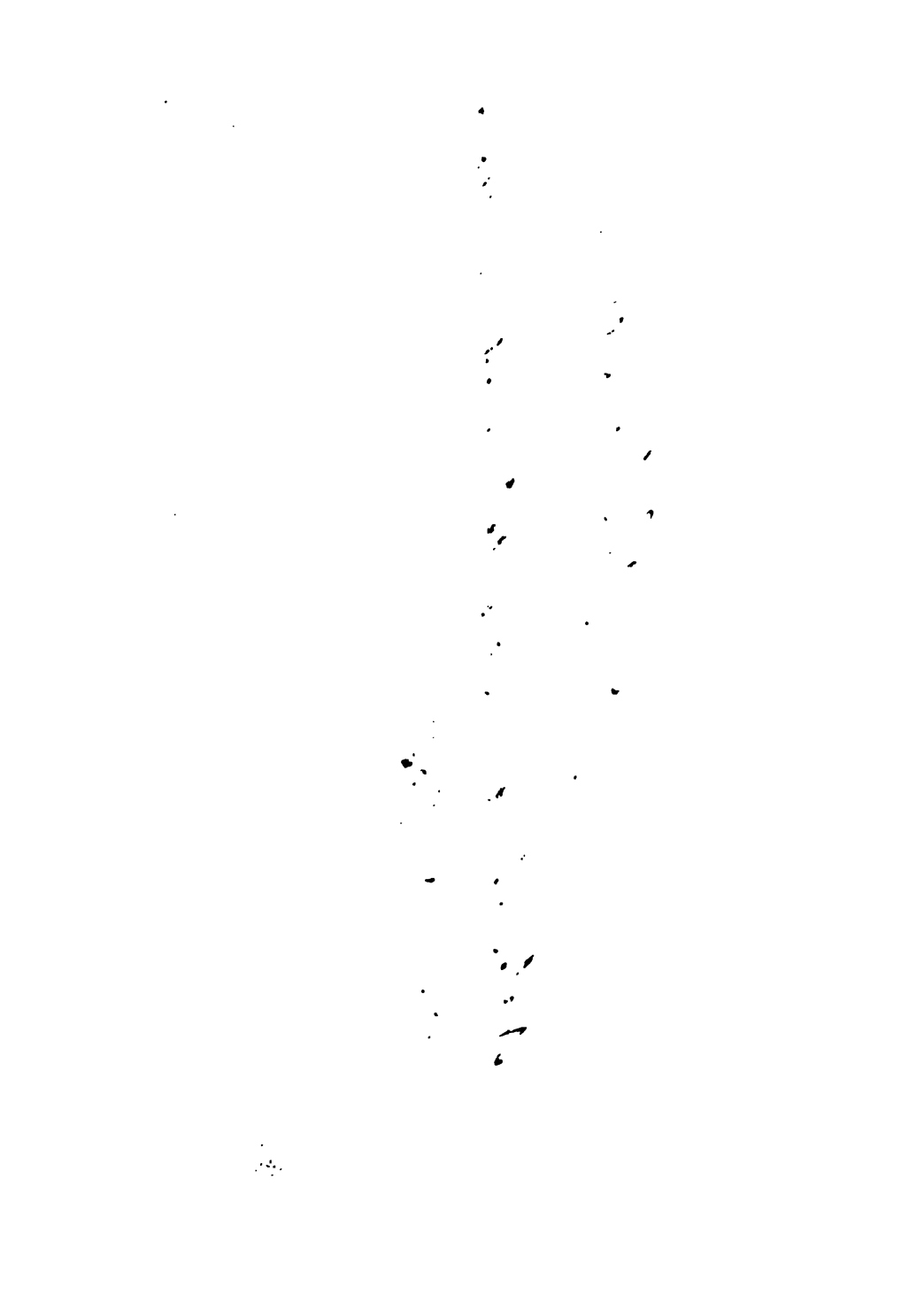




600095015Q







# NOTES OF ADDRESSES

DELIVERED IN

MERRION HALL,

DUBLIN.

BY J. DENHAM SMITH.

---

"We preach Christ crucified."—1 Cor. i. 23.

---

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: J. ROBERTSON AND CO., 3 GRAFTON STREET.

1865.

*100. q. 116.*

PRINTED BY PORTER AND GIBBS,  
WICKLOW STREET, DUBLIN.



# CONTENTS.

## ADDRESS I.

### GOD OUR PORTION.

"O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."—PSALM lxiii. 1, 2 ... .. 1

## ADDRESS II.

### THE LOVE OF GOD.

"But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." "Because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."—ROM. v. 8; and latter clause of 5th ver. 17

## ADDRESS III.

### EYE-WITNESSES.

"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. . . . We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts. . . . No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation."—2 PETER. i. 16, 19, 20 ... 33

## ADDRESS IV.

## THE GOD OF GLORY.

- "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran: and from thence, when his father was dead, he removed him into this land, wherein ye now dwell. And he gave him none inheritance in it, no not so much as to set his foot on: yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child."—Acts vii. 2-5. ... .. 45

## ADDRESS V.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

- "And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."—LUKE x. 30. ... .. 57

## ADDRESS VI.

## THE TAKING UP OF THE SAINTS.

- "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN xiv. 2, 8 ... .. 69

## ADDRESS VII.

## WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

- "Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21, ... .. 85

## CONTENTS.

v

### ADDRESS VIII.

#### THE GREAT DISCHARGE.

- “ I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.”—**Is. xliii.** 25 101

### ADDRESS IX.

#### A PRESENT SALVATION.

- “ He that is our God, is the God of salvation.”—**Pa. lxviii.** 20 117

### ADDRESS X.

#### SALVATION TO THE UTTERMOST.

- “ But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.”—**HEB. vii.** 24, 25 129

### ADDRESS XI.

#### THE GREAT SUPPER.

- “ Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of these men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.”—**LUKE xiv.** 16-24 148

## ADDRESS XII.

## HOW TO HAVE PEACE.

- "I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near."—ISAIAH lvii. 19 .. ... 157

## ADDRESS XIII.

## DELIGHTING IN THE LORD.

- "Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—PSALM xxxvii. 4. ... ... 169

## ADDRESS XIV.

## ANOTHER COMFORTER.

- "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—JOHN xiv. 16, 17. ... ... 181

## ADDRESS XV.

## REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

- "And Sarah was an hundred and seven and twenty years old: these were the years of the life of Sarah. And Sarah died in Kirjatharba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan: and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her. And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you that I may bury my dead out of my sight."—GEN. xxiii. 1-4 ... ... 197

## ADDRESS XVI.

## THE BODY OF CHRIST.

- "And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."—EPA. i. 22, 23. ... 218

**CONTENTS.**

vii

**ADDRESS XVII.**

**GRACE: WHAT IS IT?**

"By grace are ye saved?"—EPHESIANS ii. 8      ...      ...      225

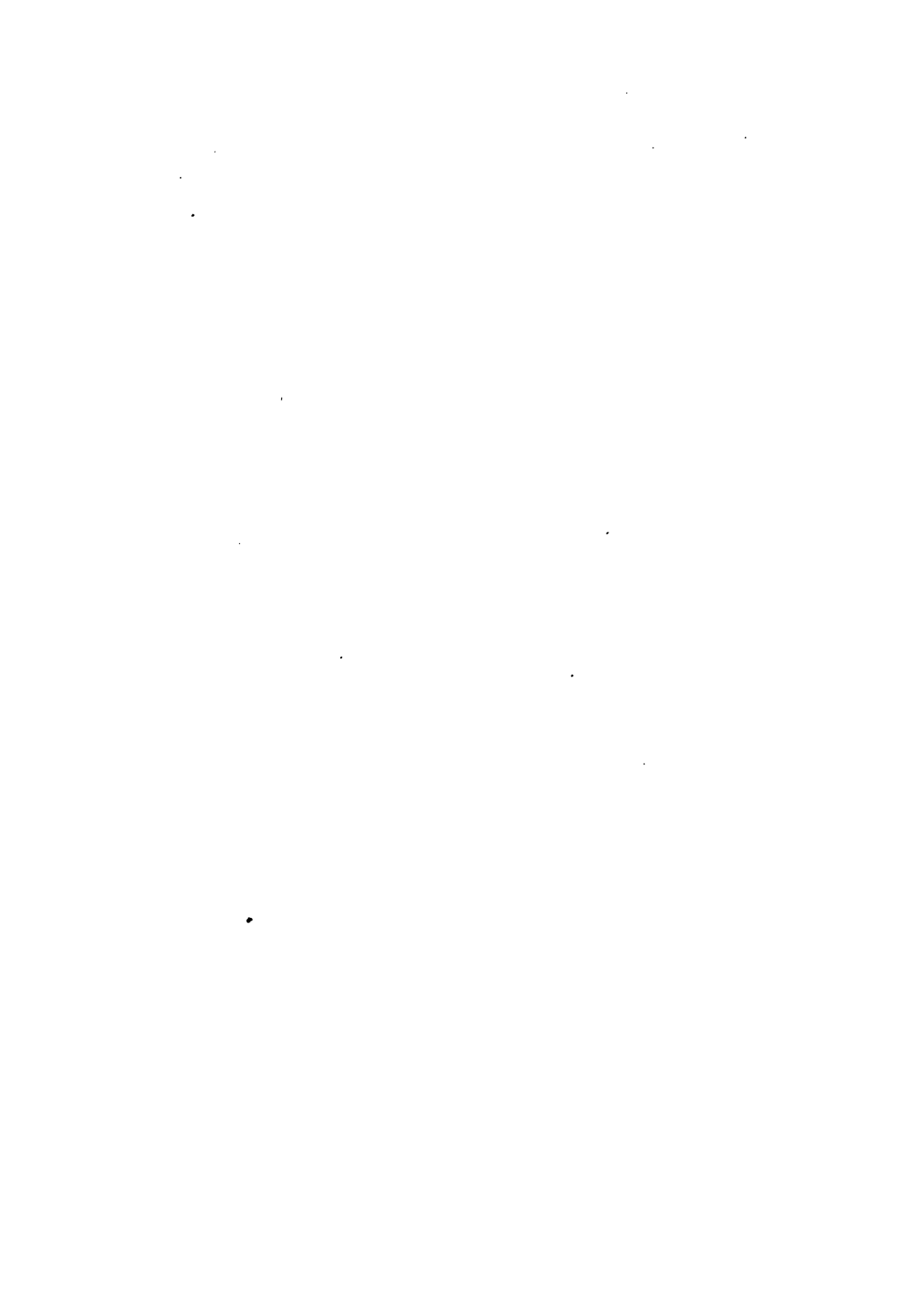
**ADDRESS XVIII.**

**THE TIMES AND SEASONS.**

"But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need  
that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that  
the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."—

1 THESS. v. 1, 2      ...      ...      ...      ...      235

~~~~~



## ADDRESS I.

---

### GOD OUR PORTION.

“O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.”—PSALM lxxiii. 1, 2.

THE passage, beloved friends, brings us immediately to *God*. “O God,” says the Psalmist, “thou art my God.” And what I want at the very outset this morning is, that we should know and feel that God is everything to us; that unless we have God we have nothing; but having *God*, we have everything; we have an unchanging portion. And what I want further is, that the sinner be led to say, with this word, “O God, thou art *my* God.” For you know God is the God of the sinner; and the sinner believing, believes God, and hath God for his salvation, hath God for his portion. So that if you have never been enabled to say before this morning, “O God, thou art my God,” God, by His Holy Spirit, may give you, in the calm spirit of faith and of assurance, this very day to say, “MY God;” and that you may add, “early will I seek thee”—when I awake I am still with God—God in me—God with me—God saying unto me, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

And the word farther goes on to say, "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." That is to say, beloved hearers, God does not in any wise preclude the glorious fact that the more we have of Him, the more we *may* have; for having tasted what God is, having stood by the shining shore, we want the inexhaustible fulness, we thirst for the ocean, we long for *Himself*:—"My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

And the word still farther goes on to say, "To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." Oh! beloved, the very thing we want to see *here to-day*—His power and His glory; and, believe me, God will give us to see it! And the *measure* of what we want is this—the Psalmist gives it, but it is *very low*—"As we have seen it;" "To see thy power and thy glory so as we have seen thee." But it will be higher some of these days. We are about to see it in a way the heart can never conceive, for it is incomprehensible—it is infinite and eternal; but meanwhile we say, "O God! we shall be satisfied if Thou givest us to see it even as we *have* seen it." One is reminded here of dear old Jacob, where he speaks of "*the God of Bethel*"—the God who appeared to him at Bethel, and who comforted him in his lone pilgrimage at Bethel. Oh! I delight to think of it, that I—that we can look to God here, and say, O God of these times now passing over us, let us again see the glory we *have* seen in our Bethel! O thou God of '57 in the transatlantic world, and of '59 through the five Counties of Ulster! O God of Leamington, of Freemasons' Hall, and of Brighton! God of Metropolitan Hall, of Northumberland Avenue, and the Kingstown Waters! We *do* want to see Thee as we *HAVE* seen Thee. We want "to see thy power and thy glory," as we

"have seen thee in the sanctuary." We do not want to see the *sanctuary* itself, but the **POWER** and the **GLORY** in the sanctuary. No; no earthly sanctuary will satisfy us, not even heaven. No earthly palace, even if made by God; not even the creation, fair as it was when all its seas rolled out in molten gold, when every mountain sent up, as it were, its smoke of incense to heaven. Ah! no, not even heaven itself. For—

"Were I in heaven without my God,  
It were no heaven to me."

O beloved, it is not the *place*, but it is the *presence*! It is not the ocean-bed, but that which makes the sea—its greatness, its glory! So we say this morning, "O God, thou art my God, *early* will I seek thee." A glorious beginning, if you can say that! Early in your life—early in the day—early in *this* SCENE. "My flesh longeth for thee," just as a river longs for the ocean; "my soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and thirsty land; . . . to see thy power and thy glory, as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."

And now, beloved, having opened up our way to these words, ere I proceed, give me your prayers; for God only knows what associations and memories crowd on your preacher's mind this morning. I can solemnly say—I have said it to God, almost in the spirit of Moses, which was wrong, "Send by any one but by me." Moses forgot that God would not put on him that which He would not give him strength to do. God was his salvation—God was his strength.

First of all, we have here a *present portion*—"O God, thou art MY GOD."

Secondly, we have a *divine longing*—"My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is."

Thirdly, we have *blessed memories*—"To see thy power and thy glory, as we have seen thee in the sanctuary;" for we have asked, and we are asking, for what we have *already* tasted in measure, for blessings we know something about—"As we have seen thee in the sanctuary."

And, fourthly, we have *a divine hope*. We are not to be without it. God, who gives the river, gives the ocean to receive it; God, who made the stream, gave the bed into which it is to roll and rest. And if we do not see the power and the glory here in Merrion Memorial Hall in these our own days, the time is coming when with all His saints we shall stand amid the power and the glory, "and be for ever with the Lord."

In the *first* place, we have here *a divine portion*—"O God, thou art my God."

One hardly knows, beloved people, how to speak of this portion, it is so vast a thought that God is ours, God Himself!

The Psalmist prays, "O God, thou art my God," as if he had said, "*Thou*, the eternal and the infinite art *mine*—thou, the eternal and the infinite source and centre of all blessedness—O God, *thou* art my God." It is beloved people, utterly impossible to describe the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of that wondrous, glorious possession which the soul hath who can say, "O God, THOU art MY GOD." I feel like one standing by some vast expanse of ocean, and can only, as it were, pick up a pebble or two on its glorious, shining shore; I can only cast a glance athwart the wilderness of waters; I can only point you to God. Oh, that blessed God! Oh, that all-blessed God! whose existence was before star or angel was created, and who will live when thousands of thousands upon thousands of ages have rolled away! Ah, dear *saint*, thou mayest be poor as to this world's goods, but

thou never canst be poor if thou hast God as thy portion—if thou canst say, “O God, thou art MY GOD!”

I cannot tell you *what* that portion is. God is love, God is light—ineffable light, ineffable love—love diffusing itself in beams of light. Oh, that God would put it into my mouth, into my heart, to say something worthy of Himself! “God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.” God is love. God’s power is such, that He had only to speak, and the vast creation rolled into existence. God was such, that He had only to will, and—marvel of marvels, a thousand times more marvellous—the Son of His love became incarnate—Jesus Christ died on the cross, and the glorious new creation sprang into being.

I cannot tell you what God is. I am like a finger-post, that, when the celestial mariner wants to go out on the bright seas of His perfectness, I can only point from the shores to the sea, and say, “This is the sea of His perfectness; this is an ocean without a bound, a depth that has never been fathomed.”

Is there a poor sinner here this morning, a patient child of want, who had no breakfast in his cupboard? Like the bird, which never knows where its breakfast will come from, but sings all the same—is there one such? God will meet with thee. Let no man despise thee; for thou art rich with all the resources of *God*, if thou canst say, “O God, THOU art MINE;—mine by *creation*, which Thou art; mine by *providence*, which Thou art;—causing all things to work for my good; mine IN CHRIST, mine IN REDEMPTION and SALVATION.”

Yet, as I often say to you, a God in nature is a God *above* me; a God in providence is a God *beyond* me; a God in law is a God *against* me; but a God in CHRIST is a God *IN* me, and a God *WITH* me, and a God *FOR* me; and He is *my* God—*my* God. Oh, that little monosyllable, “*my*!” Can you not all use it this morning?

"O God, thou art my God." You know the meaning of these two letters "my!" When you go home, and look at your slumbering babe, you say, "*my* babe;" *you* alone can say it—no one else can say it. When, as a merchant, you see your house of business, you say, "*my* house." I wonder is there one here saying, with the poet—

"When I can say *my* God is *mine*,  
When I can feel His glory shine,  
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great."

I will tell you how HE is *MY* God; and if you want Him as *yours* you can have Him. I settle it thus, in very easy logic. God has said, He is the God of the *sinner*. I am a sinner, He gives Himself to such, I accept Him, and He is mine. If I saw Lord Carlisle's carriage, and all his state retinue, passing through Dame Street to-morrow, and you asked me whose it was, I would say it was His Excellency's carriage; but I could not say it is *my* carriage. But if his Excellency gave it to me, I could then say, "it is *mine*." If you ask me, as *Gabriel*, about God, why, I would say, "that is God, the *Creator, the Preserver of the universe*;" but if you ask me as a *sinner*, I should say, "He is *MY* Saviour-God." I have a portion higher than angels; I am a *son*,—if a son, an *heir* of God, and joint-heir with Christ. And this last link is the wondrous link that links me to *my* portion. Mark the words—"heirs WITH CHRIST." He is Head and Heir of all things. And we who are associated with Him, having been united as members to the Head by the one Spirit, are to inherit with Him. And God, as His God and Father, hath given us of His love as He hath given Him. What a portion is this! "That the love wherewith thou hast loved *me* may be in *them*." What manner of love is this! how wondrous! and how great!—an ocean of love! Alas! my tongue is clay,

and my words are air, so that I feel utterly powerless in the attempt to tell you what the sinner has when he has God. But I repeat it—the way I get God is this!—God is for the sinner, God gives His Son, who *died for the sinner*; I am a sinner, and as a sinner I embrace His Son, and say,

“Both mine arms are clasp’d around Thee,  
And my head is on thy breast;  
For this weary soul hath found Thee,  
Such a perfect, perfect rest.”

And His Son brings me, in union with Himself, into God. Thus *God* is my portion, and I can say—“O God, thou art my God!”

Turn with me, in the *second* place, to the *divine yearning*:—“Early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is.”

Let me premise for a moment, that this longing desire after God is that which distinguishes those who have God from those who have Him not; it distinguishes the sinner from the saint. The unsaved man, in his natural condition, has no desire after God, no longing for God; as the poet sings:—

“Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die.”

This is, indeed, for saint and sinner, a two-edged sword; but it cuts by the Spirit only to heal. The natural heart hates God, the natural heart dislikes God; and none but a man whom God has touched can long for God. Then do you not see where you are landed? You say, “God is dealing with *me*, for of all things *I do want God, I long for God*,” you say, “The language you have uttered is exactly my language:”

“When I can say my God is mine,  
When I can feel His glory shine,  
I’ll tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all this earth calls good or great.”

Ah! how one loves to comfort the poor awakened soul! There may be one here this morning, writing bitter things against himself; he may be saying, "Alas, for me! *I* have nothing, *I* am not a believer, *I* am not happy; if *I* were to die there would be no heaven for *me*; *I* am not at peace with God." You are saying, "Oh, that I had God! When shall I say, 'O God, Thou art *my* God.'"

I do not hesitate to pronounce it on you this morning, that you have so far got God—that you have so far been under the powerful operation of God Himself. For, "it is God that quickeneth! it is God that maketh alive!" No *dead* soul ever longed after God. Oh, clap your hands, poor seeking ones; or, rather, hark to the triumphant songs in heaven, where they are saying, "Here is a brother who was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." Speak we of souls in *pangs*—seeking after God—of crying out, "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee!" I could tell you, beloved friends, where this has been *literally* true. I have seen men and women as if going into actual consumption, with heart and flesh failing them, because they had not God. I have seen them with their very countenances waxing wan and death-like, because they had not known God. And yet how God wants such. God draws such to Himself. God wants you to have Him *by believing*. God says you may have Him *by believing His own word*. Truly it is a blessed thing to be longing for God, and saying, "My soul thirsteth for thee, and my flesh longeth for thee."

Let me ask thee, and do thou answer me, anxious sinner, Who planted that longing in thy soul for God? Tell me, beloved, who it was that gave thee thy inward thirsting after God? It does not come of *nature*—it does not come of *the devil*—it does not come of *the world*—it comes of GOD. I will linger here a little that I may comfort you, O man! O woman!

you who have been seeking *God*. It is not so much *you* who have been seeking *God*, as it is *God* who has been seeking you—

“As rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
As fire ascending seeks the sun—  
Both speed them to their source;  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his Father's face,  
Upward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.”

May my God comfort you with this thought, that if you are longing for God—longing for salvation—longing after heaven, it is GOD who is quickening you—it is God working with and *in* you. “It is God that quickeneth, it is God that maketh alive.” But I tarry not here.

Go with me now to the—*Blessed memories*. For we have here blessed memories. Says the Psalmist, “To see thy power and thy glory, so as we have seen thee in the sanctuary.” If the memories, beloved, were, in the first instance, the memories of *David*, then we can understand something of his condition; for, when far away in the desert, what was it he longed for? Not to have his royal crown or equipage restored to him; not to be placed at the head of his armies again. How beautiful! for what he did say was—“To see,” not *them*, but “thy power and thy glory.”

Or if the language be, as some suppose, the language of the *Jewish remnant*, still you can understand it. You remember how glory has been connected with Israel from the very first. You remember how Stephen said, “*The God of GLORY* appeared to Abraham.” Why did the God of GLORY appear to him? God came to Abraham, and said, “Abraham, get out of thy country and thy kindred.” Said Abraham to God, “Am I to leave them.” “Yes.” And what enabled Abraham to get out of them? It was the God of

*glory*—the *glory* of God—it was something that drew him, that attracted him, so that he could go out on a long pilgrimage, and look for a country out of sight, belonging to “the God of glory.” You understand me, beloved friends, when God meets with the sinner, He comes to him, and presents Christ to him, and Christ, “the hope of glory,” is revealed to him.

You remember when the tabernacle was set up, Israel saw the visible glory between the cherubim, there the shekinah sent down its mystic beams of glory; and the blood was on and before the mercy-seat, and the shekinah shed down its glorious beams on the drops of blood, which blood showed that God required *death*, and also that death had transpired, and that God could receive the sinner in virtue of that blood.

And then, when Solomon’s temple was opened, the priests could not go in, because of the excess of the *glory*; they had to cover their faces. And Moses, when on the Mount, received *the glory* on his countenance, so vast was it that he had to put a veil on him. Israel had long been accustomed to “*glory*,” and we can imagine Israel saying, in the latter days, “We will seek thee early; our soul thirsteth for thee, our flesh longeth for thee; for we would see thy power and thy glory, so as we have seen thee in the sanctuary.”

And I am not sure that *the Lord of glory* Himself does not come in here. He speaks of the glory which He had with the Father before all worlds. But He became man, and was “acquainted with grief.” His visage was marred more than any man’s, and His countenance more than the sons of men. He bared His back to the smiter, and His cheek to them that plucked off the hair. He could say when here, *I have* seen “thy power and thy glory”—“Father, glorify thou me with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.”

But, not to delay you here, beloved, *we* ourselves this morning adopt the language as *our own*. Your preacher adopts it. He longs for more of what he has known.

Why, when only seventeen years old, in that beautiful isle, I mean the Isle of Wight, (I tell it for the dear young disciples this morning,) I remember taking a little book on Communion with God; I remember reading it inside the lovely grounds at *Norris*, where our dear Queen, when a child, spent her happy childhood; I remember reading about God and the sinner meeting in Jesus. I shall never forget it; it seemed as if the heavens were opened over that spot, and I felt I was not down here upon the earth; I felt as if I were with Jesus in the midst of *glory*. Oh, many of us at conversion got such a glimpse of God, that we felt—well do I remember feeling—something akin to what Bunyan says—“When I saw God in Christ taking away my sins, I felt sorry there was no ploughman near to tell my joy to, and I said, [he was in a field,] ‘Stop, O crows, till I tell you of my joy.’”

Ah, yes, there are many of us who can say, We have seen the power, we have felt the glory. Oh, to have *such* visits of His grace repeated! Oh, to have the visits of His love repeated! Lord, we want to see Thy glory, so as we have seen Thee!

Beloved, some of you know what blessing is. But how “our blessings brighten as they take their flight.” Some of you know this. You never valued your own precious dead as you have since they were placed beneath the silent sod. That mother never loved her babe so much as since that babe was taken to stand as a little swift messenger before the throne of God. Some of you never thought you valued your Sabbaths and your sanctuaries so much as since laid on beds of pain and sickness; you have said, When shall I come and appear with the saints before God? “Our bles-

sings brighten as they take their flight." Ah, as I gazed on the dying face of my own loved mother, as I watched her declining moments, and saw her last love, I said, "Oh, that I had only felt in years gone by, what I feel now."

And oh, dear sinner, these are moments of opportunity, now that God Himself has come down—this very day. Oh, believe me, if you let opportunities like these go by—my God knows it, and your own soul knows it—if you live and die without God who puts Himself at your very feet to-day, ah! *then*, as at death the world slips beneath you, and eternity bursts on your view; as you try to soar to heaven, your dark wing will drop—trying for heaven, you will fall into hell! for "the wicked shall be turned into hell," *where* they cannot forget God. *There* memories will *darken*. O memory! to blot it out would be an advantage to your existence, for it will be in hell that lost blessings will haunt you—blessings which you might have had, but which you neglected. But we are now the rather talking of the blessed memories we cherish this day.

Dear people, let us send up this prayer this morning, that we may see God's power, and grace, and love again, as we have seen it.

Some of us have indeed seen His awakening power. We have seen sinners crying out, "What must we do to be saved?" Some of us have seen His remarkable renewing power—we have seen the sinner stand out, in a moment, a new creature in Christ Jesus. And we have seen God's comforting power—how the sorrowful have been made happy—how the anxious have been blessed in the knowledge and sense of God's love; and, oh! what we now want to see, is God's love—God's power repeated; and our *cry* to Him is, "that we may see that power and that glory, as we have seen it in the sanctuary."

This brings me to the last part of my subject; for these words imply a well-grounded hope that we *shall* see His power and His glory. Yes, glory ineffable, indescribable, eternal!—the glory of His Person; the glory of His Throne; the glory of His reign. Ha! yes, if we do not see the power and glory as we would see it now, the time is at hand when “He that shall come will come and will not tarry;” and we shall see the unfoldings of His direct power, and we shall see the glory—we shall see *Himself*—His *majesty*! and *beauty*! even Him “whom, having not seen, we love; in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” Oh! come that time! Oh! come that glory!

Meanwhile we have already seen the beginnings of God's saving power in this very place. On Friday last, we sat, commemorating the dying love of our dear Lord around *that* table. In the morning there were two individuals, among others, who came, saying they had been under God's awakening power. I put the truth before them as I will before you, before I conclude, and there was seen at once in them the precious rest it gives—the peace that passeth all understanding filled their souls; and what think you did they say, on receiving the truth? “Sir,” said they, “may we not go to the table to-night?” And straight from the cross, where they had newly found their salvation, they went to the table, even the same night.

And on the previous night, also, *many* rejoiced on receiving salvation; and there are many souls here this morning saying, “What shall we do to be saved?” It is not the power of a place, but the *power of the truth*! Oh, it is the sinner saying, “I want Jesus—I want rest—I want heaven—I want salvation.” It is *this*, beloved, that we want this morning. Oh, that He would now give a *longing for Himself* to enter a thousand hearts, that you might be saved, have salvation here!

We are a multitude this morning, and soon—in a little while—every one who hears me will have passed away for ever from opportunities like these. Yes, *for ever*; for time is passing, and we are hurrying to Eternity—

“Every moment souls are dying,  
Hast’ning to receive their doom.”

And when a few more years are come—from that top gallery, where those eager faces gleam with intelligence, and all round these lower galleries—not a soul among us but will either be in heaven or hell! Some one prayed the other day, indicating that this world is a vast grave, and so it is. The grave is a scene of death—the world is a scene of death. The grave is a scene of corruption—the world is a scene of corruption. But this is the glorious Gospel of the blessed God—that the Lord of glory, who was with the Father—who was the everlasting Word—came down from the Father—down to this grave (came as He came to the grave of Lazarus) into the very place of death, gave Himself up to die on the cross—“He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities”—so that He can now stand forth, in this Golgotha-world and say, “Lazarus, come forth!” “Sinner, come forth!” Because He died, we live. “Believest thou this?” “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Said Christ—“He that heareth my words, and believeth in him that sent me, *hath everlasting life*, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.”

In conclusion, let me tell you of the manner in which a number of poor prisoners received the truth, and went away, not leaping from their chains, but in their chains.

I said, in the Calton Jail in Edinburgh, to a poor woman, “When you go home what will you do?”

What will you say to your family?" (She was a prisoner; I had been preaching to the prisoners, twice that day, in the Calton Jail.)

"Oh," she said, "when I go home"—and the very thought of home seemed to break her heart—

I asked, "What makes you weep?" "Sir, I think of my five children and husband." "What will you do when you go among them?" She replied, "I will tell them what I have got." I said, "What have you got?" There she was in the prison garb, a miserable spectacle. "Oh, sir," said she, "I have got *Christ*; I have got *salvation*." "You got Christ; *you* got salvation?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know you have got Christ?" "Why, sir, have you not told us that every sinner that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is saved—has Christ?" "But what did the Lord Jesus Christ ever do for *you*?" "He died for the sinner, even the greatest." "Then he died for you?" "Yes." "And *you* have not to die?" "I have not to die." "Are you happy?" Explaining a gush of tears that came from her eyes, she said, "What makes me unhappy is, that I have five months more to stop in prison." I said, and I may say it here, "I only wish that my circumstances would enable me to take your chains and your prison garb, and send you to your home—to your husband and five children." At this, the other prisoners were in tears, and I said, "Ah, poor prisoners, you marvel at this, that I would take her place; but that is the Gospel. The Lord came, and put himself under the stripes I had to receive—the Lord of glory took the chains that were on me—the Lord entered the very prison-house, where the prisoners were incarcerated by the great jailor Satan, or, rather, where we were held over to Divine justice—the Lord took the 'five months' (*died*) that I might go free. Dear people, *this* is the Gospel. This is salvation for the lost. I pronounce it this morning to the very darkest and guiltiest that may be

within these walls. O *sinner* ! SINNER ! stand still and see the salvation of God. God gave Christ to suffer and to die for the sinner ; and the sinner receiving Him—believing in Him—*is saved*. ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ’—only believe—‘BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED.’”

May God in His infinite grace, by His own blessed Spirit, seal His truth on your hearts, that you may know what it is to be saved ! Why not now say—God, then, is my God, I can say it, for He is for the sinner—He gives Himself to the sinner—and so I can say, “MY God.”

May God bless you. May the Lord bless you.

---

## ADDRESS II.



## THE LOVE OF GOD.

“But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” And, “The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”—Rom. v. 8; and latter clause of 5th verse.

I SHALL endeavour now, for a little, to speak to you plainly concerning the love of God. I say *plainly*, because there are millions who know it not; who know not its message, or knowing it imperfectly, have never known God; and consequently have never intelligently known God's salvation; and are buffeted about by every wind of doctrine—by every doubt and fear arising from their not knowing clearly and plainly the love of God. And, furthermore, I want to speak it plainly, that there may be no doubt as to the fact of this love being, first of all, in God Himself, and not in us, but only in us as seen to be first in Him towards us. The love is first of all outside of us. Hence it is that God commends it to us as a thing we are to see, and on seeing it to embrace and possess; or, as the word is, to have it “shed abroad in our hearts [as an actual experience] by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”

I want to tell out this matter simply and boldly this morning. And why? Not only on account of present advantage, for many a poor sinner hearing me may see it and be saved; but also because of the ignorance which everywhere exists respecting it. What is the Gospel but the news of this love of God? The Gospel is not that the sinner, before it can be received or believed by him, must undergo a certain change qualifying him for it. No, indeed. We are weary of that wretched mixture of things ever and anon presented to the sinner as divine truth, and which goes under the name of the Gospel. A change in a man before God can love him! Or, a change in him in order that God may love him! Or, worse again, when a man has come to feel and confess his sins, *then* God will love him! Wretched doctrine, and inoperative for good as it is wretched. This is an evil to be dealt with now-a-days. The Gospel has to be extricated from out of such melancholy *error*. But men notwithstanding do ask for the Gospel, and wonder that sinners are not saved. And, truly, as to numbers, they are *not* saved. What is the cure for this? Say some, "We must have *earnestness—zeal*." *Zeal!* Why, the more zealous, if wrong, the worse it will be.

There is much said just now on the question, How is England to be evangelized?—how are the masses to be reached? But a prior question meets one, *With what* are we to evangelize? Anything less than the Gospel will never evangelize—never save. This is the matter to be dealt with—not *who* will go, but *what* are we to preach. There are some, alas! in these lands, who, instead of pouring out to the dying sons of men a full manifestation of God's love to the lost, elaborate a theme which, instead of revealing, obscures that love, leaving the poor sinner in a life-long ignorance of it.

I must be intelligible here. A problem of some

interest to us all has yet to be solved. How is it that men really, and even newly, converted among us, no sooner are they converted than they become the means of the conversion of others. Everywhere over these lands, and elsewhere, God is giving them souls. They alight on our darkest counties, and the tidings reach us of the salvation of sinners. They are not trained in our schools. They are not much known to the churches. They carry no human credentials; but they are converted men, and preach the Gospel; and, through God's power accompanying their preaching, sinners are continually being saved.

This surely is a thing to be looked at. These men, who go out on their own charges, go nowhere that sinners are not converted. Now, how is it that, as at this present time, a cloud of salvation seems to burst over them wherever they labour. The fact is, they have a clear knowledge of *what the Gospel is*, and they simply and boldly proclaim it in its great and grand essentials.

The question should be fairly and boldly met. Of what avails money, machinery, messengers, if the message be wanting? Says Paul, "I am separated unto the Gospel"—the *good news*—"of God;" and again, "Necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel." If I do not bring God into the scene—if I do not tell His feelings of love towards sinners, as manifested in the fact that He gave His Son to die for them, it is no Gospel, and can never save. But this God Himself does—He *commendeth* His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, CHRIST DIED FOR US—DIED FOR THE UNGODLY.

Now let us, first of all, inquire as to who the Being is who commends His love toward us. It is none other than God—the God who made us; who has to do with us—the God who fixed us in the age in which we live, and who will hold us responsible for the

life He has given, and the privileges with which the age is laden; the God whom we have soon to meet—yea, if we died to-night, to meet to-night; the God who is to judge the quick and the dead. The God who commends His love to us is the Being of whom the sinner, because of his sins, is naturally afraid, especially under thought of dying, and of going into His presence; but of whom, if he knew the Gospel, he could affirm that he was not afraid—that is, with a slavish fear. And why? Because he would see that *God is for him*—that God it is who, on the ground of Christ having *died*, justifies the *ungodly*—the God from whose throne there is no higher court of appeal, from whose decision no question can be raised. Oh! it is a wondrous thing for a poor sinner like me to stand as a mouth-piece for God, in the presence of you all, simply, lovingly, intelligibly, and boldly declaring the love which God hath toward us. It is well for us to know who and what He is. We are so intimately associated, that, for our peace, a knowledge of what are His feelings toward us is indispensable. I could not go on with any ordinary person with whom my interests were bound up, unless I knew what were his feelings toward me. We *do* know what God's feelings are—He commends them to us; they are favourable toward us—being, from eternity, full of grace and love.

Let us further inquire into the character of this love. In the first place, it is eternal. If it be in God it must be eternal. God, who is perfect, could have nothing that would be new. God is love—not newly so, not of later times, but from all eternity—"the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." The unchangeableness of God is one of the greatest and grandest of truths. His love, like Himself, is not new—is not an impulse, not an attribute merely, but God in His nature and essence *is love*.

And, therefore, if I am an object of His love, it is

with an eternal love God hath loved me. You have a beautiful illustration of this in the answer given by an aged saint when he was asked how old he was. He said, "I am ninety years of age." On astonishment being expressed at this, he said, "I am far older than that. I am as old as *the purposes* of God—as old as His love, for He has loved me with an everlasting love." Of course it must be so. God's love to us is from all eternity; a love which did not commence at the Cross. The Cross was but the development of a love that was older than the heavens. Did I say the heavens? Why the heavens, in comparison of it, are new, and the so-called eternal hills are but of yesterday; but from everlasting to everlasting is the love of God.

But if it found not its beginning at the Cross, still less—and this is important—did it find its commencement from anything *in us*. It is a poor Gospel to say that the Shepherd loved the sheep only when the sheep had returned from its wanderings, or that the Father loved the prodigal only when the prodigal, returned, now loved Him. *Did* the Shepherd, think you, only love the sheep when the sheep was in His fold? or *did* the Father, think you, only love His child when that child, safe in His arms, first loved *Him*? We trow not. *The Gospel is*, that the Shepherd loved the sheep, not only before he wandered, but also all the *while* he wandered. So it is with God: the Gospel is, that He loved His prodigal *whilst* he was wandering as well as before he was wandering. Nay, it was the fact that the sheep *had wandered* from the fold, that led to the special mission of the good Shepherd, among the far mountains, for his recovery; and it was the fact that the son was *lost*, which manifested the deep sense of love toward him which was in the mind of the Father.

Neither the wandering of the sheep, nor the sins of the prodigal, separated from such love! Oh,

sinner ! that ill-requited, unchanging love ! the harvest for the knowing of which, for salvation, will soon for ever have passed. It will be one of the chief stings of that prison-house of woe, that God, notwithstanding sin, had loved us, and had sent the message of that love, but which message, along with the love, had been rejected and despised.

But this love of God is not only eternal, it is according to the fulness of His grace. There was nothing in us to deserve or merit it. Our desert was, that having wandered from Him, God may leave us to our wanderings—that having *despised*, and even *hated* Him, He may leave us to *perish in our sin*. Such seems to have been His manner toward sinning angels. It is not said, God so loved *them* that He gave His only begotten Son—but God so loved *the world*. Nothing, it appears, could prove an obstacle to it. But there was nothing in us to merit God's love. What I mean by merit is this : it is a thing of *right* for God to love the beautiful ; but man, morally, is deformed. It is right for God to love the sinless ; but man is corrupt. And it is right for God to love those who love Him ; but the natural man—"The carnal mind is enmity to God"—therefore man has no claim on God's love ; he has nothing wherewith to merit it. Oh, it is a bold assertion to make (bold yet true) when I assert, on the authority of God, that there was nothing in man which proved an obstacle to his being the object of the love of God. The *lost condition* of the sheep did not prevent or hinder the compassion of the Shepherd ; and the ingratitude of the prodigal—his forgetfulness of his Father, his crime, and misery—did not alter or bar up from him the long-felt love of his Father. This, we say, in itself is good news to the guilty. It is a Gospel full of solace to such as have been led to a deep sense of what a bitter and dreadful thing sin is. Oh, let me say to you, if there be a sinner here whose

foot has trampled into the dust every word of God, that foot is no barrier; or if there be a tongue that has never ceased to blaspheme the God that made it, that tongue is no barrier. This is wondrous *grace*, which can act savingly through the Cross—grace for the chief of sinners. If there were a man here deeply covered with sin—listen!—"Though your sins be as *scarlet*," what then?—I will *destroy*? no, indeed—"they shall be as white as snow."

Here is where wrong doctrine comes in. One man thinks because he has not so many sins as his neighbour, he has some claim; and another thinks that if he had not so many sins as he has, he would have some claim. God's love is according to grace; not according to the fewness, or otherwise, of our sins. He says, "Though your sins be red like crimson." Oh, my God! speak it Thyself—"Though your sins be red like crimson"—though thy whole nature were one mass of iniquity—though thy sins were as deeply dyed as crimson—"they shall be as wool." I have told you God's love is according to grace, that we do not merit it, and never can or shall merit it; for who can bring health or life out of corruption? We cannot raise the dead; and that is what we are: and as to making an atonement for our sin, we are helpless, hopeless in ourselves; yet, says God, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Why if I had that murderer here—the man who by direct and circumstantial evidence is evidently such—if I had him here, I would say, "Man, thy hand is red, and thy sin is red as blood." But I could tell him what may astonish him, that God, as to the common enmity of our nature, sees no difference between a poor murderer and your preacher. The murderer and myself, God knows but by one name—that of "*sinner*." Ah, yes, the Gospel to bring to a perishing world, is—that wherever

there is a sinner to be saved, there is not a straw's weight of an obstacle, but what his ignorance or unbelief may place between him and God. Do you understand, beloved? The love of God is according to grace, and grace means free—a gift. A gift supposes no equivalent, and no equivalent supposes no claim. What a Gospel! The priest at the altar, the murderer in the cell, and the Queen on her throne, with the vilest serf, or the poorest pauper that walks the streets—all, as sinners, are equal before God; all go by the one name, "SINNER;" and all are the subjects of the free, unmerited, unfettered offer of the love of God. Do you understand, beloved, how that this love is *free for you*, just as you are?

But, thirdly, it is a righteous love. It is not only according to grace, but it is according to righteousness. Love, like "grace, reigns through righteousness." It is a glorious thing to be able to show the sinner that God's love is a righteous love. That murderer now on the high seas, tracked by avenging justice, the love which God has to a sinner like him, is not only according to grace, but according to righteousness. What do I mean? Simply this—Justice could not spare the sinner because of his sins, but *must have its course*. It *had* its course—Christ was delivered *in our stead*—died for our sins. "God commendeth his love toward us, in that *while we were yet sinners*, Christ died for the ungodly." His love for us was stronger than death. If I so love a person, that when he is condemned to die, I die for him, then is my love stronger than death. God loved the sinner; but, said God, because of his sins he must die. But Christ died in his stead. God must either give up the sinner to die, or give up His own Son. If He give up His Son, He can embrace the sinner. Oh! love unparalleled *this!*—love divine! "God *so loved* the world, that he gave his only begotten Son;" and Jesus, whose love was strong as death, gave Himself.

O sinner ! look at the bleeding Cross ! and see the dying love of Jesus !

“ See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
Did e’er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ? ”

Did you ever know of one man dying for another ? There is an instance in history of a man dying for his friend ; and in the annals of our armies there are recorded instances of soldiers in the day of battle taking the death-blow of the enemy, and so saving the life of a loved officer ; but did you ever hear of a man dying for his enemy ? love, strong as death, *for an enemy* ? Nay, but “ when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son ; ” and “ God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly. ” Death was our due, because of sin—“ The wages of sin is death. ” Christ came and took the death—paid the wages ; and now God’s love is not only according to grace, having given His Son, but grace reigns over all obstacles to our salvation, through righteousness.

But not only is God’s love eternal, and free, and righteous, but it is a sovereign love. Am I speaking unadvisedly when I say, that God did not love fallen angels as He loved fallen man ; or that He loves un-fallen angels as He loves fallen man. “ The devils believe and *tremble* ; ” we believe and are *saved*. Why do they tremble ? They know that God sent His Son to die *for this world* ; but do they not also know that God never sent His Son to die *for them* ? Hence *they* believe and tremble ; we believe, and are saved. God’s love in this is sovereign ; and if any complain that God loved this world of sinners, and did not love the world of devils, our reply is ready—“ Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God ? ” Shall the clay say of the potter, Why hast thou made me thus ? or shall

the Prodigal say of his Father, Why hast thou loved me thus ?

There is another thing I must say of this love—it is a *perfect* love—a love which has left nothing incomplete—a love which, having saved us, puts us down in the very presence of God in holiness, righteousness, even complete in Christ—a love which silences all fear. Dear hearer, do you say, “Because of my sin I am afraid of God—afraid to die.” If you believe God’s love, and see what that love has done in putting away sin, your fear is gone. God’s love is a perfect love, and “perfect love casteth out fear.” “But,” you say, “I am afraid of God’s righteousness; I am all unrighteousness.” But God’s righteousness, now, embraces the sinner as much as His love; His holiness is as favourable as His grace. “But,” you say, “I am afraid of death.” But why? The sting of death, which is sin, *is gone*, and along with it all judgment. “He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and *shall not come into judgment*, but is passed from death unto life” Oh, that God Himself may reveal it to you, this eternal, free, sovereign, righteous, dying, perfect love !!

But, one thing more: it is a *solitary* love. It is alone in its character. There is nothing that can be compared to it. John the Apostle says, “Behold what *manner* of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God.”

God had a love to angels; but it was not the love of a Redeemer. He had a love for the first Adam; and that love only gave him Paradise. But here is love—a special, wondrous love!—which gives “a poor vile sinner” to take the position and rank of son; which gives him to be joint-heir with the Son of God Himself, and to sit with Him on His throne: for, says Jesus, “Ye shall sit with me on my throne, as I am set down with my Father in his throne.” Surely never, even in

God Himself, was there before such a manifestation of love!

I must add, it is unalterable. It never changes. Unlike our own love, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. And it is compassionate and tender as unalterable. As I have said, the sins of the prodigal never prevented the deep yearning of his Father, nor did the wanderings of the sheep alter the love of the Shepherd. What an exposition of the Father's love was the love of that good Shepherd! For said Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Did not the Lord compassionate publicans and sinners? He had travelled far from heaven to them; and, blessed One! He seemed to find *His* rest only when they found *theirs* in Him! O sinner! the guilt of slighting such love will form the bitterest ingredient in your cup of remorse. But I will not enlarge on this; methinks I hear you say, "It is plain."

And now I come to speak for a few moments on our *acceptance of this love*. God wants you to have it *as a reality in your own soul*. Many imagine that by-and-bye in heaven they will possess this love; but let me declare it to you, that if you have not its great gift—Jesus—now on earth, you will never have it in heaven. God commendeth it to you *here*, and if you have it not here, you will never have it hereafter. This is a solemn and deeply personal consideration.

Do any ask—How are we to get possession of it? First of all, "God commendeth his love." This is what God does—He commends His own love to us, as if to love were not enough, or as if we, after all its amazing cost, should overlook it, or not know or accept it. He becomes His own advocate, deigns to propose His love, and advocate our acceptance of it; all which truly is matter for deep wonder. Dear people, this love is commended to you now; *I* am showing it to you this day. Paul speaks of his being in *Christ's stead*.

I am a mouthpiece for God, as if in God's stead I commend it to you. You get possession of it as you get possession of any other love. Some one in India loves me; but I do not know him, and so the love is all on one side; but I am told of his love, and now I love him also. Why it would be absurd to try to love God, when as yet I do not *know* God. Let me know of God's love to me, and then I love Him, because He first loved me.

Ah, then, let us be done with looking at self—be done with grovelling amid the rubbish and dust of our own natural hearts. A mere examination of self will never yield what you want. But let us look at God's love—at God Himself, who commends *His* love to us; how He gave His Son to die for us, and how Christ died: this it is which gives rest and peace, and calls forth in us our love to God. “And, now, he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God:” as we sing—

“I leave my joys, I leave my sins,  
And find in Thee my home.”

Further: when this love is commended to you, and you believe it, it is “**SHED ABROAD IN OUR HEARTS** *by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.*”

How precious is this *love-shedding*! which is the work of the Holy Ghost, who speaks, says Christ, “of *me*”—who tells us of the love of God to the sinner—who answers all our reasonings and objections with—“*Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though red like crimson, they shall be as wool.*” What heart that sees such love, but must at once *feel* it *within*?—shed abroad there by the Holy Ghost. It is *by the Truth* He does it. Any other doctrine would be *fanaticism*, and not the Gospel. Many indeed wait for the Spirit; but where will He speak to them but *in His truth*? He *does* speak there, presenting to us the love

of God and Christ *objectively*, or as an object to be seen. The *carnal* eye sees it not, but all who believe see it, and possess it. See how this is. When Joseph's brethren stood before him, he asked them about the old man of whom they spake, saying, "Is your father yet alive?" (A question which greatly relieved them, for in their perplexity they know not how to speak to the first lord in Egypt.) But when they began to tell about the old man, their father, the love of Jacob was so shed abroad in Joseph's heart, that he had to turn away and weep. What false theology is it to say that a man must first find his own love to God, that is, before he knows or even hears of God's love to him! That would be to make brick without straw—to put the cart before the horse. These men so dilated upon Jacob, and his love for his lost son, that Joseph had to leave the room—Jacob's love was shed abroad in his heart.

And there was Rebecca. We may suppose she had never heard of Isaac; and it would have been absurd to say she loved him, when she did not know him. But when Eliezer came, and told her who and what he was, Rebecca's heart awakened to his love—and the love of Isaac was shed abroad in her heart.

Do you understand, beloved? Does the anxious, seeking sinner understand? Do you say it is all true about God's love, but I want to know how I am to possess it. I answer, *only believe*; believe it *now*: who that truly sees it, and believes it, but must possess it; and who that knows God, whose love it is, and Christ who died for us, but hath life, and is saved. "This is eternal life, that we may know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent." God commends His love to you, as a sinner. Can you take your place as a sinner? If so, the love is for you. What faith does is to believe the love which God hath to us; to rest on it; and to live in the peace and power of it.

And now to draw to a conclusion : let no one imagine that this question of divine love can in anywise lessen our ideas of *sin*. Who that would know what sin is, let him read the eighty-eighth psalm ; also the twenty-second psalm. In the eighty-eighth there is not one ray of comfort ; all is dark and dreadful. It is, doubtless, the language of Him who *suffered* for sin. There was nothing in the cup but sorrows and sufferings. Said an honoured minister, " This, to some who are in darkness, is the comfort of the psalm, that there is no comfort in it." In both psalms, in making atonement for our sins, the sufferer is seen *separated from His Father*. Hence He could say, " My God, my God, why hast *thou* forsaken me ?" And again, " Like the slain in the grave, *thou* rememberest me no more." Ah, no ! This love, or the Cross which but manifests it, shows more than anything else the awful character, and dreadful desert, and doom of sin.

And further, let no one imagine that the reception of this love has no influence on the life. On the contrary, it is its knowledge, by the Spirit, more than anything else, which gives repentance and sorrow for sin, and which produces practical holiness.

Think you, can we know this love, and live as we list ? No, indeed. *That* were a poor requital. Ask the returned prodigal, if he would leave the table at which he sits for the old land of his sin ? Ah, no ; the power of this love *in* us, and *over* us is most sanctifying ; having drawn to itself, it separates from evil. When the prodigal believed in the fact of the love of His Father, he left all and returned to Him. When Rebecca believed in the love of Isaac, she became a stranger in her old home, and to her old associates. Beloved, we have *seen* the power of this love ; drunkards, harlots, blasphemers, and sinners of every age and grade, have been made new creatures by it ; the change it has wrought has been as sudden as great.

I have known of souls, at one moment dead to the dying love of Christ whose blood cleanseth from all sin, at the next tearfully singing—

*"We have found a friend in Jesus—  
Oh, how He loves!  
'Tis His great delight to bless us—  
Oh, how He loves!  
How our hearts delight to hear Him  
Bids us dwell in safety near Him;  
Why should we distrust or fear Him?—  
Oh, how He loves!"*

And now, O sinner, believe in this love! Believe in God, believe also in Jesus. Only believe that God loves, and that Christ died—died for the chief of sinners. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. I call you to record, dear sinner, that I bring not the texture of a cobweb between the love of God and you, or the semblance of a thread, to say nothing of a thick veil, between the salvation of God and your soul. God has made ample atonement for sins by the death of His Son. Hence our salvation. And you have nothing to do but to see and believe in that atonement. Stand still, and see the salvation of God! All ye that pass by, come! Come to the blood-stained tree! Come to the Cross, where this eternal, free, sovereign, dying, perfect, solitary, and unchangeable love of God was manifested—when "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life"—"God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." He commends it to you now. He will not commend it to you always. He may not commend it to you long; soon you may die; soon you may be past its acceptance. Will you not accept it *now*? and now, on believing it, enter into rest?

What we want is your salvation; *salvation now, ere you leave*. This you may have the moment you believe.

And the Gospel we have brought you is a *tangible* Gospel—a Gospel that *can* be seen by the vilest and worst. For if CHRIST DIED FOR THE UN-GODLY—died for such as are sinful and bad—then “why not for you?” This is the good news which God commends, and which we preach.

“HARK! how the Gospel Trumpet sounds;  
Christ and free grace therein abounds—  
Free grace to such as sinners be;  
And if free grace—why not for me?”

“The Saviour died, and by His blood  
Brought rebel sinners home to God;  
He died to set the captives free,  
And why, my soul, why not for thee?”

“The blood of Christ! how sweet it sounds,  
To cleanse and heal the sinner’s wounds;  
The streams thereof are rich and free,  
And why, my soul—why not for thee?”

“Thus Jesus came the poor to bless,—  
To clothe them in God’s righteousness:  
This robe is spotless, full and free,  
And why, my soul—why not for thee?”

“Eternal life by Christ is given,  
And ruin’d rebels raised to heaven;  
Then sing of grace so rich and free,  
And shout, my soul—’tis all for thee!”



## ADDRESS III.

## EYE-WITNESSES.

"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. . . . We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts. . . . No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation."—2 PET. i. 16, 19, 20.

THERE are two things to be considered in this passage. The one, the truth itself declared by the Apostle—"For we have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and the other, the reasons he adduces in its support, namely,—"We were eye-witnesses of his majesty;" and again, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy." Following in this line, beloved people, I shall try to open up and explain this Scripture.

There were among the ancients, in their heathen mythology, certain fables, which were *myths*—mere myths; which fact the Apostle doubtless has in his mind when he says, "*We*"—we apostles, we Christians—"have not followed cunningly devised fables." A fable is that which hath no foundation in fact; which must give way when needed as a rest or a refuge. *We*

have not believed or followed that on which we cannot rely, which will not or cannot bear examination.

A myth, as the term shows, indicates its own folly and uselessness; nor less or more than such can it ever be, however elaborated, or "cunningly devised." What *we* have, implies the apostle, is as true, secure, and immutable as God. We have got hold of that which, instead of being a myth, a mere sham, is vast and vital, saving and eternal! It is not for me, in this brief moment this morning, to spread out before you the length and breadth, the height and depth, of the immeasurable truths of which the apostle speaks; truths, so unlike the mere cobweb of a myth which an infant's fingers even could not touch but to destroy; truths, in the study of which angels find their loftiest employ; truths which, like a fair sea 'neath summer skies, may well tempt one to go out on them as on a long navigation; I say it is not for me to speak so much of *them* just now, but the rather to draw a few solemn and practical deductions arising out of a sense of their reality.

And, first, I draw a deduction for the sinner. O sinner, if we are not following a myth—if God be a reality, and Jesus Christ a reality, and a futurity of glory be a reality, and a futurity of hell be a reality; and if thy soul, in all its vast undying instincts, be a reality; and if the judgment day, in which God will meet thee, and will call thee to an account for the way in which thou hast treated His eternal truth, be a reality, what a warning—true as God, high as heaven, and deep as hell—is sounding in thine ears to-day! And the warning is, that the sooner thou makest thy peace with God, the better, for truly thou mayest say—

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,  
Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand;  
Yet how insensible!  
A moment's time, a point in space,  
Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell."

Ah! sinner, if the soul and salvation were *not* a reality, I would go and take my place with the beasts that perish. If they were *not* a reality, God would never have given His Son, the only Son of His love, Christ Jesus, to suffer and to die for us on the accursed tree. Ah! no; if God were not true, I would hold to the sentiment of the philosopher, (falsely so called,) and for the rest of my days say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But God *is* a reality; heaven and hell *are* realities; Christ *is* a reality; and thy lost state at this moment, a reality. And I draw from it this solemn deduction, That thou, being yet in thy sins, and dying as thou art, it were better for thee never to have been born; better for thee to have been strangled at thy birth—to have had no existence, never to have seen the light. Oh! haste sinner! sinner, haste to be wise! Lay hold on eternal life! Let not *one* day intervene, for I am speaking to dying men. Sinner! I may never speak to thee again; my eye may never glance, as it now doth, into thine again; the burning marl of hell may soon divide between thee and peace for ever. Sinner! think, oh, think—Heaven or hell! damnation or salvation! God or devils! Such thy portion soon. Repent before the day of thy doom come; and, lo, it comes upon thee fast; for, O sinner! "We are not following cunningly devised fables." Ours is a reality. "Prepare to meet thy God." "It is God that justifieth. It is Christ that died." "Believe and live." "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

And another inference to be drawn from the truth to which the Apostle refers is, that to give a preference to anything else, to the neglect of salvation, is an act of the highest folly. What of that five yoke of oxen, that new domestic arrangement, or business, or profession, or any other of the engagements now occupying thy time? Better break with them all

than be lost. "What would it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" If he had all knowledge, all riches, all honour, all affections, what would it profit him, if he had only these in the one scale, and a lost soul in the other? Weighed in the balance, he would be found wanting. Ah, what would it avail thee to gain the *whole* world—to stand as on a mighty pedestal, surveying a world thou hast conquered, whose possessions and homage thou hast won, and then to look up hopelessly into that other world from which, by thy choice, thou hast eternally excluded thyself? Say what would it profit thee if thou wert to gain the *whole* world, and then, *at death*, to be eternally excluded from life and hope, and associated with the damned, the miserable, and the vile—herded, shall I say, with the lost in hell—lost! lost! *lost!* What, I ask, would it profit thee to gain all, *all*, and yet lose yourself—for your soul is yourself?

Ah, beloved, it is this that makes preachers of us—we *believe in the reality of hell—we believe in the reality of heaven—we believe in the reality of God, and Christ, and the soul.* As for me, if I had the Queen or the Prince sitting on those seats, I should speak just as I am doing now. You know there are three things that equalize us all. The Gospel equalizes, deals with us as *sinners*; and death equalizes; and the day of judgment equalizes;—it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death, the judgment. And were the highest in the land here, I cannot but speak the things that I believe and know—

"Careless, myself a dying man,  
Of dying men's esteem;  
Happy, O God!—

For *Thou*, O God, art a reality. I believe in God! Before I see Him visibly in His Son, as I shall do, I believe Him to be a reality. "I believe in Jesus,

who died for the ungodly, whose blood gives peace. And I thank my God that I can stand here as *in Christ's stead*, beseeching you to be reconciled:—

“Careless, myself a dying man,  
Of dying men's esteem;  
Happy, O God, if Thou approve,  
Though all beside condemn.”

How blessed is it to preach to sinners, not of hell but of salvation, grace, life! “Woe be unto me if I preach not the Gospel!” We, believers, are to meet by-and-by round the Lord's table, and blessed are the moments we spend there—

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross we spend.”

But, right happy, precious as they are, I could give up all ordinances to speak for Christ and souls as I am doing now. I could go, like Paul, over the two worlds—the Jewish and the Pagan—and scarcely, for myself, think of ordinances. When I think of the rock of reality on which I stand; when I think of God, what He is, and how He has engaged Himself in the salvation of man, and for His own Name's sake; when I think of perishing sinners—of millions dying in darkness because they know not God, know not Jesus—necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe be unto me, if I preach not the Gospel! Ah, dear saint, will you not love the unconverted ones sitting alongside you this morning? Will you not pity them? They may, by-and-by, lift up their eyes being in torment. How canst thou bear to see the destruction of thy kindred? Ah, we are dealing with no myth—no cunningly-devised fable; but a deep, solemn reality.

And now, if there be a dark side, like the mystic cloud of old, there is also a bright side. I speak now to you Christians. You have a reality. You said, as did Paul, at conversion, “Lord, who art thou?” Is

*Jesus* the Son of God? Is Christianity true? And you know *Jesus* to be both Lord and Christ; and His grace and truth a living reality. And you, like the Thessalonians, turned from your idols to serve the *living* God—not a myth, not an imaginary deity, as were the gods of the heathen, but a *living* God. Then it is all true; “God is your Father.” You can say of the Lord who sits on the throne, “He is my Redeemer.” You can look away among the “sweet fields of Eden,” and will soon claim the “inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” You can say, “In my Father’s house are many mansions;” and that although I know not now what I shall be, yet when “He who is my life shall appear, I also shall appear with him.” You can speak confidently of a harp for your hand, and a crown for your head. You can sing of “a land of pure delight;” and your song in the night, like that of the nightingale, sounds the sweetest towards day-break; for that bird of sweet strain reserves his best melody for sunrise. Said Paul, “I am ready to be offered;” and again, “I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better;” and again, “Not that I would be unclothed, [not that I would *die*,] but *be clothed upon*,” as I shall be, in resurrection, “with my house from heaven.” Oh, may the Lord give us to understand the tenderly touching deductions we may draw from the reality of the things we have received! We are like those who are running certain of a prize, let us comfort ourselves as such; so that the angels and devils, and our fellow-men who are looking on, like the spectators in the amphitheatre of old, may know certainly that we are in for a prize—that *it is* all a reality; and, oh, what a reality! God has treated us as He has treated no other created beings. God never gave His Son to live thirty years as a carpenter’s son, and on a common gallows to die as a malefactor, for the salvation of angels. Ah,

*no*, beloved, but He gave Him *for us*; have we believed?—draw your deductions; but remember, you may die to night! “This night thy soul may be required of thee.”

And now adds the Apostle, “We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ;” and says Peter, we have reason for believing it to be true, for “we were eye-witnesses of his majesty.” He took Peter, James, and John into a high mountain, and was transfigured before them. I like to think of these three. They are chief witnesses; they were *eye-witnesses*, for they had actually *seen*! In a common court, if three witnesses agree, the evidence is undoubted. If a man be accused, and three eye-witnesses of the act appear against him, believe me he is on the road to doom; or if three witnesses can prove his innocency, why the charge against him fails; and as in human jurisprudence, so with the law of Moses, “that in the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word may be established.” Now, see these three:—

*John*, who writes of Him not as the babe in Bethlehem, but of His high, primal rank *as Son*, who oftimes at supper leaned on His bosom, and drank in the living words from the loving lips of the Master Himself; *Peter*—dear, brave, impulsive Peter—I feel if all saints were to be as John, many would go doubting into heaven; and you, perhaps, would have cut off Peter for denying His Lord. I love the Lord for giving us *Peter*! not because of his sin, but for the grace that was shown him, and for the power it gave that he could charge the Jerusalem sinners, “Ye have denied the Holy One and the Just.”—Ah, dear Peter! “Though thy sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool.” But oh! mark—that servant maid—it is often a small thing that issues in the most mischief. If a traveller see a storm coming he prepares, but if only a mist, he may,

to his cost, go unprepared; so the maid, insignificant in herself, was used by Satan for Peter's overthrow; but the Lord had prayed for him, and brought him into the presence and under the strong power of His grace. The third witness was James, who was in Gethsemane's garden with Jesus, and was afterwards honoured to be a first martyr. I could stake my salvation on their words. Why? Because the age in which they lived could never disprove their testimony. The Roman Guard could not say, Jesus remained in his grave, for that he did *not*; and they would not say that He rose from the dead, because that would be acknowledging the truth of what He had taught, but they said, "The disciples came and stole him away while we slept." Did forty men sleep? Forty men! every one under sentence of death, if he slept at his post! Such a myth! but scarcely well devised. Says Peter, "We have not followed a cunningly devised fable;" but we can affirm *Jesus* to be true and *the Resurrection*; for we saw Him alive from the dead; moreover we were *eye-witnesses* of His majesty. If all the devils in hell were sitting here, we could laugh them to scorn; I would confound the devils with God's truth. No! It is no myth—a myth indeed! Says Peter, We saw Him. And the eleven together saw Him—He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; and Paul who was as one born out of due time, saw Him. Paul was a Jew, a Pharisee, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, persecuting the Church of God: but the living Lord appeared to him and said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" He must have given up his reason, his very eyesight, if he had refused to accredit a reality! Christianity a myth indeed! Its very longevity proves it to be no myth—the railing of the heathen, and the scoffing of the Jew, the long Roman persecutions, Pagan and Papal, have failed to overthrow it; and as to its present witnesses, there is

scarce a city or town, in the whole earth, where there is not to be found a simple believer in a crucified Christ—a murdered, living, risen Jesus.

“We were eye-witnesses *of his majesty*,” of his glory—the glory in which He will appear in the latter day. “For some are here,” said He, “who shall not taste of death [shall not die] until they see the Son of man coming in his glory.” Six days after He gives this sample of that glory, “when,” says Peter, “we were with Him on the holy mount,”—and what glory! no longer His sorrowing visage, or marred face; but

“Forms too pure for human sight,  
Grew visible amidst His light.”

Do you remark how they knew one another in the holy mount? I do believe this is a distinct assurance that we shall know one another in glory. Dear brothers and sisters, my companions in this work of the Lord Jesus, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, and we who may have slept in Jesus, or are alive and remain at His coming—who have been associates in sorrow and in joy—we shall stand together, in that glory, with each other and the Lord, on that coming Tabor; we shall know each other. Moses and Elias were a type of the glory. Peter, James, and John, of the kingdom. I cannot enter on that now; but you might write over this scene, on the Holy Mount—“THE KINGDOM AND THE GLORY.” “For what we declared unto you,” said the Apostle, “was the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ;” the kingdom over which He shall reign, and the glory in which we are to be associated with Him; which kingdom and glory may be soon! Oh, come the day!

Now, so far, in our subject, I have endeavoured to show you how what Peter, James, and John, as eye-witnesses, saw in the Holy Mount, is one of the buttresses of our faith.

But touching the other buttress of our faith, the Apostle adds, "We have a more sure word of prophecy." You say, "Could anything be more sure than seeing?" Well, it is possible that the eye might be deceived, but it is *not* possible that a whole volume of evidence could be false. God's Word stands good; according to admitted rules in human jurisprudence. "In the mouth of *two* witnesses let every word be established." We have the witnesses; but we have also "*a more sure word of prophecy.*" We can search the writings, we can examine the testimony, we can compare the evidence, and find it all of *God*. "Knowing this first that no Scripture is of private interpretation." Do you know what this means? (I speak now to those who understand the Olympic games.) Suppose two posts, and a bar which extended from one to the other; this bar in the games was used as a starting bar; the men stood inside the bar, surrounded by a great crowd of witnesses; the withdrawing of the bar was to determine their start—without a fair start the wreath would not be fairly won. Now one end of the bar rests on this pillar and the other on that, and no runner could have a private start; the bar was to be drawn by no one of or for himself; it was to be by no private act—but by the judge who was to determine the start; the very moment the bar is drawn they start. Now, no prophecy, not an atom of it, is of any private starting, neither from heaven or hell, neither from man, or angel, or devil; but it takes its start from the mind of God, by the Spirit of God. "*Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.*" The "*sure word*" of our salvation is all from God—*God*. Ah! dear believers, these are two sure buttresses; we see, we do not follow a cunningly devised myth; for, besides what the apostles *saw*, our faith rests on the word of the living God, who cannot lie. Knowing that what we believe is *true*, silences every doubt. Does He promise eternal

life on believing, we know He will perform. We *believe*, for *He hath said*. "Oh! this is rest to our souls."

I conclude with a solemn illustrative circumstance. I have alluded to a friend who has been called away by death. As the bar in the games was of no private drawing, and as the truth is of no private starting, but "holy men were moved by the Holy Ghost;" so, likewise, with the bar of life, it is of no private drawing. "There is a time to be born," even the beginning of an existence, never to terminate; and "there is a time to die"—a time which lies at the beginning of a great end. Any mention of the time to live is omitted by the wise man—so rapid is it, so evanescent is it, so soon forgotten—for who knows anything of the man that sowed your acres a hundred years ago? What is known of the man who rode your horse before he came into your possession? What know you of those who owned your property ere you bought it? Many a lost soul may have lived in your house, sat in your carriage, or died in your bed! *Believe me*, life is brief, the bar must soon be drawn, and then how will it be? But as I was about to say, one day my friend was at the Westland Row Terminus, and as he reached the door, a lady fell back, as it were in his arms. He said, "Madam, is anything the matter?" and she said, "Oh, Sir, the door is shut!" by which he understood that she was late for the train—matters of importance demanded that she should go by that train, but now she was late, and was prostrate under the circumstance. Well, my friend said to her, "Do you ever think of a time when another door will be shut?" She implied she would rather not speak of it, so he left her; but the half-hour elapsed, and they were in the same carriage. He renewed the conversation, but as he thought without effect. About six months after, a servant called and said, there was a lady dying, and she much wished to see him; he went, and when he

entered the room, he identified the dying lady as the one who had lost the train. When he came to the couch, she raised her head, and said, "Only that I lost the train, and the door was shut, this, the heavenly door, would now have been shut;" or words to that effect.

Beloved, the bar may soon be drawn for you and me. Are you treating the Gospel as a myth? or are you thinking that death is a reality, and that when the bar is drawn, you will be in heaven or hell for all eternity? Do you believe in God? have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ? You ask, "What is the Gospel?" The Gospel is that Christ "died for" (or *because of*) "our sins, and was raised again for" (or *because of*) "our justification." He emptied the cup of our woe, and it is now a cup of salvation. Every believing sinner may say, "God knew me—He judged me worthy of death, and the Gospel is, that either I must die or some other in my stead; that other is Christ, who died. I owe it all to God, who gave Christ; and to Christ, who gave Himself." This is no myth, but a reality, on which all who rest have life and peace. All you want, sinner, even supposing this is the first time you ever heard it, is simply to believe it. The sinner has but to *receive* the righteousness of God. Do you wonder at this?—at its simplicity? Wonder no more, but know what *you* are, full of sin and death; and what *Jesus* is, who became sin, who died; and what now, you are in Him, even *complete*—"complete in Him." May the Lord, by His Spirit, show it to you *now*—

"All that I was, my sin, my guilt,  
My death was all my own;  
All that I am I owe to Thee,  
My gracious God, alone.

"The evil of my former state,  
Was mine and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice,  
Is thine and only thine."

## ADDRESS IV.

## THE GOD OF GLORY.

"The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee. Then came he out of the land of the Chaldeans, and dwelt in Charran: and from thence, when his father was dead, he removed him into this land, wherein ye now dwell. And he gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on: yet he promised that he would give it to him for a possession, and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child."  
—ACTS vii. 2-5.

You will find in these words that there is a beautiful order in Christian life.

Abraham, a simple idolater, dwelling in Mesopotamia, was without God in the world, as is the condition of every natural man.

God it was who appeared to Abraham. He was found of one who sought Him not.

But the God who appeared to him was a God of *glory*; One whom the carnal mind could never have seen, but who is revealed by the Spirit as possessing a power to draw to Himself—a power stronger than all obstacles.

Abraham's response to the divine call was at the first hindered by nature; but nature dies, and the response is complete.

God is the genesis—the beginning of everything

that is good. *God*, it is said, appeared unto Abraham. God was at the beginning—the root of things, in the salvation of Abraham.

And if there be any here who have never known salvation, may our blessed God, as He always does, take the initiative; for God is, as I have said, the genesis, the beginning of everything that is good!

Ere the world was created—when as yet chaos spread itself around—it was God who said, “Let there be light,” and there was light. And ere the existence of those golden lustres that bespangle the heavenly firmament—when as yet the whole of that firmament was without a particle of that lustre—it was God, in the beginning, who said, “Let there be the starry heavens; the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night;” and all these natural glories sprang into existence.

And when the world shall be new-created, God will be the beginning of it.

And in heaven, the saints are now rehearsing their redemption to be all of God. It was by Him that the Seed of the woman was promised; and by Him Enoch was translated; and the redeemed spirit of Abel, the first from this sin-stricken world, had its glorious conveyance to heaven, and not to hell. Could we summon every redeemed one, from Abel down to the present, we should find that in redemption and salvation it was *God* who had taken the initiative—who had made the first move in the conversion of the sinner.

And here let me say to every anxious one present, that when God comes and appears to a soul—not in visible form and glory, as He did to the patriarch, but simply through some truth, in some scene, perhaps like the present, He brings *Himself* into the scene—puts *Himself* before the sinner, gives *conviction* of sin, and along therewith a sight of the Saviour, so as to lead the sinner to peace and rest in Him by believing.

But observe how it was that God appeared to Abraham. For remember, when God appears for salvation, He does not come to condemn, or simply as a judge, though God is a judge; or even as a Saviour; but as a *God of glory*." It was as the God of glory that He appeared to Abraham—when He said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall show thee." It was for no slight unsubstantial thing the Syrian was called; it was that he might have a heavenly country,—a jasper city,—that he might say, "*Heaven is my fatherland, a golden city is my home.*"

He, poor Syrian, needed for such a call the God of *glory*. It was not easy for him to solve the question, "Am I to leave my home and my kindred? Am I to leave those I love? Am I to go from the place of my fathers' sepulture? And to go for *what*? For a country I have never seen? for a land never trodden? for there were no paths in the desert, no finger-posts in the wilderness! Am I to give up all I value and go out? Am I to leave all for *one* I have never seen or known before?" No, not *so*—God came not to him as a mere naked truth. God came to him with golden city, and in form most inviting and attractive, even as the God of glory, else Abraham, methinks, would never have left his father's house.

Thus it is with the hope of *our own* calling! When God calls a sinner, it is from darkness into marvellous light,—it is from the power of Satan to the kingdom of His dear Son,—it is from an earthly to a heavenly state,—it is from being a vessel of Satan to share with Christ His throne, that we may sit down with Him on His throne, even as He is now on His Father's throne; it is that when He shall occupy, and on His head shall be many crowns, we may appear with Him, and dwell in the light and lustre of those crowns. For what *we* were, in our standing before God, *He*

became; we had sinned—He took our sin; “He who knew no sin was *made sin*,” not sin *in* Him, but *on* Him. And as the Aaronic hand gathered together the sins of sinning Israel, and placed them down on the head of the victim, so “the Lord made to meet on Him the iniquity of us all;” “He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities.” God laid on Him our sin: “All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.” Says Jesus, “I came from the peerless glory, down to the stripes, the furrowed back, the bloody sweat, the contumely, the gall and shame, the cross; I bore it all that I might have thee, sinner, as joint-heir of my heritage, as partner of my throne, as joint-possessor with me of the Father’s love.”

Thus God, in His Gospel, not only saves the sinner, but lifts him from his depths in sin to the heights of glory, from the deepest death to the highest life; not Eden life, not angelic life, but *divine* life, *eternal* life.” “This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” Oh! for a pulpit planted, as it were, on some alpine centre of the globe! Oh! for a tongue borrowed from the loftiest eloquence that ever spoke amid the hosts of heaven! Oh! for a love wide as the universe, and a concourse of hearers vast as the family of man, that one might preach to the whole of this fallen planet the unsearchable and the untraceable riches of both the grace and the glory of God.

But there is a further thing in the words I have read—how that Abraham *fell short in his conduct*. It is said—“THE GOD OF GLORY appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said unto him, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee.” But instead of coming

into the land God showed him, he actually *stopped in Charran!* And what made him stop in Charran? It is said when his father was dead he removed him into this land. Nature hindered him: things around him hindered him. He came only a little way. He had left the country of the Chaldeans, but he had not come into Canaan. He had done much, but not enough. Alas for Abraham! alas for some of you! For some of you have come a little way; your eyes have been only a little opened; the world has yet power over you; you *are* worldly, and *religious!* and your relations and companions hardly know what to make of you. You *say* you are for Heaven, but your *life* shows you to be *on easy terms with the world.* Poor pilgrim! there is something more wanted—more to be known of death to things here—more seen of the hope of glory, to allure the eye and to overcome nature.

How did God deal with this obstacle—how did He meet it? By *death.* It was met by death. Abraham's father died, and his pilgrim son was liberated. I can speak personally here; many things which once held me with a tight hand, and which hindered, are now as dead to me. Blessed be God! so we sing—

"Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee,  
Stranger hands no more impede;  
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee,  
Strength that has the captive freed."

Ah! those stranger hands! the hands of the world, of nature, of the flesh, and sin. How they "impede!" I *can* say that I *am* dead to things I once loved. No one loved the things of the world more than I did. Many people think Christians have no taste; they think *they* could not hold the pen of a poet, or the pencil of an artist; that *they* have no eye for a star or rolling billow; that the flowers were not made for *them*, and that the sweet birds have no carol for *them.* Morbid, miserable—they say—are we Christians!

Ah, no! not morbid, not miserable, but *natural*, are we in our change towards the world, and nature, and things of mere taste.

The world, and man, and the earth itself, wear a new aspect *now*. Let me illustrate what I mean. I will suppose, for example, that I once had a magnificent set of rooms. I will suppose that one room exceeded every other in beauty. It was decorated with arras and tapestry, interspersed with purple and gold, with every sort of adornment from our own and other lands. I delighted in that room. But one morning I unexpectedly find lying dead on a sofa—oh! what do I find? I had but one child, a lovely child. During the night a burglar had entered, and there dead, lying in a pool of her blood, on the sofa, is that child. Alas for my child! She is laid in her coffin—she is buried; but what of that room? I say I do not care for it; I do not want it; I cannot go into it. *Death* has been there. Not that death makes the sofa one whit less valuable, or lessens one's admiration of the artisan who made it.

This is a faint comparison; it is not my thought, it is God's thought. God says the heavens in themselves *are* beautiful, and the earth *is* beautiful. But because the world has rejected his only Son, and because the world is stained with the blood of His only Son, the heavens are not clean, and the earth is polluted in His sight. And the heavens have to flee away, and the earth has to be purged of its taint—to be *burned up*! And then free from the least taint will be the new earth and the new heavens. Meanwhile—

“When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

“His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.”

Not that nature is not lovely; it is lovely in its ruins, plaintively attractive in its deep groans—

“The whole creation groans,  
But waits to hear the voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.”

As to the world itself—the world that murdered Christ—it is still a *Sodom*; and because of Christ, whom I now love, I am changed towards it. I do not want the follies of the world, or the pleasures of the world. But I say to every one who will have the world, “Have it; but do not say you have come out of it.” Abraham to get to Canaan had to *get out* of the old country. You cannot be out of it when you are still in it! Do not wear our pilgrim livery unless you belong to our company. Do not speak of *the God of glory*, if you are still serving the god of this world. “No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other.” You must be one thing or the other: there is no midway, no compromise—you must be of the earth, earthy, or of the heavens, heavenly. Ye must be born again.

Thus, when Abraham's father was dead, Abraham was not the same person, nor was Charran the same place. That one death! it changed the scene entirely. Abraham at once went out on a long emigration; stranger hands no more impede him; not only so, he walks on and on to the heavenly glory. He is plainly seeking a country. For not only, as said, “He removed him into the land wherein ye now dwell,” but see now how, besides being dead to Charran, Abraham is reminded of his divine calling. He becomes re-awakened. The call of the God of glory is revived in him. And further remark, how his walk in life comes in here. We must know our *full* calling, or our life and walk will ever be defective. While Abraham was living as if forgetting that God had called him to

Canaan, he was satisfied with the country in which he tarried. It was not till solemnly awakened by the death of his father, which weaned him from Charran, that he was alive to what God had called him.

Dear Christians, this is a practical point for us. If I do not see for what Christ has called me, that it is a *heavenly* calling, my life will not be heavenly. If I forget I am called to be a king, a priest, an heir, how defective my walk. But if I live in the energy of the truth that I am a priest, then shall I seek to stand before Him in all the sacred attire and service of that position. If I see that I am as Christ, how spotless my words, how taintless my affections, my life! But, if I am forgetful of the glorious hope of my calling—that He is coming again to receive me unto Himself that where He is, in His own home, there I may be also, I shall fail to stand adjusted for that coming; *practically* I shall not be ready for that home.

Death *weans*, but glory *allures*. To illustrate the latter: the Queen says, "There is a person whom I want to bring from a foreign land, to occupy an important position; he is to take care of my treasures—the treasures which belonged to the departed prince. Tell him I have thought of him to keep and preserve everything sacred to me of his." When the messenger has reached him, it may be in some remote part of Europe, or in the far East, and has given him the message, everything around him becomes changed. He leaves his relations, his home and clime; thinks nothing more of the spices of Ceylon; or if born in India, of the golden rivers, or native sands, or Himalayan snows; and if asked to enlist in a foreign army, to serve in the service of some foreign king, he would say, "Nay, impossible!—my calling is a different calling; I cannot wait." Or if another said, "Here are the boundless billows; I want you to command a splendid ship;" "*Nay*," he would say, "My calling is different." And, believe

me, if he thought the Queen would all the more like him in some particular attire, he would put it on, and would adjust himself according to his calling. O Christian, you understand me. The picture speaks for itself—so sing we and speak we, according to our heavenly calling. We say,

“I’m a pilgrim bound for glory,  
I’m a pilgrim going home.”

We say, I have a crown in the promised land, gleaming with the rays of uncreated splendour. I have a harp in the promised land, tuned by no created fingers. I have a mansion in the promised land. He who made all things says, “I go to prepare a place for you.” “Angels beckon me away, Jesus bids me come;” “my Father calls me, I must go to meet Him in the promised land.” I am not of the world that fadeth away—

“Calm the dying taper’s light—  
Let me go home;  
Glad my soul prepares for flight—  
Let me go home;  
For within those realms above,  
Purchased by redeeming love,  
Treasures are to which I move—  
Let me go home.”

The object, next to Himself, which the God of glory presented to Abraham, was that city of which Paul speaks, where, in Heb. xi. 10, he says, “He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; and, doubtless, of which John, in Rev. xxi. 2, speaks, saying, “And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride [so beautiful and taintless] adorned for her husband.” What a city for a pilgrim to see, and to call his own!—a city of “pure gold,” having “jasper walls,” needing no sun neither moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, “and the Lamb is

the light thereof." Such was Abraham's city. And what allured Abraham, whether from out of the snares, riches, and entanglements of Egypt, or amidst the deep sorrows of the desert, was the promise by God of this city. Glancing at its peace and its love, and coming up from Egypt, to which he and Sarah had wrongfully gone, he could have said—

"Yea, I need thee, heavenly city,  
 My low spirit to upbear;  
 Yea, I need thee, earth's enchantments  
 So beguile me with their glare.  
 Let me see thee, then these fetters  
 Break asunder—I am free;  
 Then this pomp no longer chains me;  
 Faith has won the victory.  
 Heir of glory,  
 That shall be for thee and me!

"City of the pearl-bright portal;  
 City of the jasper wall;  
 City of the golden pavement;  
 Seat of endless festival.  
 City of Jehovah, Salem;  
 City of eternity!—  
 To thy bridal hall of gladness  
 From this prison I would flee.  
 Heir of glory,  
 That shall be for thee and me!"

Well may the hope of such a city allure, even as death and sorrow may wean. Brethren, it is the same with our own hope. Ours is not so much a city—it is a higher thing. How blessed is it! How blessed *now*! To be associated with the Lord Himself!—to sit down as He is, in a divine perfectness, before God!—to reign endlessly with Him, to be a king and a priest; when He comes, to come with Him; when He reigns, to reign with Him; when He stands on Mount Zion with the hundred and forty and four thousand, like Moses and Elias, in the glory, to stand with Him, and know His love, and grace, and form, and voice for *ever* and for *ever*! Ah! this is glory! It is a sea

without a shore!—an ocean that cannot be fathomed! And for ever and for ever shall we stand over its mighty amplitude, casting down our line, saying, “Oh, the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!” Brothers and sisters, *can* we want anything more than this? There *is* nothing more. This is what we want the sinner to “see.” When the sinner *does* see it, he wants it. He does not want it if he does not see it. “Eye” (the natural eye) “hath not seen, nor ear” (the carnal ear) “heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” But if thou art truly wanting them, thou hast seen them. God hath revealed them unto thee by His Spirit; the heavenly Paraclete, the divine Eliezer hath revealed to thee the glory and the riches of the heavenly Isaac.

This is His office. This He delights to do—*reveal Jesus*. And this is what Jesus Himself delights in, *to be revealed* and accepted. Will you now accept Him? *He* presents Himself: *you* accept. When any ordinary suitor wants a bride there is needed only one thing for him to do, (how sweet a touch of the whole Gospel!) simply *to present himself*! When the Lord Jesus wants a sinner for Himself, what does He do? He just *presents Himself*. When Eliezer said to the damsel, “Wilt thou go?” her heart had *gone*! The tidings of Isaac, his riches, and the jewels, had already done their work. O sinner, know the riches of our Divine Isaac. Know His love. See Him as He now presents Himself, and to you, in the Gospel.

Beloved saints, such, in a few words, is the order of Christian life. 1. *God the beginning of everything.* 2. *Not a negative God, but a God who calls by and to His glory.* 3. *Nature coming in preventing our course.* 4. *Death coming in, and so setting aside the power of na-*

ture, stepping over all impediment. And 5. Abraham not only entering the land, but now, amidst many discouragements, sorrows, and trials, looking for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God; which city, we think, as we have suggested from Rev. xxi., he may yet have. Beautiful city! the New Jerusalem, whose Builder and Maker is God. Thus Abraham will get his city; but ye, beloved, who have owned a rejected Jesus, who are neither Jew nor Gentile, but are *a new creation*, children of the mystery, ye are not so much for a city—though all things are yours, for “*ye are the body of Christ*,” and are *as He is*, one with Him as the Head and the members are one—to be on the same Throne, and in the *same glory*—“*glorified together*.” Such, I say, is the order of Christian life.

---

## ADDRESS IV.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead."—LUKE x. 30.

DEAR Friends, I am going to speak, if I can, this morning a little about the Lord Jesus Christ, who is here represented as the Good Samaritan, and also a little about yourselves; for the man whom the Lord found on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho, is a representation of what we, in our natural condition, are as sinners. It may be some of you have never seen yourselves in the glass of the Word, or as you have been portrayed in this picture by the Prince of Artists—by the Lord Himself. He knows what is in us; He never miscalculated or misjudged any one. You and I are like that poor man; we are sinners—"born in sin, and shapen in iniquity." I want to bring you face to face with yourselves, as you have been drawn by His inimitable pen; He depicts you as having been robbed, and wounded, and left for dead.

I never shall forget, when speaking of this in Paris, how the Lord seemed to give a deep, solemn, tearful sense of their condition as sinners to the dear French

who were present, and not to the French only, but to the Arab, the Hanoverian, and others; for there was the Arab in his Arab costume, the German, and men of other countries; and it seemed as if the Good Samaritan had gone into their hearts, and had revealed Himself; and themselves, having shown some of them their true condition.

Now, if you were to ask a man of the world, *Are you happy?* the probability is, he would say no; or, *Would you, in dying, like to meet with God?* he probably would answer no, showing that there is something wrong; for if He knew God in His true character—if He knew Him as his Father—how delightful it would be to meet Him! But his answers show how man has been robbed of what he had. Is this the case with you? Are you happy? If this room were now to be the scene of your death, could you meet God in peace? Are you ready to die? How unnatural it is not to love God! What robbery has been committed on your precious nature! Adam in his innocence delighted in the thought of God; he had fellowship with Him in Eden; he walked with Him as a man walks with his friend. But now man is afraid to meet God; he is afraid to die. The devil has robbed him of his primal innocence, and fellowship, and love, and now man hates God.

And you may die soon. Two gentlemen met not long ago; they had been companions together. One said—

“Since we last met, I have undergone a great change. I have found Jesus; have *you* found Jesus?”

“No,” said he, “I have not found Jesus, and, what is more, I do not *want* to find Him.” The words were scarcely out of his mouth when he dropped dead at his friend’s feet. Alas! so dead are we, in our natural state, that we neither have God, nor want to have Him! How has the devil plundered our nature!

The question is, What are we to do with a man who has been robbed and left for dead? for he cannot help himself. If you saw a man lying, as this man was, hopeless and helpless, you would at once know that he could not help himself. He had no money, no strength—the night approaching, the darkness come! What is to be done? See! the Lord shows you some one coming along the road. It is a priest; and surely he will lend his help. No, indeed; he merely takes a rapid glance, and passes by on the other side; and, as as I have often said, it was just as well he did; for the priest was as the Law—as Moses—and law can do nothing with one who is guilty but condemn him; the Law *must* condemn if you are condemnation-worthy. If the judgment day were now to throw its wing over you, all it could do is to condemn, and it will condemn the finally impenitent sinner. If a man steal a sheep, or enter a house for the purpose of robbing, *the Law*, laying hold of him, *must* condemn him. The Law can reveal to a man the misery to which he has come, but it can never save him: so it was just as well the priest did pass by.

Next came a Levite; but he, too, like the priest, only looked and passed on. And it was as well he did; for he represented ordinances—and what could ordinances do for a man left for dead? What could Baptism or the Lord's Supper do for him? What would the Lord's Supper avail if you had stolen? Keeping the Sabbath (though it is a divine thing, the rest of the Sabbath) would never pay a debt; going to the Lord's Supper would not pay it.

What, then, are we to do with this man who has been plundered and robbed—who has no peace, no rest—who has nothing—who is left for dead? Why, as the Lord depicts the story, He shows you a third person coming. Looming in the distance you see the Good Samaritan; and when *He* came, did *He* merely take a glance?—

did *He* only look, and then pass by? Oh! that Blessed Samaritan! He always saw when misery was in the way. He saw the blind man, poor Bartimeus, as he sat by the wayside begging. He saw Zaccheus when he was up in the sycamore tree, half hidden by the foliage. He never passed by, but He always saw want and misery. And if you say, I am like that man; I have no peace—I have no hope; if I die to-night, I have no hope that I shall go to heaven—oh! if the Lord ever so little touch thy heart, *He is looking on thee, lifting thee up*, and it is worth a million worlds to thee to have Him thus, though it seem but a little.

Mark the Good Samaritan. He lifted the poor traveller up; He looked into his face, and saw that it was covered with blood and dust, and with His gentle hand softly wiped it all away. Nothing shows more whether there is life in a man than lifting him up. If you saw a man lying apparently dead on a couch, and lifted him up, you would soon see whether he had life or not. Now, I have oftentimes seen a sinner like that. He *was* dead; he *was* a corpse; he *had* no desire after God; he *was* going the downward road to hell—satisfied with outward things, with mere religiousness—without knowing Christ—having a name to live, while he *was* dead. But Christ lifted him, awakened him, and he had *life*.

When the poor man was lifted a little he had wants. He wanted oil to heal his wounds, and wine to give him strength, and the Good Samaritan gave him both. Ah! dear friends, this is the condition of the awakened sinner! Do *you* not know this? Think a little this morning. Have you not felt there was something you wanted? Bright and merry and joyous as you are outwardly—gay in the ball-room and in the concert-room, a smile on your sunny face—deep down in your young heart, have you *never* felt that you wanted *something*?

When young, I had everything I could wish for; but there was a wooded, shaded spot hard by the house where I was born; and beneath the summer boughs of that "silent shade," my knees often bent, craving for something I wanted, albeit I did not well know *what* it was. Now, some people seem to think that religion, or Christ, is a wild element in the soul; that it is mere excitement. But no! When the soul is among the damned, it will then see that there is nothing more important than an hour such as this, abstracted from the amusements, frivolities, and occupations of everyday life. Better to have been lost in infancy—if that were possible, which I believe it is *not*—than to live content without Christ. May God give you to think of it calmly and peacefully. God can lift you up. When the poor wayfarer was lifted up, he was in want, which proved that he was not dead. If you know your want of Jesus, you are not dead. If you can satisfy it to your conscience, I want Jesus—I have had the world, I have had fashion, I have had beauty, I have beauty, I have youth, I have everything this world can give; but I need Thee, Jesus—I want Jesus, I want heaven, I want holiness, I want happiness, I want God, I want what will infinitely and eternally satisfy. Beloved, if you are wanting God, believe me, God is wanting you—it is the Good Samaritan lifting you up. Oh! is it so, that you are wanting God? you who were dead, and cared not for Christ, do you now want Him? *Blessed want!*

You remember the Good Samaritan was coming along riding when He saw the poor man lying in his blood, and that He alighted and put the man upon His own beast. They changed places. That is the very thing Jesus has done. He was in heaven, but He came down upon earth. He was Son with the Father, but He took the sinner's place and the sinner's sins, and having put the sins away, He ascended with our nature

and put it upon the throne. Did you ever think of this? He came not as an angel, but in the form of man. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a man otherwise degrading himself, I think with wonder, "Ah, is *that* the nature the Son of God humbled Himself to take." He passed by angels, and was here in the lowest form of man; and all for sinners who were ready to perish. He took upon Him our nature and our sins. Ah! this is what will lead you to die in peace. I could not have peace if I did not know this. What would be the good of His taking my nature if He did not take my sins? What, you say, sins? Yes; sins—past, present, and future. Says the prophet, "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." All my sins were future to Him. Eighteen hundred years ago He was here bearing away the sins of the world. There are some of you trying to take away your own sins; but as well may the poor Ethiopian try to change his skin; you cannot do it. The Lord took our sins away. He died for them; and, believe me, instead of making me sit easy to sin, or make light of it, I the rather say, no—miserable sin! horrible sin! hateful sin! If you were to meet the Lawrences and the Havelocks, as I have met them, and were to say to them, "If the bullet that killed your dear ones in India were brought to you, would you hug that bullet? would you prize that bullet? would you adorn it with gilding of gold? would you kiss it—hang it on your neck?" Oh, no! they would say, "Horrible bullet! odious bullet!" And so, instead of caressing sin—this sin which cost Christ so much—you will say, "Horrible sin! wicked sin! How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" When Jesus came down and died, He bore our iniquities, and took away our sins, and He is in heaven now without our sins. That is your position and my position. We are like this man on his way to Jericho, when the dust had

been wiped from his face: our sins have been all washed away by our good Samaritan, and we are now raised and seated together with Him in heavenly places.

Then this good Samaritan brings the traveller to an inn, and takes care of him. Jesus brings the sinner, shall I say, into His Church, the Church of God in this world, of which Jesus is both Lord and Saviour. "And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee." He leaves the innkeeper to say that there is *nothing to pay*; and so, in the morning, when the man has recovered, and is able to go on his way, he asks, "What is there now to pay?" the innkeeper tells him there is nothing. Now, mark this, for it is an important truth. "Nothing to pay!" "What!" he says, "nothing for the beast on which I came here?" for he has now come to know a little of the state he had been in. "No, nothing." "Nor for the wine?" "Nothing." "Nor for the oil, for I have been healed?" "Nothing." "Nor for this couch, on which I have had rest?" "No; there is nothing to pay." "Well, then, who has paid for me?" "The good Samaritan!" This, beloved, is *a great truth*. For are you not purchased? are you not bought? did He not purchase you? did He not bring you back to God? Where did the Good Samaritan find you? was it not in your sins? And has He not paid all for you? has He not *died*?

Suppose a slaveowner, who says, "I have a slave, and he can be manumitted for a certain price;" suppose there is one who loves that slave, and who brings that price; he comes to the gates of the plantation, to the very home and person of the planter, and puts the sum of money in his hand. Why, the slaveowner, honouring his word, says, "*The slave is free*;

he is manumitted!" Think you that God is less honourable than a slaveowner! Christ Jesus, who loved us, even with a dying love, wanted you and me to sit down with Him on His throne—to be higher than the angels—to have crowns on our foreheads, and harps in our hands—to be happy in His love: but the price to be paid for all this—what is it? It is *death*—"The soul that sinneth, it must die." Would the death of an angel do? No: the sin is infinite, and the merit of Him who dies must be infinite. And so the Son of God came and died; He, Jesus, shed His blood for us. Nothing is so great a proof of His love; and He puts that blood—where? Why, down in *His Father's presence*; and in right of that blood before God He can now say, "Him that cometh, I will in nowise cast out." It is in virtue of that blood you can claim your freedom. "Him that cometh, I will in nowise cast out." You can have no peace until you understand this. We are purchased with His own blood; we are bought with a price: well might the innkeeper say, "There is nothing to pay!" But when this saved wayfarer thinks of this, he says, "What did I do to the Good Samaritan, that he has done so much for me?" and he remembers with shame that he did nothing but hate him; he had no dealings with him, for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans. Mark, then, what a change takes place in him. Oh, I often wonder at people who say, "Can God save a sinner just as he is?" Now, you see this man did not love the Good Samaritan; formerly he hated him; but when he heard of what he had done—how that he had thought of him when he was unable to think for himself, and that he had paid all for him—then he says, "How wonderful! How I wish I could see him!" And why? For *what* does he want to see him? It is that he may thank him and love him—that he may tell him how much he is

obligated And so the sinner, who, knowing the blood and promise of the Lord, has said—

“Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come.”

Such can now say, “I love Him, because He first loved me.” Beloved, I have no right to life or liberty, but in virtue of the blood. It is the price of my redemption. If I were dying this moment, I have nothing to trust in but that precious blood. What had the slave to depend on but the money, the price of his redemption? When he first looked into the matter, he found his owner had said that such a price would gain him his liberty; and now that that price has been provided, he knows, on the owner's word, that he is free. So with me: Christ's word is enough; and I say—

“Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God! I come.”

How wonderful is it that we do not leap to our feet, and claim the liberty which He has purchased for us! What a joy it is to me to tell this to some poor heart to-day! Perhaps the devil is suggesting you cannot be saved. He says, “Is it *you*? Why, *you* have no feeling about your sins, and so, of course, *you* cannot be saved;” or—“*You!* you have been too great a sinner ever to think of such a thing;” or—“*You*, who at one time said that you loved Christ, and have gone back to your old ways, why, how could you expect to be saved? *You* can have no hope of it.” But, dear friends, the good Samaritan found this man when he had been left for dead, helpless, and hopeless; and can you be worse than *that*? Oh, when you know that He has died for you, it will give you peace and joy; it is eternal life to “know the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent;” as we sing—

" 'Tis eternal life to know Him—  
                                           Oh, how He loves!  
 Think, oh think, how much we owe Him—  
                                           Oh, how He loves!  
 With His precious blood He bought us,  
 In the wilderness He sought us,  
 To His fold He safely brought us—  
                                           Oh, how He loves!"

I shall never forget that meeting in Paris. There were people of different nations, and when I spoke to them of *the good Samaritan*, of His love and grace, they received Him with delight; and in their own tongues confessed Him.

I am reminded of a scene which took place at Geneva. Three persons, as it were, accidentally met. They were from different countries, and could not speak to one another; but it is singular there are words which are the same in almost all languages, and will be understood in all lands, no matter what part of the world you may be in. One of the three, in simple love to the Lord and to the other two, said, "*Jesus*;" and the second said, "*Hallelujah*;" and, singular as it may seem, the third said, "*Amen*."

How beautiful it was! One saying the word which contains the whole gospel; for what is the meaning of Jesus—"He shall save his people from their sins;" or, as George Herbert says, I E S U, that is, *I ease you* of all your sicknesses, sorrows, and sins. Is not that the gospel? The other, Hallelujah; that is, praise the Lord; the eternal occupation of heaven, in all its many mansions. And the third, Amen; the response of the glorified, throughout all ages, world without end. Jesus—Hallelujah—Amen;—three words, but a body of truth, a world of divinity—the Alpha and Omega of Salvation, Redemption, Heaven, Glory, Eternal Life, Service, Worship, and Praise.

Beloved people, I wonder if you know this gospel; or if you care to know it! Do you know this Good

Samaritan? Have you ever felt Him lifting you up from where Satan left you, robbed and wounded, with nothing but an outward name and profession?—Christianity without Christ—for many have this; they are being lost religiously, having no vital, living knowledge of Jesus. Oh! is it so with you? May God give you calmly to ask yourselves—Do I know Jesus, or have I been trying to get salvation, by going to the Priest, or to the Levite? You owe Divine righteousness a debt—What is it? It is your life, *you must die!* But the Son of Man died! and if you “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you shall be saved;” you will have no debt to pay. No human tribunal would demand payment a second time. Jesus has died, and so I can live. “He that believeth hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life.” Because He died, I can live, and shall no more come into judgment, having been judged in the person of God’s own Son.

Oh! may that blessed Samaritan—for is He not here now?—take the dust and stain of sin from off your ruined, maimed, and plundered self! May He pour in the wine of His truth, and the oil of His healing. You know the wine takes effect at once. I one day said to a young man who was looking very gloomy—“What’s the matter?” “Sir, my sins!” “What about your sins?” “I shall be lost.” “Can you read?” “Yes.” “Will you read this verse—‘All we like sheep have gone astray.’ Have you gone astray?” “Yes”—“And are unhappy?” “Yes”—“‘And we have turned every one to our own way.’ Each one to his own way? A drunkard has turned to his way, an infidel has turned to his way, and God says, ‘*All* have turned to their own way.’” He told me with tears, he had. “Now,” I said, “will you read the next line—‘The Lord hath laid on *Him* [Christ] the iniquity of us all.’ Is that true?” “Sir,

may I believe it?" "You will be lost if you do not." He said, "I understand, I believe;" and that face, so long and so tearful, became like the face of an angel. "You are saved then?" "Yes." "And happy?" "Yes." "And at peace with God?" "Yes." He had drunk the wine of the Good Samaritan. And the healing oil had been applied. Precious wine! blessed oil! I know it in my own experience. I remember well how I was troubled about my sin; and how the Word of God told me I must die; but when I saw what Christ had done for me; when I saw that I had not to take the punishment, for that He had taken it—what joy I had, what peace it gave me. Thus, beloved, is it "He that hath the Son hath life." May the Lord, through the power of His own Spirit, bless you with a sight of Jesus, that you may know that He is your Saviour and your Friend—that *Good Samaritan!*

---

## ADDRESS VI.



## THE TAKING UP OF THE SAINTS.

"I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN xiv. 2, 3.

It is respecting the Lord's promised return for His saints, to take them out of this world to Himself, that I now wish to speak, and not so much of His actual advent *to* the earth, or of His predicted coming to judgment.

That He will come to "judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and kingdom," all true Christians implicitly believe. But all Christians do not readily distinguish the fact that He has promised to come simply and specially for them—in other words, to receive them unto Himself, that where He is, they may be also.

This promise I hold to be quite distinct from His coming to judgment; at which solemn time all His saints, whom He will have previously gathered to Himself, will come with Him. I also hold that this promise *to come for us* may be made good in this our own age, just as the promise of His first coming was to be made good in the Jewish age; and that as it was perfectly consistent throughout all the Jewish

dispensation for any pious Jew to be always looking for the Messiah to come, so it is equally consistent for a Christian, in all this present age, to be looking, as did Paul, and the Thessalonians, and others, for the return of the Lord Jesus, so specially promised to them.

Let the hearer, then, for the present, throw from his mind all thought of the *great appearing* of our God and Saviour, which, indeed, is a solemn truth, and which none of us doubt, whilst we show the special ground we have for believing, that ere that event shall occur, the Lord, in a less public manner, will *come for us*.

The promise finds its root in John xiv. But before going into its meaning, let me premise, that as a rule, the Bible must be taken *to mean what it says*, else it is not a book for the ordinary reader. That God never meant it to be considered otherwise, is evident from the fact, that in stating its truths, He never, as do human authors, resorts to any definition or explanation of terms, the terms used being those that, to the ordinary reader, carry with them their own meaning. Hence the literal meaning may be safely taken, excepting where it is not only *obviously* not intended, but obviously otherwise; such as where the Lord is spoken of as *a door*, or *a vine*. Thus when He speaks of "nations," He surely means nations; or of "Israel," He means Israel; or of "the Church of God," He means the Church of God.

How comparatively easy, with such a rule of interpretation, is even the study of prophecy. Hence reading of the Messiah being born in Bethlehem means what it says; also that His feet will stand on the mount of Olives; or that Christ will again come; and also Antichrist; and that as Christ is a person and not a system, so also is Antichrist. Thus a single passage of the Word to the eye of a child will convey a ready and comprehensive meaning, when volumes of books,

making out Antichrist to be this or that system, will only perplex the mind, and land it in constant uncertainty.

If this principle of interpretation be objected to, anything I have now to say will go for nothing. If admitted, our subject is plain, and I will add blessed, to any ordinary understanding, willingly receptive of Divine truth. To proceed at once, then, to the root of this matter: the Lord, who was about to leave His disciples, and who knew the sorrow it would give them, and who wished to inspire them from the very outset with what He intended as a sure antidote to that sorrow, said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. In my Father's house are many mansions. *I go* to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, *I will come again*, and receive you unto *myself*; that *where I am, there ye may be also*."

Taken literally, these words are plain and simple, and were assuredly full of a present comfort to the disconsolate disciples; but taken otherwise, they are vague. For example, some affirm, that the Lord meant that some day, *by death*, He would come for us; the answer to which is, that at *death* He does not come to us, but we go to Him. But surely if He had meant death, He would have said death, and not as He does, "I;" that is, *Himself*.

There are others who surmise that He meant He would come by *His Spirit*. But surely the Lord could have said *Spirit*; *i. e.*, He could have said what He meant. But that He did not mean the Spirit, is obvious from the fact, that farther down in the same conversation He tells them of the coming of the Spirit, whom He calls "*the Comforter*," and who alone, during His absence, *could* supply His place, or could comfort them. What He *meant* was, "*I will come again*;" that is, I myself; and "if I come again, I will take

you to myself, that where *I* am, there ye may be also." If you doubt this, place yourself in a like position. Suppose a husband or father, going to a distant land, and that he said, "I am going to a far land to provide a home for you; and if I go and provide a home for you, I will come again, and take you to myself, that where I am, you may be also." Now, with words such as these, would any one understand them to mean that the speaker would send a messenger merely, or a letter? or that they to whom he spoke were first to go to him? Certainly not. And when the Lord said, "I go to prepare a place for you; and I will come again, and receive you to myself," the words were definite—meaning that He **HIMSELF** *would* come.

But mark the words in yet another aspect. They were addressed to *His disciples*; not surely to the world, not to men in general, but to His disciples, and through them to us. "I go to prepare a place for *you*."

And mark *the purpose*, which is simply stated—viz., to take us to Himself—to the *home* of which He speaks—"the Father's house"—that where He is, there we may be also.

The next place where we meet with this promise is in John xxi. 18, where the Lord said to Peter, "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself;" but, adverting to his martyrdom, said, "when thou art old, another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." This the Lord said, "signifying what death he should die." "Death?" inquires Peter. "How is this? The Lord said He would *come* for us, and now He speaks of death! I do not understand." Then looking at John, he inquires, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" shall *he*, too, *die*? Then said Jesus, "If *he* tarry till *I* come, what is that to thee?" What I would adduce from this is, that it was evidently an understood thing among these disci-

ples, that some day the Lord would come for them, even as He had said. They had heard His promise, and had believed it, and were expecting its fulfilment.

As to how He was to come—whether *publicly* to the world, as, doubtless, He will do, or, first of all, for them—we learn in the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Acts, where, while the disciples stood gazing steadfastly toward heaven, as Jesus disappeared from their sight, two men stood by them in white apparel, and said, “Men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come *in like manner* as ye have seen him go into heaven.” “*In like manner.*” That is, as I understand, it is not to be a universally public event. The “*like manner*” does not in anywise answer to the solemn pomp and awful grandeur and terror of the coming to judgment. That He could so come—that millions of angels could come in a way known to His saints, but private to the world, is evident from their songs at the first advent, which none heard but the shepherds. The words, “IN LIKE MANNER,” may indicate that as the Lord’s departure was known only by His disciples, so also may it be with His return.

We know that after His resurrection, the Lord came many times to the disciples, and once *from heaven* to him who describes himself as “born out of due time.” But none saw Him, save the disciples and Saul of Tarsus. Even the soldiers who were with Saul saw Him not. So, when the heavens were receiving Him out of their sight, none but the disciples saw Him. Said the angels, “in like manner as you have seen Him go into heaven,” will He return—His going away and His coming again alike unobserved by the world.

Have you ever thought of it?—how that the *world* has never yet seen a risen Christ. The Rabbis, the Pharisees, Pontius Pilate, the Jews, the soldiers—they

never saw Him after He was put down into the tomb. As for the world that now is, they never so much as ask for Him; they make no inquiry for Him. It *would* matter to Europe and the world if told, "the *Emperor* or the *Queen* were dead!" but the world makes no count of the fact that the Son of *man* was dead! It would matter little to the world if no Christ had been crucified, and no Christ had risen, or had entered into heaven. The world cares not about a Christ in heaven, or a Christ who is to come to the air for His saints. Remember it was *to the disciples*, and not to the world, He said, "I will come again for *you*; and I go to prepare a place for *you*—a mansion, a *home*, in the Father's house:" and when the members of the mystical body, of which He is the Head, are complete, He will *come again*, and for this one purpose—"that I may receive you to myself." Beloved, we need no other interpretation of these words than their own, which is self-evident. Nothing could be plainer *than that* JESUS HIMSELF—not *then* as Judge, but as *Son*, from heaven—*is to come*; and to come *for us*; and that His coming is to be after the manner of His departure.

But, then, not only is He thus to come for us, but *we*, at a subsequent time—how long it may be, we know not—are *to come with Him*. These truths are both needful to each other. For if we are not first gathered *to Him*, we cannot appear *with Him*, as we shall do at the *appearing and kingdom*. Our Princess could never have *appeared* with the Prince, unless she had first *come*. So, as to the first, we shall be *caught up* "to meet the Lord in the air;" and as to the other, we know that when He "shall appear, then shall *we also appear with Him in glory*."

Beloved, this is no mere theory of our own, but a blessed *truth*, found in *the words themselves*. Search and see. Remember, it is "*the same Jesus*" who shall

come Oh, what unnatural thoughts many have of Jesus! They make Him quite another Jesus. But it will be the *same* Jesus, with the *same* head that once wore the thorny crown; and the *same* ever-loving heart; and the *same* hands and feet once perforated; yes, the *same* JESUS is to come for us—not with marred countenance, or on the bleeding tree. Ah, no! but in His *glory and beauty, and rest*, which we shall share; as we sing—

“*With Him* shall my rest be on high,  
When in holiness bright I sit down,—  
In the joy of His love ever nigh,—  
In the peace that His presence shall crown.”

As to His coming to *the earth*: and *before* the millennium, turn to Acts iii. 20.

“He (God) shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you, whom the heavens must receive until the times of restitution of all things.” Mark, it is not, “He will send the Spirit,” or the Gospel, which He *has* sent, but “He shall send JESUS CHRIST, whom the heavens must receive *until*”—the end of the world? No: but “*until* the times of restitution;” until *the millennium*—according to that word, (Matt. xix. 28,) “Ye which have followed me, *in the regeneration* (or time of restitution) when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones.” When I brought an objecting friend to this verse, he said, “I have always rejected the thought that Christ *could* be here till the end of the world, but I now see it is ‘*until*,’ and not ‘AFTER’ ‘the times of restitution;’ not until the great white throne is set up, but ‘until the times of *refreshing*,’ or *millennium*, which ‘shall come from THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD.’” (Acts iii. 19.)

It is plain, then, from these passages, that He will come first, as we have seen, specially *for His saints*;

and, secondly, as a subsequent event, He will come *publicly to the earth*, or appear, not *for* them, but *with* them—not privately, but in power and great glory.

Let us now touch, for a minute, on the effect which the *first of these* produced on the Thessalonian saints. Perhaps some one is saying, "I wonder at the preacher bringing *such* truth before a congregation in which there must be many who are yet unsaved;" but when Paul went into Thessalonica, were they all saved? No; they were pagan idolaters; yet, when the champion of the Cross, and the lover of the crown, and the expectant of the person, *bodily*, of Jesus, went into their dark idolatrous city, did he hold his peace about the promise of the *coming*, lest they could not or would not understand it? Indeed, no! Paul, where truth was concerned, never pledged himself to silence. How unnatural if he had! Ah, dear wife, if your husband had gone to a distant *home*, and was there making a million of money, and was coming to take you to himself, that you might be with him in his riches and splendour, do you think you could keep it all to yourself? You could *not*. So when that mighty heart, that pleaded for the Cross, and throbbed with expectancy because "the Lord was at hand," when he went to this idolatrous place he told it all. Says Paul, "Ye know my manner of entering in;" was it that he never taught them *deep* truths, for fear of different opinions? or lest they should not comprehend them? or lest they should produce disunion? Ah, no! but speaking of their faith God-ward, he says, (showing how they had been taught,) "Ye know what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God, and *to wait*"—to wait for what? For death? No. For heaven? No. "FOR HIS SON FROM HEAVEN."

As soon as the Thessalonians knew of a crucified

Christ, they turned from idols, "to *wait* for Him," the *Son*, as He had said. This was their hope.

Now turn to the 4th chapter, where you will find that some of *these* saints *died*! Like Peter, they were astonished, and said, "Did not Paul, the apostle, when he planted us as a church, tell us to '*wait*'? and here we are *dying*!" How is this? Paul writes, "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep"—that *do* die—"that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." They will lose nothing of the hope, but contrariwise, they will be first in it: "for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus *will God bring with him.*"

Dear, sweet sleepers! they will be the first to be in the glad resurrection scene with Jesus. I never come across this verse without taking a loving glance at our sleeping sainted ones—our fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers—peace to their memories! "*They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.* And this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we, which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord"—where? on the earth? No, not now. At the judgment? Not now; not *here* at all, but "*in the air.*" The Lord does not, *then*, come to the earth, but we are *caught up* to Him—"in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Paul, for himself, was evidently in this hope, and did not look simply for *death*. He said, "Not that we would be unclothed"—not that we would die—"but be *clothed upon.*" And again, "We shall not all sleep; (die;) we shall be changed." The very truth the Lord taught to Martha, where He said, (John xi. 25, 26,) making a distinction between those who die and those who "remain." "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and he that *liveth* (when I come) and believeth in me shall never die." Or, as

Paul says, "be *changed*"—"caught up." Many suppose that when the Lord comes the saints themselves will be overtaken by war, and blood, and tribulation, when the rocks shall be rent, and the vials poured out. But what says Paul? "We shall be *caught up*," away from the scene here. We wait for *Him* who hath "*delivered us from the wrath to come*." Being delivered from it, we shall not be in it, but be taken out of it, before its drops of vengeance come, as Enoch before the flood. But "*that day*," the day of wrath, says Paul, (2 Thess. ii. 2,) "*is not at hand*." Several things were to happen before it could come. First, the Lord was to come for them. Second, they were to be "*gathered together*" (in the air) "*with him*." Next, a vast "*falling away*." And, lastly, a revelation of a man, or the "*man of sin*." But as none of these had taken place, so the *wrath* could not yet come. Nor can that wrath, for the same reasons, yet come. But *He* can come—and will come. This is our hope. This is the event next to be expected. "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand." He is first coming to fetch us; we meet Him in the air, and thence are *ever* with Him; and when the vials are ready, and Antichrist revealed, and the earth ripe for tribulation, then He shall *appear* from heaven—appear to and on the *earth*—for judgment and glory; and we "*shall appear with him*." Do not entangle the two truths. They are as distinct the one from the other, as justification is distinct from sanctification. The Thessalonians "*turned from idols to serve the living God, and to wait*"—for the first of these—"for his Son from heaven."

It is the first of these that made it so consistent for Paul and all the early Christians, *at any time*, to be

looking for the Lord. But if He come not till the end of the world, how look for Him? and what mean the words, "Behold, I come quickly;" and, "If he wait till I come"? If the *end of the world* be meant, how utterly unlikely! Admit *this specific* promise to take the saints away, as Enoch was taken away before the flood, and all is plain—that just as all over the one Jewish age all Jews, and consistently so, looked for the Messiah to come—it was their hope; so we, in *our* age, have *this*, our own promise, our *one hope*, the giving of which, in John xiv., along with the descent to the air. (1 Thess. iv.,) form its true termini.

And now, beloved, many *other* truths crowd upon us here, which we cannot consider; but must rather ask what are the practical uses of this *one* truth, that the Lord, who has gone to His Father's house, will *come again to receive you unto Himself*? Are you ready to meet Him? ready to reign with Him? What if you were to see Him *now*, and look upon Him *now*, and receive from Him, *now*, the sweet assurances He has to give of His long delight in you, and dying love for you. Are you solidly grounded in the hope of all this? and is your life according to your hope? or are you looking simply to see as to how you are to *die*, or attain rest or happiness merely in heaven?

And how are your hearts affected as to the Lord's absence? He took it for granted that the hearts of His disciples would be *troubled*; troubled because of what He had said—that word! "*I go away*;" troubled at being left here, in a world that hated and rejected Him; troubled because He whom they loved and who loved them, would be no more with them. Are *you* thus troubled? or are you content that you are so separated? Ah, beloved! is this the manner of love towards a child, a wife, or a friend? *Can* there be a long separation, and no trouble, or no sorrow, no deep longing of heart? Alas for such love!

The Lord, moreover, counted on the fact that His promise to *prepare a place* for them would prove a deep solace to His disciples.

Is it a deep solace to *you*? Are you living in the thought of that home in His Father's house, which He is gone to prepare? or are your affections engaged with things down here—earthly, passing, perishable things? What if a loved one had gone to a far country, and had said, "I go and prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and take you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also"—what, I say, *if* you never thought of it? or thought of it with coldness and indifference of mind? Again I say, poor requital for such promise, and such love. That word "*prepare*," I like it. If a peasant prepare, the preparation is according to his means; if a prince, the same. But *if God* prepare, ah, then! "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which *God* hath prepared for them that love Him." And although God hath revealed them, by His Spirit, unto us, as to their character, yet their greatness and glory remain unknown: for example, this home! these mansions!—who can tell *what* they are?—their glory, their number, their beauty; and the joys which, in association with Jesus, and with one another, await us in them.

Brethren! we have not *the person* of Jesus now; nor have we the home of Jesus, the many mansions, *now*; but we have *Him* whom He calls that "*other Comforter*;" and we have the promise of soon again having *Himself*.

Says Jesus, "I will not leave you *comfortless*;" and again, "I will pray the Father," ("*the Father*"—*yours* and *mine*,) "and he will give you another Comforter," who will not leave you as I now do, but who will abide with you for ever, and whose presence *is*

you during my absence, will be instead of my being in bodily presence *with* you. He, the blessed Lord, implies, shall, "*take my place* ; He is *another Comforter* to you ; *I* have indeed been to you *a Comforter*:" and now He, the promise of my Father, even '*the Spirit of Truth*, shall abide with you for ever.'" *Another Comforter*. Blessed substitute ! The Lord has gone into heaven, and is with His Father. The Spirit, who was with His Father, is now down here with us, nay, *in* us, telling us of Jesus, "bringing all things to our remembrance, whatsoever he hath said unto us."

But as to the promise, brethren : are you *looking* for Him ? With such a promise, the disciples felt they might expect Him at any moment. Hence Paul prayed for the Thessalonians, "The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into *the patient waiting for Christ*;" and enjoined them, "Let your moderation be known unto all men : *the Lord is at hand*." The Corinthians, we are told, "came behind in no gift, *waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ*;" and the Galatians waited for "*the hope of righteousness*." Is it so with *you* ? Alas ! what disclosures, *when He does come*, will be made of neglected love, of affections estranged from Him, and of cold ignorance of His promise ! How many—alas ! that it should be so—will be *ashamed* at His coming !

And we *who are working for the Lord*, we want but two things. We want the conversion of sinners, and we want the Lord to come. The one has a special connection with the other. For the Lord cannot come until the Church, which is His body, is complete. When the last sinner, in this dispensation, is converted, then we believe the body will be complete. And then, doubtless, the Lord will come. He now delays His coming, in long-suffering goodness, not willing that any should perish. The doctrine not practical ! Who says it ? Not those who believe it. Is it not charac-

teristic of those who are looking for the Lord's coming, that they are *constantly* working? No—the doctrine *is* practical. Time grows short. The sands of the night are fast running out. Our salvation is nearer now than when we believed. Therefore we watch, and are sober. We wait, and watch, and work—looking for day dawn. We are like watchmen, each out upon his beat mid dead-of-night, to meet at—sunrise!

“Some watch in crowded place,  
And some in lonely way;  
Some weary are to see His face,  
And longing are they, say—

“We all are of the light,  
And children of the day;  
And many are the sons of night  
Who join us on the way.”

And now, beloved, if any of you are in trouble, this is the panacea. The promise is good—“He will come;” “Let not your heart be troubled.” There will be no widows' weeds, nor orphans' tears, nor sinning, nor dying in the Father's house. Are you in sorrow or suffering? “Comfort one another with these words.” How sweet are they to *the mourner*! How they seem to tell him, “Thy brother shall rise again”! Hast thou a husband, a child, the wife of thy youth, beneath the sod? Do they sleep in Jesus? When God comes, He will bring them with Him. What reunions and recognitions *then*! What restored friends and renewed joys *then*! Each loved one conformed to the image of His Son—bearing the image of the heavenly.

And He, who Himself was a pilgrim and a mourner here—

“Who found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave”—

what a hope for Him! Well does He speak of “*the word of his patience*,” for the Head is waiting for His

members—the Saviour for the saved—the Chief Shepherd for His flock—the Messiah for His reign—the Bridegroom for His bride. Ah then, what a consummation! We, who are His members, shall sit with Him on His throne, see Him as He is, shall be like Him, and be with Him for ever and ever.

A valuable practical use of this truth is, that it renders us comparatively insensible to everything here. We are not of the earth, that fadeth away. We are not seeking a portion in that from which we may be taken at any moment. We are not anxious to amass wealth; we may not want it. If the Lord come, with whom would it be left? We need not be over anxious, even if we have not health or ease. We have the promise—“I WILL come.” How it separates from the world! You are a saint: that is *separate*. If you are looking for His coming, and love *Him*, you would *not* like to be in scenes unsuitable to your trust, and contrary to Him.

And let us cherish *boldness* in this truth. If His *coming* be my hope, can I so far deny my convictions as to refuse to speak of it, and because some may not receive it? No; let me speak of it as my joy; and let me *love* it. Paul says of the crown, “not for me only, but for all them also who love his appearing.”

Brethren, looking for Him is what will take your eye off greed, and sin, and care—out of mere three per cents., bank stock, and consols—out of all the perishing things of earth, its vain show, sordid affections, and questionable praise; that ye may be “like men who wait for their Lord.”

And now, one word to the sinner. I love the sinner, and I love to think that souls may be seeking the Lord here. All this, sinner, is for you, if you will believe it: yes, this very hour, if you will turn and take the words of the twenty-second psalm; for those words were the words of Jesus, while bearing our sins—“They

pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me." And again, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" O sinner, see Him pierced!—His hands and His feet; pierced on the cross. See Him die the just for the unjust—the sinless for the sinful. Own Him as having died for the sinner—for you, and that now your punishment, which He took, is overpast. Believe it *now*; and take up the *crown* along with the cross!—the *hope* with the faith!—and whilst He who testifieth these things saith "*Surely, I come quickly,*" let your response be, "*Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus*;" or, as it is more literally, "*Amen! yes, be coming, Lord Jesus.*"  
Rev. xxii. 20.

"But come, Saviour, come,  
And take us all home;  
We long for the glory  
With Thee on Thy throne."

---

## ADDRESS VII.

## WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

I WANT to commend to your minds, beloved, for your meditation this morning, the conduct of these Greeks. They wanted to see Jesus. You have been saying of "Jesus,"

"Sweetest note in angels' song,  
Sweetest sound on mortal tongue,  
Sweetest anthem ever known—  
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

You have been singing of the time when the preciousness of that name will be fully revealed, and saints and angels will for ever join in "Hallelujahs to the Lamb;" and what I want for your own soul and mine is, that we may have deeper desires for the Lord Himself, that we may say with these Greeks, "We would see Jesus."

There are some here who are in deep desire for Him; they want Him beyond and above everything else. Others of you are longing to have the sense of Him renewed, which you had in past days. Is it not possible to be so occupied with work, or exercised about truth, that you may lose the sense of the

Lord Himself, which sense you had in those "former days," as Paul calls them, "in which you were illuminated," when, with brightness, He first manifested Himself to you? Alas! you are saying,

"Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?"

What you now want is a *revival*, not of truth, simply—not of doctrine, but of Himself, as in those "former days" you calmly and brightly saw Him.

We want Him in a three-fold sense. We want Him as He was made known to Paul, who said, "God revealed His Son *in me*:" according to which, Christ was *in* him.

And we want Him, not merely as being *in* us down here, but as one raised and seated in heavenly places. You remember the rest this brought to your mind when you first saw yourself (the old man, the natural man) slain with Jesus, and buried with Him; and when for the first time you knew your position, raised, seated, and accepted in Him in all His acceptance, and alive with Him in His risen life: we want Him in *that* sense.

And we want Him, thirdly, not merely as associated *with* Him where He now is, in heaven, but as Paul knew Him when he said, "*But the Lord stood by me.*"

Alas! how few know Him as Paul knew Him, or as the early saints knew Him. Retrogression, more or less, has been the history of the Church in all ages: taken collectively, the Church has lost the early sense she had of Him. She has grown dead since then; and, as with the Church collectively, so with its members individually. I feel it, and you feel it; and though all truth is blessed—prophetical truth, doctrinal truth, dispensational truth, all is blessed, for all proceed from Him—still I want, and you want what Paul and the first saints had, this *brighter* sense not so much of truth,

(in whatever form it may be,) as of Jesus *Himself*. Such sense of Him is from God. The same with our desires. As rivers are laid by God for the sea, as for their source: so desires for Christ, they are not only *from* God, but they are *for* God. He it is, by His Spirit, who gives the power in the soul, causing it to long for Him. Desires for *Him* never come unsent; they are not of the flesh—they never come from your old carnal self; it is GOD who leads you to say, "I would see Jesus."

And now I want, as the Lord may enable me, to preach to you this morning—"Jesus only." You have come saying, "Jesus!—I long for Jesus—I want Jesus." And surely it would be a poor thing, if asking for bread, I gave you a stone. May the Lord give me wisdom that I may present to you, in all His own loveliness, the very One whom you desire. When I say I will speak of Him to-day, why I am always speaking of Him. I hardly think anything could be said of Him than what has been said, and yet what an inexhaustible fulness is there in Him; it is ever fresh, ever new. I think if that woman had gone on and on to look for the meal, she would have discovered that the barrel had no bottom! Thus is it with Jesus: the more we want the more there seems to be. Thus, too, when we commend Him to others, if we try to speak of Him, it is an ocean without a shore, a sea which cannot be fathomed; we may reach the surface, but we cannot find the bottom; we may skirt along the shores of His grace and His glory, but no foot can ever fathom their depth. To change the figure: He is an inexhaustible treasure-house, a boundless store; and in Him you will find—what you never will find in the world, even though you gain all its riches, honours, and applause—namely, perfect rest and settled peace for your soul.

Where would you see Him? For is He not every-

where? Would you see His *mind*? Oh! I would bring you to the time when the thought of man was as a sweet story or a loved image in His mind, before the stars were created, before the hills had been brought forth, before He had ever broken the silence of His own immutable counsels; for there never was a time when the Church was not in the eternal counsels. Our salvation was like a lovely story, a sweet tale; it was the thought cherished by God from all eternity. It was in the salvation of man God Himself was to be revealed, as He had never before been. Hence God did not say of man, as He had said of light and other creations of His power. He did not say, "Let man be, and man was;" but He said "Let *us* make man in our image"—the image of what the second man, the Lord Himself, was to be, wearing man's nature, for ever and ever. Hence He loved man; and when there was none other with whom to speak, He is found speaking with Himself, saying—"Let *us* make man in our image, after our likeness." God's *delight* was *man*, in whose nature God would eternally dwell. "His delights were with the sons of men, and His rejoicings in the habitable parts of the earth." Ah, who does not see Jesus, the everlasting Jesus, in this?

And when woman is to be formed, I find Him saying, "It is not good for man to be *alone*." In other words, it is not good for the God-man to be without His Church. In this infancy of time I find Jesus bringing out His cherished thought of our association with Him as members of His body—in other words, our *oneness* with Him, even as the body and head are one—that He must have us who are His body. Hence He again communes with Himself saying, "It is not *good* for man to be alone." It is here one sees Him, communing with Himself about her who was the type of His Church—which is His body—"members of His body, His flesh, and of His bones."

And when sin came in, I see Him bringing out substitution and atonement; and because *sin put away* is that which constitutes *the Gospel*, I see Him telling man what was in His mind—"The seed of the woman shall be bruised; but He shall bruise the serpent's head."

Evil had come in, and must be atoned for. I see God in this; I see Jesus in this; God rehearsing to Adam the revelation of that victorious love which He was ages hence to display on Mount Calvary.

And here, in passing, I see another beautiful truth. I see that in the reception of this Gospel, man is passive. I see that righteousness, salvation, was gratefully *received* by him; that he "toils not, neither does he spin." God said, "The seed of the woman shall be bruised, *die*, that man may live." Adam is calmly passive; he has a mind simply *receptive*: he believes God, and, already in the energy of the truth of God, calls his wife Eve, that is, "the mother of all *living*." I see in this not only Adam, but Christ; not man only, but Jesus. I see the Gospel which was in the mind of God from all eternity.

But where do I not see Jesus? I turn to Abel; God had respect to Abel *and his offering*—He had respect to Abel *on the ground* of the offering—that offering was Jesus; I see *His* accepted blood; I see that atonement is made by blood; I see that without shedding of blood there is no remission. And as evil deepens, I see, in the deluge, the righteousness of God revealed from heaven against all who obey not the Gospel; but I see a full salvation from out of that wrath, for Enoch is delivered from the wrath to come. I see how evil man in himself, in his very *essence*, is—that God says of him, "the end of all *flesh* is come." God no more strives with *man*, for the carnal mind is enmity against God. He therefore dooms him to death, which death Christ takes upon the cross. God thus brings in Christ, saves by *blood*—by death,

which the flesh has merited, and gives life—a new creation, not the old changed, but a new one—in a risen Christ. I see Jesus in all this. I see that ere the flood-gates of wrath are poured out upon the earth, the Church, as Enoch, having *life and immortality*, will be caught up at Christ's coming; for, "the dead in Christ shall rise first; and we who are alive and remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air."

And now, as hitherto, we have seen salvation on the ground of sacrifice; a little further on, in the ages, we see *glory* coming in. "The God of *glory* appeared to Abraham," not as He appeared to these Greeks, the humble one, the despised one, the abased one, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but as "the God of glory;" for by-and-bye this humble one is to reign, but now, for the present, we see *Jesus*.

Where, I ask, would you see Jesus? Would you see Him in *His Person as Man*? He came to Adam seemingly as a *man*; He spoke to Adam as "a *man* speaketh to his friend;" and He came to Abraham as a *man*—talked with him as a *man*. You find Him—how wonderful and blessed!—eating with him and telling him, as at Mamre, of His plans as to judgment on Sodom, without much reference to His glory. By-and-bye the picture will be turned: the glory will know no bounds—the King will have put on His beauty. But all through these ages you find Him coming as a man—not as one whose manifestation brought fear and terror, as was the case on Sinai at the giving of the law, but as a guest, a friend. These are only parts of His ways; you can trace them out at your leisure; everywhere in the dawn of the Word you can find Him. But the shadows which fell on these early ages, were not those of His humanity only; deep shadows of the Godhead also fell gloriously and even dreadfully around. The Lord appeared to Abraham

in the fire and smoke. His righteousness was foreshadowed in His doom on Egypt. He it was who appeared to Moses—whose angel slew the first-born; He it was who clave the sea in twain—who led out from its depths of death and judgment His chosen people. Everywhere you may find Him—in all the Scriptures, in Moses, in the Psalms, and in all the Prophets.

But, not to weary you, where will you find Him as on the cross itself—that wondrous tree?

There, indeed, is the great *substance*, from which all sacrifices and all the offerings are but shadows. It is at Calvary we find a full revelation of the grace and love of Christ Jesus. I say, "Can it be true?" I see, (as my poor peasant said) the "cooper," or carpenter's son, as Son of Man dying on the cross to atone for sin; and I say, "Is it true that the blood which streams from that cross, from those wounded hands and side, is the blood of that Son—does the Son of the Highest groan and bleed, and suffer and die?" Oh, timeless, matchless, untold love!—a love stronger than death; for He went down into death. He died the death of death, and hell's destruction. "Was there ever love like His?" Oh! who can tell it—who repay it?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Where shall I show you Jesus? Shall I show you Jesus in His life down here? See the man of *Sychar*! How He loved the sinner who came to draw water. Here, as in a glass, you may look into His face of love. And He with love looks into yours. The same love is in Him now. The man of *Sychar* is the same as the man exalted at the Father's right hand. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

See Him in the house at Bethany; there sat

Lazarus at the table, who had been dead, but was alive; and there was Simon, who was a leper, but had been cleansed; and there too Mary, who anointed Him for His burial; and there, also, faithful, serving Martha. What a scene it was! Martha, a picture of the serving Church; and Mary copying the angels who desire to learn and look into these things; and connected with them Lazarus, seated in rest and peace in risen life.

We often find our Jesus thus, beloved friends. In one place He sat with *sinners*, and in another with *saints*; and often the cry is raised, "He receiveth *sinners*, and *eateth with them*." And why? Because He had come from a far distance for them, and loved to think of the time when they would sit down with Him. But here, so to speak, none were sinners. There was Simon cleansed, and Lazarus having put off corruption, sitting down at the same table—a type of the risen life. There was Mary, full of conscious fellowship, listening to the words of Jesus; and Martha, like many another Christian, full of service. It is all an image of what it will be when the present sorrowing time shall lose itself in glory; when earth's present woes shall have passed away; when the body united to the Head, "shall be for ever with the Lord;" and when the Lord—the Head and the members—will sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in His kingdom.

Would you see Jesus? Come with me awhile into the garden of Gethsemane; as our dear young brother has reminded us, if the disciples had only known—if they had only watched with Him that "one hour," they might have said, "Beloved Master, let us watch with Thee, if only to wipe the death-drops from off thy marred brow." For the heart that loved a sinner to wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head, could surely have

loved them to do this also. But they, alas, did *not* watch; they were asleep!

Beloved, *do* see Jesus *here*: see Him drinking the cup, saying, "Not my will, but thine be done;" and bearing the cross! and suffering, and bleeding, and *dying* for us. Ah, what grace, what love, what compassion for the lost!

"This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was His blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew."

And now see Him in the heart of the earth. Like another Jonah, He lies buried three days; and look from the open grave to the open heaven! See the second Adam awaking out of sleep, and tell me where was the Church formed? It was in the opened side—the grave of Jesus. When the Lord was about to form Eve, He cast Adam into a deep sleep, so that when he awoke she who was *in* Him was with him; and when Jesus rose, we who were dead in sins were raised together with Him.

Where else would you see Jesus? Shall we ransack Nature to find Him? Look around—

"Nature, to make his glories known,  
Must borrow colours not her own."

Is He compared to a rose? The rose must shed her bloom; but the Rose of Sharon will endure for ever. Is He a lily? The lily, by every passing tread becomes sullied of its purity; but He is the perfect One, "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." Is He a Rock? The rocks, beloved, will become liquid fire, and the elements melt with fervent heat; but the Rock of Ages doth never, shall never, pass away. Ha! yes; nothing can show *Him*!

"Nature, to make His glories known,  
Must borrow colours not her own."

Do you want Jesus? Would you see Jesus? How, if time allowed, one would like to bring you where you would see Him in the displays of His grace! But where see Him thus? Is it when the woman was brought to Him, a sinner taken in the very act? "Woman," said he, "where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee." There *was* condemnation, but He had travelled far to take it for her; hence none to her. Oh, what grace is in Jesus, manifested in His dealing thus with sinners! for dear people, one sinner is the same as another to Him. We either are, or we are not, sinners; and if we are sinners, we need a Saviour who can make us as white as snow. Beloved, there is but this one stand-point—this one Saviour. And we have only to take our place as sinners, and *at once* we have a Saviour—yes, just as we are. I remember I was often puzzled by that verse, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." Some make it to mean that no one can be saved but by some mighty effort; but that is not it. It means that God shuts you up to a point—that strait is the gate, lonely, isolated the road that leads you up to God.

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,  
But *Jesus Christ* is my all in all."

He and He *only* is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The most morally righteous person, and the greatest sinner under the sun, must enter at the same door, must take their stand on the same merit, must receive the same Spirit, and be saved by the same blood. All are alike to God. He knows no grades—no distinctions; just as if you could ascend some miles above the surface of the earth, you would see no difference between the loftiest peak of the Himalayas and the lowliest of hills, both would appear flat as a plain. God looks on us all as sinners, rebels. He brings us

to the same point and says, "Strait is the gate," lonely, isolated, *arbitrary*, if you will. You may come, then, as a sinner, but with not an atom beside. Nothing but Christ! That is how His grace operates—salvation for the chief of sinners and for the least of sinners, on the ground of the greatest of Saviours—on the ground of the greatest of merits—on the ground of Christ! He shed His blood—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from *all* sin." I ask you, if it cleanseth from *all* sin, how much can remain? His blood cleanses from *all* sin. Can you own this before God, that *your* sin was on Jesus? Can you own it as *put away*? for this it is which gives peace and rest to the soul. I would like you to meditate on this, beloved—if sin be put away, on the cross *how much can remain*?

Beloved, would you see Him in the operations of His grace? The dying thief is an instance of that grace. There he is suspended between earth and heaven, dying, impaled on the wood—dying for crimes committed against human law—in a few moments his soul will be in eternity. But time is nothing to Jesus, any more than degrees of guilt. He could say to him on the reception of the truth, (for the thief had owned him LORD, had said, "*Lord*, remember me," and no man can call Jesus "*Lord*, but by the Holy Ghost,") "*Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;*" and now—

"Twixt *him* and resurrection,  
But Paradise doth stand."

What grace is here! How free! Instead of hell, paradise and the resurrection! It is the same with all who have believed, and who sleep in Jesus. We have laid them down in their slender coffins, and over their ashes we have dropt the silent tear; they sleep in Jesus; and by the same grace, converted early or late, it does not matter one atom; 'twixt them and the glorious

morn when Jesus shall call his sleeping members to meet Him in the air, there is but Paradise—

“Twixt *them* and resurrection,  
But Paradise doth stand.”

I might, if I had time, trace out many other operations of His grace in the days when He was down here upon the earth. Look at that poor publican: the description may have been only a parable, but it seems a reality; that publican laid hold on God; he said, “*God* be merciful to me a sinner;” he said, “I am nothing, and I can do nothing.” He brought no claim; he did not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven; but he had got hold of *God*; he says nothing good of himself, but looks only to God; God having provided an atonement, He could show grace and mercy to the chief of sinners. He went to his home justified. I might enlarge on this. I might collect instances all through the history of the blessed Lord to illustrate the grace He loved to manifest to those who had no claim on Him, and who were without strength. I might multiply instances of that wonderful love and grace which in His life on earth showed, as in a mirror, what Jesus really is. But the moments are brief, and in conclusion I would ask, “Have *you* seen Jesus? Have *you* seen Him for yourself? Some of you have, and you long to see Him where He is. Like Paul, you would be absent from the body, present with the Lord. All the past and the present urge to this. Some of you are weak, and weary, and old, and alone in life; and you are saying—

“We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen  
Across this little landscape of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen  
For the last nearness—the final strife.

“We would see Jesus, for life’s hand hath rested  
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow;  
And though our souls have many a billow breasted,  
Others are rising in the distance now.

"We would see Jesus! Other lights are paling  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing—  
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee."

But death is not our hope. Nor is paradise. Our hope is that He *Himself* will come—come as He said to receive us unto Himself—unto the *man* Christ Jesus, who loves us—unto Him who also is *Son*, whose glory we shall see. Our hope is that we are to see Him face to face, and be like Him, and be for ever with Him. Would you not see Him thus? Are you daily receiving His assurances that He will soon come? Does He not say "*quickly*"? Love cannot have its object too soon, but says, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly." Oh, it is *Himself* we want; all that He is as *Head*—His life, and love, and holiness; and all that He is as *man*, and as *Son*, and all that He shadowed forth as "God in manhood," when He *made man* in His image—the image of that which was to be His *Eternal form*.

What ravishing views even now may we have of Jesus! One dear dying saint has confessed to have had to put his hand on his eyes, he felt the glory to be so great. Beloved, very few of us have ever seen Him so.

Now, my heart's desire and prayer for you who are seeking salvation is, that you may see Jesus—see Him for yourselves, and seeing Him have the peace and rest which the knowledge of Him gives. Mark, it is *Jesus* you are to see, not any other—no man save Jesus only; seeing and owning Him as your Saviour, you will have rest. And remember that, believing in Jesus, you are before God *as He is*. Once dead, now as He is, raised *from the dead*; accepted as He; justified, sanctified as He; this is rest for the weary—

"He your redemption is,  
Wisdom and righteousness,  
Life, light, and holiness."

The writer of that letter says he was unhappy because he had always thought his old nature—the carnal mind—was to be perfectly sanctified; but when he got a glimpse of what *Christ* was for him before God, and what He had done in *condemning* but not *eradicating* sin in the flesh, and, as to its guilt, in putting it away by the sacrifice of Himself, he had peace. It is the work of faith to see this. The first announcement God made in Paradise, and which Adam believed, was, “The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent’s head;” also that the Seed Himself was to be bruised—was to die. He *has died*. Hence we live—are saved. “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

Dear people, I solemnly warn you against rejecting this grace of God. I impress it on you, you are either converted, or you are not; you have either seen Jesus, or you have never seen Him, and are yet in your sins; you are on the verge either of a converted or an unconverted eternity; you are either a candidate for heaven, or you are one of Satan’s slaves led captive at his will. There is no middle condition, beloved hearers. “Well, then,” you say, “what am I to do?” Mark, when God told the good news to Adam, that the Seed of the woman who should bruise the serpent’s head would *Himself*, for us and for our salvation, *be bruised*, what had Adam to do? Why, *nothing*. Adam was passive; he *received* the message; he *believed* God.

There is, to my own heart, a sweet thought here, which I would not willingly pass over. It is this—it was Eve who was first in the transgression, not Adam; but, mark, Adam went down with Eve into the deepest depths rather than be separated from her, even to the death and separation from Paradise that sin had caused. Thus it was the Church who had sinned; but Christ, the Second Adam, became one with His Church—not a partaker of her sin, for He knew no sin; but He took her place in judgment, with sin upon Him. We

cannot lower or compromise the truth, beloved: Jesus took the sin of His Church—He who had no sin *in* Him, was made sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. Eve was in the transgression, and Adam must either take his stand with her, who was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, or he must take his stand apart from her. He chose the former. In a sense, he left Paradise for her sake; and the “Lord for our sake became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich.”

But mark further. Man, out of Paradise, had nothing but the *Word* of God which told of redemption. The world was enmity to God; His Word was despised, and from that day there sprang up two parties—the Cain party, who hugged a ruined world, and the Abel party, who embraced the Word. These two exist to this day; the one party loving and adorning a ruined world, trying to make the best of it, as is seen wherever the Cain principle culminates, and where men are trying to be happy outside of God; and the other, like Abel, content with knowing the truth of God, and in finding salvation through the blood of the Lamb.

Dear friends, in which class are you? My heart's prayer for you is, that you may be saved—that, *taking God at His word*, you may see Jesus, “bruised for *your* iniquities.” “He who knew no sin was made sin *for us*.” May the Holy Ghost, whose work it is, take of the things of Christ, and show it to your soul. “This is eternal life, that they may *know* thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.” The *world* does not know this. Do *you* know it? God give you, beloved people, to stand still, as did Moses, and see the salvation of God. “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.”

I bring you the good news of God, the message of His love; not that you must first love God, but

that God first loved you, and now that what you need is to know it; thence to your believing soul will spring a thousand joys—a thousand anticipations—each one like the mystic “white stone,” known only to such as have them. Beloved, may you have that receptive mind of which we have spoken this morning; may you receive God’s truth as a little child—see Jesus as He is presented to you—see His blood for righteousness, and, like the lily that toils not, neither does it spin, may you *simply believe*, and enter into *rest*. May you “*see Jesus*.” May the Lord, by His Spirit, teach you. May He bless you. May *God* bless you.

---

## ADDRESS VIII.

## THE GREAT DISCHARGE.

"I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."—ISAIAH xliii. 25.

READING from the 21st verse of this chapter, we find God's solemn indictment against the sinner; and His great discharge. As to the indictment—

"*This people,*" says God, "*I have formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.*" The chief end of man was that he might glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever. This was the end for which God created man. Have you ever thought whether or not *you* have answered that end? It is a simple question, but most important.

God formed man for His own glory, that he might live in His knowledge, and in the enjoyment of the Being that made him. How noble and glorious an end is this! "A people," says God, "formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." This was true of Israel, to whom the words refer, and it is true also of us. "But," says God,

"*Thou hast not called upon me.*" God's charge is that we have not even called upon Him. How slighting is this! We have shown no desire for Him, and have

not gone the slightest way to meet Him; we have been living as if He had never formed us for His glory, and as if there were *no* God. It were worth twenty deaths, beloved friends, if we could get even one of you this morning to see and enjoy the end for which you had been created. Alas! men have wrong thoughts about God: their estimate of Him is, that He wants to punish them—to keep them away from Him. But no: His unchanging thought is, that man should be brought into the fulness of all the love there is in Himself. Will you not look at Him in this light now? Do not make an imaginary God, as one who conceives an imaginary enemy, and then dreads him. Nobody has a better right to know me than myself. “What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so, the things of *God* knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.” (1 Cor. ii. 11.) Only you, yourself, can know what you are, and it is only God who can tell what He in Himself is; and here in His Word He reveals Himself towards us as a God of love—as having loved from all eternity; for He is unchangeable. “I am the Lord, I change not.” (Mal. iii. 6.) I may change, you may change; but from everlasting to everlasting He is the same God, and He will be the same throughout everlasting ages. But what He complains of is, that notwithstanding such love, we have not called upon Him—have not come to Him—have not *had communion with Him*; or, if we have professed communion, it has not been such as He required—the communion of child with Father—of the saved with their Saviour. If men spoke truly, many of them would not call Him their *Father*, but *Tyrant* or *Judge*: but God made man for Himself, not that He might judge or condemn him, but that he might be like a stream of life and peace returning to the ocean of His love—that he might be like the light of yon orb, each beam pure as its fount—

warming, and enlivening, and blessing everything that comes in its way. But, alas! how has the crown fallen, and the fine gold become dim! Where now is the fellowship of Eden—the love of Paradise?

Are *you* in the habit of calling God your Father? Do you know Him thus, or do you think of Him only as an enemy or a judge? Have you never spoken to Him as your friend? Have you been living all these years without God, without communion, without prayer, as if God had never been keeping you in life, preserving you from accident, watching over you, guarding you from evil? God only knows how you have forgotten Him. This is His charge against every one who is living without God—who does not call upon Him. You have had words; but words, of themselves, are not prayer. Prayer may be *without* words; as the poet says—

“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,  
Utter’d or unexpress’d—  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.”

Prayer is the looking of the heart towards God. As rivers on their way look along the earth, towards the the abysses of the deep; so a soul that knows God turns towards Him, longs for Him, and desires to be with Him and in Him. But God says to thee, O sinner, “Thou hast not turned towards me; thou hast made me a mere myth; thou hast counted me as dust; thou hast trampled me under thy feet; thou hast brought me words indeed, but not prayer—profession; but not reality; thou hast love for the creature, but not for me; thou hast gone after others, but thou hast not even called on *me* :” and—

"*Thou hast wearied me.*" Is this in the Bible?—that the mighty God who rolls the hoar floods of the deep in their beds, as in the hollow of His hand—who formed the stars, and keeps them in their courses—is *He* weary? Is it in truth that He says to man, "*Thou hast wearied me*"? Wonderful language! *God* is wearied! With what? With watching thee? No. Loving thee? No: but with thine iniquities. No wonder He is weary. He says, further,

"*Thou hast made me to serve with thy sins.*" Ah! if you had faithfully served another, and he paid you back with *sins*—defamed your character, robbed you of your due, betrayed your confidence—would *you* not be wearied? Ah! dear fellow-immortal, that is what you have done: you have wearied *God* with your sins; you have made Him to serve with sins.

The figure is remarkable: it is *God* who takes the place of servant: God has been *serving* you, and you have repaid Him with forgetfulness; you have forgotten Him—you have denied Him.

And oh, dear people, does He not serve us? Each morning, in the past, when you awoke from gentle sleep, who caused you to come back to day? The great Father in heaven. But you did not even look towards Him. And during the day, who strengthened your back for its burden—"to bind sheaves to your bosom"—was it not God? But you paid Him in unbelief, in forgetfulness, in drunkenness. These were the wages you gave Him—you paid Him with *sins*! And when night came, who gave you to lay your head down upon its resting-place, and closed your eyes in unconscious sleep? Who took charge of the functions of being and life—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—aye! all through the week—a year of weeks—for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years—shall I go on?—sixty, seventy years? And you have given Him nothing but sins—*sins*! Says God, "*Thou hast made*

me to serve with thy *sins*." You ought to have loved Him—to have been grateful—to have owned Him: there is not a blade of grass that does not own Him—not a lakelet, or a dewdrop that does not reflect the blue skies that overshadow it—not a flower that does not tell of *Him*—not a living insect, not a fly even, that does not tell of His existence—they pay Him back with all that they have: but you have paid Him in what? Says God, "I have laboured for you night and day, but you have paid me back in cursing and lies; you have denied me: you have made me to serve indeed, but you have paid me poor wages—miserable wages; you paid me only in sins."

"*You brought me no small cattle.*" In the margin it is "lambs." "Thou hast not brought me *lambs* for thy burnt-offering." From age to age the Levitical sacrifices typified Christ, "the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world." Says God, "You have not called upon me—I complain of *that*; but when I gave you the Son of my love—gave Him from my bosom to *die*—to cover, by atonement, the guilt of the sinner—you did not bring *Him* to me; you came in your own religiousness: you have lived twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years, without taking *Him* into your bosom, the Son of my love: you have brought me *no lamb*." "This is my sore charge." My friends, is this true of you, I know how true it was of me. *I* brought Him *myself*, my *sins*, my *fears*; but I did not bring Him *Christ*. But again, in this indictment—

"*Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money.*" This, too, is *Jesus*—the fragrance of Jesus. He so glorified God, in the salvation of the sinner, His righteousness as well as love, that God is *well pleased*. Tell me a man is a murderer, and it would be lawlessness to let him go free. How, then, man being a sinner, can *he* go free? How is this? Why, clearly, when Jesus died, righteousness had full force in condemning *sin*;

and grace full exercise in embracing *the sinner*. Hence, as God had loved the sinner, and desired his salvation, the death of Jesus was as sweet incense to God. The Levitical lamb represented the cross, where love and justice were both satisfied; it is Christ's death and obedience as *Son* which is as sweet incense. You know that the more spices are bruised, the more odoriferous they seem: when the stripes due to us were laid upon Him, then it was "He was bruised for our iniquities." "It pleased *the Lord* to bruise him;" and now you are to bring, not your wretchedness, not your prayers, not your tears merely, but the *Lamb—Jesus*. It is right to pray, but praying does not save you. What would be the good of a man in a court of justice praying to his judges! *They* must condemn him according to law. Law *must* condemn the guilty, but it is grace which can give life. God acts in both. Justice had its way when Jesus died, and now grace can give life to the sinner who believes; it gives life on the ground that Christ died.

Redemption is God's greatest work—His masterpiece. You say of the great poet that "*Paradise Lost*" was his masterpiece—that St. Paul's was the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren, and the Crystal Palace of this age in which we live. So redemption is God's grandest—His greatest work. There is nothing like it; there never was, and there never will be. In all His other works, in the loveliest flower we see His skill; in the fruitful seasons His bounty; in the afflictions of His children, His correcting hand: but on the cross you see His *whole nature displayed*: you see His love to the sinner, while you see righteousness punishing the sin; you see His wisdom, which led Him to bring in a substitute, and *such* a substitute, to die! you see His holiness as well as His love—mercy and love, and grace and truth, all there. The cross provides us with everything. I want life: Christ died,

and I have it. I was separated from God and heaven; but since He died, He has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and on the ground of Christ, I am reconciled to God. And this good news of God is free as the light of heaven, or the air we breathe. Sinner, look at it. He complains that you have passed it by, as a tale that is told, never to be recalled. God complains of this, and that you never brought Him Jesus. You have brought Him yourself, your sins, your religiousness; but *not* Jesus. Without Him, all the rest is useless. You have left out the *one* object acceptable to God; and in despising Him, the glorious *Gift*, you despise the glorious Giver.

A poor criminal, condemned by King Admetus, but not knowing how to escape, for he deserved his doom, saw, on his way to execution, an infant, the child of the king, just outside on the glade and he said, "I will take this child in my arms, and plead for my life in the name of the king's child." He brought him in, and the king was so overcome, that he did actually forgive him. Ah! sinner, will you not take Christ thus? Yet *that* forgiveness was on the ground of simple affection which the king had for his child; but in our case, when we take the "sweet spices," the Son of God's love, to the throne of righteousness, we can point to His punctured hands, where the nails tore His flesh; we can point to the scars on His brow, and on the ground of *justice can claim our exemption* from death—claim it because of the full and complete satisfaction made for us by Him.

If a man were in prison for some money liability, and another came and paid the amount, he could claim his liberty, could he not?—he could walk out from his bonds free as the air. If his creditor or others doubted, what should he bring them?—the debt itself, or his old fears about the debt, or his promises never to be in debt again? Ah! no; he must bring them the *settled ac-*

*count* of the debt paid !—that which liberates *him* satisfies *them*. But God complains, that notwithstanding the account has been settled near two thousand years, you have not brought the handwriting which *He* nailed to the tree—the only one thing that can satisfy the sinner—that can save him—that can bring him to God, in acceptance and love, and in righteousness divine—the righteousness of God in Christ.

We might go on with this indictment—this table of articles against us ; but we pause ; for truly the summing up and the sentence against us must be something dreadful.

What is the summing up ? Here it is :—“ I, EVEN I, AM HE”—have you all your Bibles open ?—“ I, even I, am He that”—what ? That condemneth ?—is *that* it ? That must pronounce your doom ?—is *that* it ? That must separate you from me for ever ?—is *that* it ? I declare to you, my friends, I have sometimes looked back on the page to see was it really so ; for one can hardly understand such love—such grace—“ I, even I, am He that **BLOTTETH OUT THY TRANSGRESSIONS, and WILL NOT REMEMBER THY SINS.**” Wonderful ! Instead of *death* He gives a great discharge !—blots out !

How *can* He do it ? He can do it because of the work of the Cross. He put “ **FINISHED** ” at the foot of the account *there* ; and having put “ finished,” “ settled,” at the foot of it, He nailed it up in triumph on His cross, where all that pass by can see and read it. There, sinner, you and I can look at it with joy ! Any creditor would put his pen at the foot of an account if settled, and there is the end of it. He did not ask for more than what would cover it. God asks for death—that the sinner should die. “ The wages of sin is death.” Christ “ died for the ungodly.”

Does it seem too easy ? Ah ! no ; not easy ! It cost

*Him* His life. It cost God His Son. He gave Him up for us all, that He might give us life.

Wonder of wonders is the Gospel! How little is it believed! How few see God in the light of that sacrifice! Here He says, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions." Mark, the God who says, "You do not call upon me, but have wearied me with your sins," is the same who says, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins." But for whose sake? "*Mine own sake.*" "To reveal my own character—my righteousness and love—your iniquities I will remember no more."

This is the only thing that I know of that God never remembers. He remembers every angel; He remembers every drop of water—every being in existence, everything He ever made, from the veriest animalculæ to the loftiest angel. He numbers the hairs of your head. He counts your tears. "Are they not in His bottle?" But here—so to speak—God's memory breaks down. "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more." May my God give you to know it. If there is anyone here who never heard it before—who has been looking on a caricature of God—a poor sinner who thinks God is a tyrant—that God simply hates him—let me tell you, that *such* a God is not the God of the Bible. And oh! perchance there may be one here—only one—who never heard it before, let me give that one the Gospel. What is the Gospel?

"Though your sins, *your own*, be as scarlet"—yea, though "they be red like crimson"—what then? "Perdition?" God forbid. No! here is the Gospel—

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be *white as snow*; though they be red like crimson, they shall be"—what? "*as wool.*" What a wonderful thing! But, beloved, it is *the Gospel*. How do you like it? It is good news to the guilty—salvation to the lost. Mark, the Gospel does not read thus:—"If your sins

be *not* quite as scarlet, *then* they shall be as snow ; or if they are *nearly* crimson, *then* they shall be as wool." No ; but though they be scarlet—double-dyed—they shall be as white as snow. We are told it as a philosophical fact, that the intense crimson or scarlet dye cannot be expelled ; the blue can be expelled, or the purple can be expelled, but there is a crimson dye which the chemist, with all the aid of modern discoveries, cannot expel. But what a human chemistry cannot do, *God* can do. *God* says, though they be as scarlet—as crimson—they shall be *expelled*—blotted clean out—shall be *as wool* ! Oh ! what a Gospel ! Like wool ! How like wool ? Is it in contrast only ? No ; but because a crimson deeper than your sins flowed out from the cross. "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*" Oh, there is something whiter than snow, and that is a soul washed in the blood of Jesus !

Did I not believe that, I should be miserable ; it would not be of any use if I thought one sin could still stain me. But there is nothing outside these three letters, "ALL." If I said a man had left *all* his property to his son, you would understand that there was not a stick nor tree that had not been left to him : and if a man had committed forty murders, and thirty-nine of them had been expiated by others for him, but not the fortieth, he would have to go to the drop for that one. If I did not believe that *all* my sins were judged, expiated by the blood of Jesus, from the time I was first taken into her arms who bore me, to the time when some hand shall close my eyes down in my coffin, I could not have peace. But I have peace, and it is peace with *God*. Ha ! you talk of making your own peace : you might as well try to make brick without straw. *You* make peace ! No, no : peace was made on the cross. *God* made it. *Christ* made it. It is all of His making. I

see it, and have it. It is mine. If I had the sturdiest sinner in the land before me, I could tell him that the moment he sees *that*, he too is entitled to peace. I would tell him, on the authority of God, that he is *saved*. I would give him *absolution*—not a priestly absolution, nor a ministerial absolution—not a human absolution, but a *divine* absolution. Here it is—“*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be*”—lost? condemned? What is the word? It is—“**SAVED.**” Yes, saved—fully and eternally saved—with no condemnation—no hell. The Lord took the cup of wrath—that dreaded cup!—and

“Drank damnation *dry*.”

Yes, DRY—for, now, in that cup there is not a drop, not a dreg, not an atom left. There is no punishment—no hell; but there is salvation for the lost—there is pardon for the guilty. Oh! if I preached for a million years, I could tell you nothing more. The Gospel is—good news for the sinner; it is salvation for the lost; it tells of life for the dead, heaven for those who are on their way to hell, God for the creature, heaven and God and everlasting life for every sinner that believeth.

One evening, at the old Metropolitan Hall, I went down from the platform, and a person said to me, “Sir, I am a Roman Catholic. I was never in a place like this before; but since I came in, I have been saved.” “How do you know that?” I said. “Have you not told me that all our sins were laid on the cross, and that they are gone?” “Well,” I said, “and have *you* now no hell?” “No,” said he; “none.” “And will you have punishment after you die?” “None.” I walked to the other side of the hall, and a second person came and said nearly the same words; then a third. You see they believed it at once. The dying thief did not take a moment to find out that he was saved. The devil was saying, “We have him—he is ours;” when,

in the twinkling of an eye, he recognised the lordship of Jesus, and heard the blessed words, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

Oh! what a blessed Gospel is this! Ah, dear people, some of you have never called upon God; you have brought Him your moodiness, your gloominess, your readings, and your prayers. The devil often allows a man to read the Bible, and then, perhaps, to weep for his sins; but when that man gets ill, and is about to die, he is terrified, and says, "Let me see a minister; let some good book be brought." But who ever paid debts that way? How will that set you free from the clutch of justice? I have seen a man in such agony, that the tears would not come. But would his tears, if he had them, satisfy justice? No: justice has nothing to say to tears; but the Gospel is, Christ had *tears—died*. Oh, it is not *our* tears, or *our* death, but *His*; oh believe, and have salvation on the spot. You are thinking, perhaps, that the preacher makes out God a Being of mere forgiveness, and gives but a one-sided view of God.

But no. I love to tell the sweet reverie I once had of His justice. Methought I was looking up at the cross, and saw thereon a heavenly visitant; by the sternness of her features, I knew she must be Justice; I saw that it was Justice sitting over the cross: and as my eye rested on the scene, I said, "There has been strange work here?" "Yes," said Justice; "strange work." "Thou hast been plunging the sword into that victim," I said. "Yes," said she. "Then," said I, "has it nothing more to do?" "No; there is nothing more to do: that sword was to have gone into thee, but it has gone into this victim instead." I said, "What is this upon the hilt of thy sword?" (for there was a dead, shrivelled thing nailed to the hilt.) "That," said Justice, "is the fang of the old enemy—the sting of death, which is *sin*: there it is; I am going to hang it up

among the spoils of principalities and powers." "Then is there no sting now for the sinner that believes?" "No; none: death had but this one sting; and now there is none left." Listen to that, sinner. If you were to put your hand in the hole of the asp, and were to receive its sting in your hand, you would find that it had no sting beside; others might now put their hand, there is no sting. That is how death is. Hence we say, "O Death, *where* is thy sting?" Where? It is among the spoils of the cross of Jesus; it is made a shew of openly. What a wonderful truth! "But," I said, looking at His opened side, "here is a pool of blood: may I not drink at it?" "Yes," said Justice; "for 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you.'"

You understand me, beloved; it is our life, this. As the emancipated debtor lives upon the paper securing his release, and knows he is a free man; so I live upon Christ; I draw my life from Calvary. God is satisfied, and I am satisfied. God is honoured, and I am saved. God is not a tyrant; He is my Father—my Father in heaven. I now bring Him "sweet spices." I love to take Jesus, to bring Him in my arms—my Saviour, my Lord, my Life—to have fellowship with a wounded, dying, risen, coming Christ. I can now bring my love to Him, for I know that He loved me first; and now, instead of God being "made weary," He is well pleased, and He says of me, "This is my child, sealed as mine—sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise." As owner, He marks his sheep, and says, "They are mine." There is a seal—God's mark; that seal is the Holy Ghost who is *in* us; and my life must be spent, not in blotting out my sin—for that has been done—but in serving Him. Sin is still in me, trying to spoil His work; but I must mortify it. Never imagine that conversion makes you free from sin. Conversion is knowing that Jesus *died* for your sins—a belief of God's love to you in Christ.

Such as the poor prodigal had, who thought his Father would have made him a servant—made an example of him; but, to his wonder, saw how he gave him the best that he had, and called his friends to rejoice over him.

“There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.” Repentance is a change of mind towards God: to believe that He loves us, that Christ died for our sins, is to have a right mind towards God. This gives peace. Ah! sinner, it were well worth forty journeys, if God would reveal Himself to you. “God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” **WHOSOEVER—WHOSOEVER**—young or old—disbeliever or unbeliever—Atheist or infidel—drunkard—devil incarnate—*whosoever*—whosoever what? Why, not worketh, nor weepeth, nor prayeth, nor giveth, nor burneth, but **BELIEVETH!**

You cannot help seeing salvation if you really see God. I cannot help knowing that I am free, when I see what Christ did for me. Who can make out the contrary?—who can make out that two and two do *not* make four?—who can say that faith in what Jesus did for me does not save? No: *He* is our rock—

“Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place;  
My never-failing treasury, fill’d  
With boundless stores of grace.”

Boundless stores—aye, glorious stores of goodness, love, and grace! May the Lord bless you. May my God bless you. I have no greater desire than that you may be saved. I have never seen many of you before, but I have you in my heart. But, oh! I would see you again in the land where we shall meet eternally, amid the everlasting summer of heaven, where it is always *lamburnum* time, where the autumn leaf never falls, and

where the friend never dies, and the knell never tolls the requiem of joys departed.

Beloved, believe *now*, and be *happy* for ever. It is all a lie of the devil, if he tells you you will not be happy. No man has any right to be happy in this life, till he sees his way peacefully out of it. You may die to-night. Ah! what a glorious thing, that when a man embraces Jesus as his Saviour, he gets the life that was with God—even eternal life. Christ is our life. The blood, the rent vail, the resurrection of Jesus, is your title. You are “complete in Him.” Then, die at any moment, and you are sure of heaven, as God is true.

Behold the rock on which you can stand—“Complete in Him.” A full Christ is what God has given for empty sinners. *You* have nothing but unbelief—everything that is bad in yourself; but *Christ* has all you need. Now, suppose a long sack hung across this place, one half being full, the other empty; bring the fulness of the one end into the emptiness of the other, and you have a symbol of what you have in Christ. At this end *you* have nothing—you are all wanting; but *there* it is full—all fulness dwells in *Him*. *I* am without any title to heaven, but in Christ is title enough. The fulness of the Head is given to the members; and now we can say with Paul, “Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet”—not who will make us meet when we come to die, or when we are a little better—when you have had more prayer—better living;—no; but “*hath* made us meet” in Jesus; not in you or in me, but all in Him—all in your Head—everything you want. Hence, you may die in peace, notwithstanding that there is not an hour in which you do not feel that sin is in you; but you do not love the sin—you do not encourage it. Your sins are rebels—enemies—and will be always present until death; the root of them is in you, which you loathe and abominate, especially after some dread effort at *growth*; but when

we die, then we shall be free—free for ever, and be with Christ, and like Him.

Jesus gives us our title. Our Princess was living in Denmark; she once had no title whatever to the crown; but now she is heiress to the crown, and all because of her union with the Prince, who is heir. Thus the moment I believe, I am associated with Christ, and am a joint-heir with Him in all that He has, His Deity excepted. What He is, I am. If I die to-night, I go to Him. My sins do not entitle me to heaven, but they do show me my need of salvation. It is my union with Christ which entitles me to heaven.

This I see by faith. Oh, dear friends,

“There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for you.”

For seeing is believing. Look, then, and be saved. God is love, and loves to bless; but if you die unsaved, your damnation will be just, and that not merely because of your sins, but because God so loved the world, that He gave His Son to take your place as a sinner; but whom, alas! you would not accept—*would not believe!*

---

## ADDRESS IX.

## A PRESENT SALVATION.

"He that is our God, is the God of salvation."—Psalm lxxviii. 20.

NO words of mine, beloved friends, could exaggerate the importance of salvation; and I would have each one of you now ask, Have *I* the salvation of God, or am *I* among those who have neglected the "great salvation"? Am *I* here a saved or an unsaved soul?

Put yourself at the very outset this morning into immediate contact with the subject I am about to unfold to you. God only knows how momentous are the moments passing over you! How we should prize them as related to eternity! For in a short time *you* may be in the slender bed; before many more suns are set we may stand at your grave, and pronounce over you that which we have held to be hopeful, or otherwise, about you.

Ah, what is life, what is love, what is wealth, what are years, what is anything if your soul is unsaved? What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your soul?

I feel as if I were treading this morning amid scenes

most solemn ; and I would speak to you, beloved, "as a dying man to dying men." Oh ! that the little health and time left to me in my life may be spent so that dying men may become living souls !

Many there are who have very narrow ideas of *what salvation is*. I know that some have very little farther notion of salvation than this, that if they were saved, then they would not care about death ; or that if they were saved, God would not be against them ; or that if they were saved, they would go on in comparative peace while they live, and when they come to die, **BE SAFE**.

I would not underrate the value of such peace or safety : it is a grand thing for a man to know *that he is safe*, ready to go out of the world when God gives him the call. Ah ! yes—I have preached it a thousand times ; no man has any right to a present happiness unless he knows *he is safe for eternity*. For oh, you may die soon ; you may be a stiffened corpse in your bed to-night ! And I repeat it, what would it profit you if you were to gain the whole world and lose your soul ? You may have a mitre or a coronet on your brow, but God takes you ; and you become dust ; what of mitres or coronets if you lose your soul ? I say any man who does not know himself to be saved has no right to even a modicum of peace, for he does not know but that in this very hour he may die, may go out into eternity a lost one for ever.

Others have no higher idea of salvation but that when they die they will get to **HEAVEN**. Shall I underrate this either ? No, indeed. It will be a blessed thing to be admitted to heaven ; but we shall have far more than simply being in heaven. Angels may be in heaven, but they have not the salvation of *God*. Oh ! *our salvation* !—the salvation *we* have rises infinitely above anything that mere place could give, or that the highest angel could conceive, had he not known it by the revelation of God in His Son, and in the Church,

His body. Yes, angels will for ever learn redemption from its Alpha down to its mighty Omega, when we shall sit with Christ on His throne. And therein also will they learn of God Himself, what He is, His love, and grace—the length and breadth, and depth and height of it.

Let me, now, then, for a brief time glance, first, at the grand SOURCE of salvation, which is *God*; secondly, at the SUBJECTS of it, namely, SINNERS; thirdly, at the TIME of it, for it is a PRESENT salvation; and then, in the last place, PROCLAIM IT TO YOU ALL for your acceptance.

Oh! may God, the God of these Tuesday mornings!—the God of these “times of refreshing,” when His paths have indeed dropped down fatness in our midst!—may my God, who is love, with His own truth be with you to-day, and with me!

I.—THE SOURCE OF SALVATION.—SALVATION IS OF GOD. It comes from God, and gives the greatest and grandest estimate formed of God by the whole intelligent creation. One hardly knows where to begin or where to terminate; (may God direct our thoughts!) but, with regard to *God* Himself, it was no new thought—no impulsive act—but *had eternally its place in Him*. If we only knew it, it was the chief glory of His mind—that which eternally manifested His exceeding grace. The marvel is, that God saved *us*—that we should have so come in in His eternal love. He might have saved angels, or He might have gone to some other lost world than ours; but He took up the most worthless thing, the most distant of worlds, the prodigal world. Can you conceive anything more distant than man without God—a man infidel towards the God that made him—a man who denies, even *hates*, the existence of God?

We look at the drunkard, or at the man on the drop,

a murderer about to expiate his crime ; we look at the poor New Zealander in his uneducated condition, unable to interpret the shining of a star, benighted in mind and cannibal in life ; we behold his degraded body, and we think of *him* occupying *God's* love ! God, for ages of ages, out of the fulness of His own grace, thought of him and of us for Himself ; and so thought of us, " that He gave His only-begotten Son, that believing in Him we might not perish, but have everlasting life."

God is the *source* of the whole thing ; and the source of it not only for *man*, but for *Himself*. Yes, as we have said again and again, it was as if God wanted some special opportunity whereby to display the resources He knew to be in Himself.

Let me suppose, for example, that you were possessed of vast mind and wealth ; and that there existed no one on whom or for whom you could use those resources, it would seem almost as good for you to have had none. The mind, for example, would be good in itself, but it could have no suitable aim ; no one could know of it. God, speaking after the manner of a man, wanted an opportunity, the very greatest, for manifesting HIMSELF, His own mind, and love, and holiness ; He found it in the sinner. Oh, let us, then, think more of *God*, and less of *ourselves*.

Believe me, as there is nothing new in God, salvation with Him was *an eternal* delight—and I say it with reverence—the very highest thought that could come of God, has been, in it, revealed to us of Him. Why ? Because there is no gift of His love so vast as His Son—no other boon He could confer on us so great as the Son of His love. God so loved the world that He gave *His Son to die—His only-begotten Son*, that we might have life—might have salvation ; and then, besides this, the salvation thus is the highest display ever given of *God* ; and results in His greatest glory.

Everything needed for the accomplishing of this salvation has come from *God*. I am a sinner; I have sinned. As such I am under the condemnation of God. But, then, the *punishment* due to me—am *I* to take it? Nay—I find it provided for on the Cross by God. So I find *from out of God Himself* salvation; *God* is my salvation; it comes of God. God provided the substitutionary victim. I am like another Isaac: said God to Abraham, “Stay that knife on Isaac, I have provided a sacrifice;” and there was the ram in the thicket. God it was provided *Christ for me*.

Then I not only want this punishment to be taken for me—I want *atonement*. God finds the one where He found the other. He finds it in His suffering, slain Son. Moreover, I want peace. Where do I get peace? I get my peace just where I get my condemnation; I get my peace just where I get the victim that took my condemnation, that took the punishment due to me. I, as a sinner, have no peace; I am unhappy, I am miserable, because I am a sinner against God. God comes down in the person of His Son, and says, the sinner is not at peace with me, but I want him to be so. Jesus dies the expiation and the atonement for me, pays the penalty, and then comes, as He did to the disciples, and says, “*I have made peace, I give this peace to you.*” He came as the substitute, as the representative of the sinner; and having died an atonement for sin, there is for the sinner, for the guiltiest here, on believing, *peace*. Says Jesus, “*I give you that peace.*”

I want a third thing. I have my condemnation exhausted on the victim of God’s providing, and I have peace; I now want righteousness which shall entitle me to be at rest and joy in the VERY PRESENCE OF GOD; a righteousness which shall make it consistent for God to have me there; nay, for Him to place me there in association with His own Son on the Throne on

which He Himself will sit, and to be with Him in the same glory. Oh, this is wonderful! He might have given me peace, but not the righteousness of God, which secures this also. "The righteousness of God" is of God's own providing, as the term intimates; I have it in Christ, and am as He is. Oh, what a height is this! higher than angels. An angel never had the peace the Son calls His own; He said, "My peace I give unto you"—the peace of *the Son*. An angel never stood in "the righteousness of God;" he stands in *angelic* righteousness—in his own righteousness. An angel never claimed association with the Son of God; he claims to be *an angel*; but the sinner redeemed will be in actual association with the Son of God, will sit down with Him on His own throne, associated with Him in all the riches and glory of His inheritance. An angel ranks high, but I could never say that he is a joint-heir with Christ.

Now for such a height, I want all these, and find them all in God; I see God providing all in the Cross of Jesus, and in the Gospel, putting them down at my feet. It is not that I am merely saved from the condemnation of a lost eternity, and brought back to the condition from which Adam fell; but, in virtue of the Son of God coming down and taking hold of my nature, I am taken up to the throne on which He will sit—far higher than the first Adam in paradise am I raised—I am raised to the height and glory of the second Adam. Oh! brethren, time and utterance would fail me to explicate this. Paul calls it so *great salvation*, and it is a great salvation. Oh, the greatness of its Author! the greatness of its gifts! the greatness of its treasures! the greatness of its peace! the greatness of its righteousness! the greatness of its duration! it is all great—as long as all eternity we shall be in glory, unsearchable and ineffable. We cannot now

explain; but the poorest saint will be in the very glory that encircles the Son of God Himself.

II.—THE SUBJECTS OF SALVATION.—I will not dwell longer on the source; but will touch, in the second place, on the SUBJECTS of this salvation. Its subjects are *sinners*. Our brother, on last Lord's-day, was very explicit on the question of God's love to the sinner. He showed you that God loved *the sinner*, and that the most difficult thing for any man to believe was that God loved *him*. He remarked how impossible it was for a man to *make* himself love God. In any ordinary case, had a man aroused your dislike, nothing you could do would *make* you love him; you could not *make* yourself love him. There is only one thing which, without your forecast, could make you, viz., that you now have some new view of him which at once secured your love. That is what God does in His Gospel. He comes and puts the *true knowledge of Himself* before the sinner—puts *Himself* right before the sinner. The sinner is lost, God shows how, *in love*, He has provided a way to save him. The sinner is without peace, without rest; God shows him the methods He has taken, so that these are his. When once the sinner sees this, he sees what changes his mind about God; he sees that God is *for* him—that, in love, He gave His Son for him; that God has provided a way by which he may be brought nigh to Him; and he now, in all these, sees reasons for loving God. Hence, "We love Him because He first loved us." And, beloved, never forget He loved us when we were dead, when we were lost, when we were sinners. Oh! if there be a sinner here this morning who never thought of it before, let him think of it *now*. For lo! it is not said, God loved *angels*, or God loved *the elect* (God does love *them*); but what is said is, "God so loved *the world*"—the poor sinner—the hell-deserving

sinner! Ah! sinner, He comes, and puts the Cross of Christ alongside your desert. Make yourself a very devil of a sinner, and say that what you deserve is to die. God gave the Son of His love to die; He was the provided Lamb; He *did* die, and you can, in Him, have *immediate life*. You can say, God has provided *for me* a Lamb, and has told me that if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ I shall have life.

Before I come to the other point, that it is a *present* salvation, let each one of this multitude ask—each unconverted one, conscious or unconscious of his lost condition—“Do I see this salvation? Am I a subject of this salvation?” You will have to die some day, and if you do not see it soon, it will be too late, and you will die without hope. Oh! may God give you to see how *now* you may have salvation! May the thoughtful mind be given to very many of you now! God grant that the question may penetrate your hearts, *Am I saved?*—have I ever been quickened by His Spirit to see this salvation?—have I received this salvation?—am I experimentally a subject of it? If you can take the place of one who needs it, if you can take the place of *a sinner* deserving condemnation and hell, there is salvation for you, you may have salvation *now*; for—

III.—IT IS A PRESENT SALVATION.—When a young minister once came to me, I saw he was just hanging upon a hope—vaguely hoping that if he died he would be saved. He did believe, he said, in the Lord Jesus Christ, but did not know that he was saved. I am confident there are hundreds of people hanging on thus, half believing and half doubting, who *are* saved, though they do not intelligently know they are saved. I dare say many of you feel that if you were to die now, you would have little else than a mere hope; you *hope* you may not be lost;

and if saved, at death, your exclamation in heaven may be, "I hardly expected it!" When I spoke on the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth of John to that young minister, and inquired, *You have heard the words of Jesus, have you not? and you believe in Him that sent Jesus?*" he looked at me, and said, "I believe it, but I have *no assurance*."

"No," I said, "you do *not* believe, (for example, the word which says,) '*hath* everlasting life;' you have not believed this,—*that, on believing, YOU HAVE everlasting life*."

That was the very thing he had *not* believed. He afterwards said to me, "I could not sleep for joy, the words were ever ringing in my ears, '*He that believeth hath everlasting life*;' '*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*.' And again, '*He that hath the Son hath life*.'" And now the power of that young minister is this: he takes God at His word; he believes God; God has assured him that, on believing, salvation is *his*—eternal life is *his*—that "He that believeth is saved."

See, then, this salvation is a *present salvation*. But it is not all in hand yet. Oh! I have got the field, but not the glorious harvests of ages on ages to come. I have got the crown, but not all the glistening gems that will gleam in that crown; I have got *Jesus*, but I do not yet know what He is *to* me and *for* me; I have companions, those blessed joint-heirs with me and Christ, but I do not know one millionth part of the abundant gladness and glory I shall yet have with them; I have rank, but I do not know what it is—sons—heirs of God—joint-heirs with Christ! Ah! we know *not* yet what we have. But we *shall* know. Meanwhile, we have a *present* salvation, but, as Paul says, "Now is it nearer"—not nearer as to *meetness*, "giving thanks unto the Father, who *hath made us meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light"—not nearer as

to *rank*, for "*now are we the sons of God*," but simply nearer as to *taking full possession*. It is "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, that we also shall appear with Him in glory;" of which glory we may say, no eye hath yet seen, nor ear heard, the honour, the power, the beauty of the glory we shall then have in association with Him. Thus it is—God gives Christ; then gives Him everything as Son of man; all things are put into His hands, that He might give everything to us in virtue of our association with Him; we are joint-heirs with Him, and all things are ours. Oh, what a salvation is this! How goodly, how vast! 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown! I cannot even speak of it; I am but a mere finger to point to it and say, great is this salvation, with resurrection in it! with the glorified body in it! with everlasting adoption into God's family in it! with everlasting glory in association with Jesus in it! being a king, a priest, a joint-heir, a son in it! What a salvation! How I fail to disclose its greatness; I know only in part, and I can speak only in part, of its fulness and glory!

But I want *you* to have it—to have its joy and its peace. Since 1857, God has been converting men in a very remarkable way. In poor America, what thousands of souls in that year were brought into the knowledge of Jesus! In our own land, in Ulster, and on our own loved shores, in different parts of England, and Scotland, and Wales, you remember the shower of blessing God gave to a multitude of souls. In the midst of such times, are *you* still unsaved? Are you? What! in the midst of *such* life, yet dead?

Travelling the other day I saw one of the most beautiful of woods, but there was one tree whose branches were naked, it had no foliage, and it bowed to no breeze. Ah! there is nothing so manifest as death in the midst of a scene of life. You, my dear hearer, who are here an unsaved, an unmoved soul, you

are like that tree, as having your place like a barren one in the midst of the luxuriance of the garden of the Lord's time of awakening and refreshing. Oh! I beseech you, if you are conscious of being unsaved, go unto God! go *now* from this moment! Say to Him—"My Father, my God, from this time I will take Thee, Thou art what I want." But you say—"I am dead, I am cold." I know what you are, but God is the salvation of such. If you could make out you had all iniquity, all crime, all vice concentrated in you that every lost soul ever had when on earth, I could still point you to Christ, and show you that if you were a million times worse, "the cup of wrath" you deserved *was taken* on the cross. Oh! come to Jesus to-day! let the vilest come! let the guiltiest come! let the oldest come! let such as have had no hope come! come to Him now! come to Jesus! Come *just as you are*—

"Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him."

Put out your hands, sinner, and take this salvation now. It is a *present* salvation; its rest is a *present* rest; its joy is a *present* joy, its life is a *present* life. Oh, blessed to have salvation!—much in *present* possession—more in reserve. We are now in a state of minority; we shall soon be of age. Take it all. It is yours by taking it, it is yours by believing. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be **SAVED**."

I conclude as I commenced. Life is passing; death works; the grave works; Hell is open; men give up the ghost; and oh:—

"Oft as the bell with solemn toll  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, Am I  
Prepared, should I be called to die?"

In a little time the garment you wear will be changed for the funeral shroud, and the body it covers be the prey of the worm. May my God give the dead among you to live! May the Lord bless you! Say O men, O women, who are *not* living at rest and secure—has not *God* reminded you? Are you *content*? Do you not need *Him*? Say—have you no difficulty? have you no sorrow? have you had no bereavement? Are you as young as you were? Are you not as a last rose of autumn—yourself dying, and your companions dead around you? Are you not saying, “I shall soon have nothing; I am now a stranger in the world. I am miserable—the way I am; I am nothing, I have nothing.” Beloved, God is just the God for *you*. Friend of the friendless is our God! I love that name—“I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob—I am the God of the pilgrim—I am the God of the stranger.” I delight to feel I am a pilgrim. Oh, the salvation, (the peace one gets, the glory one anticipates,) takes us away from everything else, both of sorrow and joy, and makes us pilgrims here! It is enough to hear Him say, I am the God of Abraham, the God of the pilgrim. But first He is for *the sinner*; and, O sinner! if salvation is for *a sinner*, as *a sinner* take it; and if a *present* salvation, take it as a *present* salvation. May the Spirit of the Lord enlighten you! May the Lord bless you! May God bless you! Can you not now sing—

“Though I grow poor and old,  
Jesus is mine,” &c.

## ADDRESS X.

## SALVATION TO THE UTTERMOST.

"But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood. Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. vii. 23, 24.

CHRISTIANITY is a system founded upon facts; take the facts away, and Christianity crumbles away.

Foremost among these facts is *the incarnation* of the Son of God. He came down from heaven into our world, and was God here manifested in the flesh. If you rob us of an incarnate Saviour, our whole Christianity goes for nothing, and we have no Christ, no God; for the only God we have is the God who was "manifest in the flesh."

Consonant with this fact is *the death* of the Lord Jesus Christ; that death came of the necessity there was for *man* to die. Man had sinned, and must die. Christ came and died—which death removes the doom due to us. Hence, if you rob us of the death of Christ, you take away from the whole fabric that which makes it of any worth.

Among these glorious facts on which our Christianity, and of course our salvation and eternal happiness, rest, is *the ascension* of the Son of God to heaven.

The reason why He became incarnate was, that He might take on Him our sins; that having laid them down in death on the cross and in the grave, He might take up His life again; and in virtue of His living for ever, give us, in association with Him, the power of an endless life. Rob Him of His resurrection, and we have no receipt whereby we may have assurance of the discharge of our sins. Rob Him of His ascension, and we have a Christ who has failed in His work, and who does not go back with an accomplished work into the presence of the God with whom we have to do. These are three great facts—the incarnation, the death, and the ascension of the Son of God, on which rests the whole fabric of Christianity. Let the daring hand of the infidel meddle with but one of these, and the whole house of redemption (if his hand were to meddle successfully) crumbles away into a heap of ruins.

Ah, it is delightful to look on any one of these pillars—for each fact is a pillar of strength—and read their inscriptions! I will not take the first, nor the second, but the third—viz., the pillar of the ascension into heaven. Jesus said, “I go to my Father.” And in the thirteenth of John, “He was come from God, and went to God.” Then in the fourteenth of John, “I go;” and again, “If I go, I will come again.” To Mary Magdalene He said, “I am not yet ascended,” implying that He *would* ascend. Of the actual event, we are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that, “He led them out as far as to Bethany.” Thence he ascended.

Blessed Bethany! How He loved to linger, even in ascension, around the calm summit of that mount—the very spot, by-and-by, which He will cleave in twain. Yea, that spot will witness His glorious majesty, which once heard His prayers and saw His tears. “And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he

lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them"—oh, the high priestly attitude of Jesus!—"while he *blessed* them, he was" what? "*received up*." And the astonished disciples saw Him ascend, rising higher and yet higher, until there came a cloud in the way, by which He was received out of their sight. Where He was received was at the right hand of God. We are told by the dying Stephen, when the gore and blood were on his brow, as he stood amid the murderous stoning of his enemies, "Behold, *I see the Son of man standing on the right hand of God*." The ascended One accordingly, having died for our sins, was now accepted for us in the very presence of God. Says Paul the apostle, in the twelfth chapter of this letter to the Hebrews, "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and *is set down at the right hand of the throne of God*." He is there at God's right-hand. He is the power of God. He is in the place of God's power, set down as such at His right hand. "Who, for the joy that was set before him,"—and, oh, what joy!—His own joy in redemption and *in us*—an innumerable company which no man can number, glorious armies of the saved, to walk the prepared mansions of heaven for ever! "Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and *is set down*." Look at the calmness, the power, and the beauty of it! "And *is set down at the right hand of the throne of God*." Set down at home in His own right—a forerunner for us—at ease and joy in His own attained object and finished work.

Now, see what is said of this same man—"This man continueth for ever;" and *because* He continueth for ever, "*Wherefore* he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Beloved, well may I count myself happy to have such a theme.

Look at three things. First, look at the personal

sinner! Ah! sinner, He comes, and puts the Cross of Christ alongside your desert. Make yourself a very devil of a sinner, and say that what you deserve is to die. God gave the Son of His love to die; He was the provided Lamb; He *did* die, and you can, in Him, have *immediate life*. You can say, God has provided *for me* a Lamb, and has told me that if I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ I shall have life.

Before I come to the other point, that it is a *present* salvation, let each one of this multitude ask—each unconverted one, conscious or unconscious of his lost condition—“Do I see this salvation? Am I a subject of this salvation?” You will have to die some day, and if you do not see it soon, it will be too late, and you will die without hope. Oh! may God give you to see how *now* you may have salvation! May the thoughtful mind be given to very many of you now! God grant that the question may penetrate your hearts, *Am I saved?*—have I ever been quickened by His Spirit to see this salvation?—have I received this salvation?—am I experimentally a subject of it? If you can take the place of one who needs it, if you can take the place of *a sinner* deserving condemnation and hell, there is salvation for you, you may have salvation *now*; for—

III.—IT IS A PRESENT SALVATION.—When a young minister once came to me, I saw he was just hanging upon a hope—vaguely hoping that if he died he would be saved. He did believe, he said, in the Lord Jesus Christ, but did not know that he was saved. I am confident there are hundreds of people hanging on thus, half believing and half doubting, who *are* saved, though they do not intelligently know they are saved. I dare say many of you feel that if you were to die now, you would have little else than a mere hope; you *hope* you may not be lost;

and if saved, at death, your exclamation in heaven may be, "I hardly expected it!" When I spoke on the twenty-fourth verse of the fifth of John to that young minister, and inquired, *You have heard the words of Jesus, have you not? and you believe in Him that sent Jesus?*" he looked at me, and said, "I believe it, but I have *no assurance*."

"No," I said, "you do *not* believe, (for example, the word which says,) '*hath* everlasting life;' you have not believed this,—*that, on believing, YOU HAVE everlasting life*."

That was the very thing he had *not* believed. He afterwards said to me, "I could not sleep for joy, the words were ever ringing in my ears, '*He that believeth hath everlasting life*;' '*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved*.' And again, '*He that hath the Son hath life*.'" And now the power of that young minister is this: he takes God at His word; he believes God; God has assured him that, on believing, salvation is *his*—eternal life is *his*—that "He that believeth is saved."

See, then, this salvation is a *present salvation*. But it is not all in hand yet. Oh! I have got the field, but not the glorious harvests of ages on ages to come. I have got the crown, but not all the glistening gems that will gleam in that crown; I have got *Jesus*, but I do not yet know what He is *to me and for me*; I have companions, those blessed joint-heirs with me and Christ, but I do not know one millionth part of the abundant gladness and glory I shall yet have with them; I have rank, but I do not know what it is—sons—heirs of God—joint-heirs with Christ! Ah! we know *not* yet what we have. But we *shall* know. Meanwhile, we have a *present* salvation, but, as Paul says, "Now is it nearer"—not nearer *as to meetness*, "giving thanks unto the Father, who *hath made us meet* for the inheritance of the saints in light"—not nearer as

had power to take up His life; in Him was "the power of an endless life." And, oh, blessed truth! our sins and our iniquities are all passed away with the passing away of the life which He, for us, laid down; and sins having passed away, He takes up life—a life without sins—an endless life. *That life is ours. It is an endless life. It is eternal life.* For He whose it is is a "Priest after the order of Melchisedec." What was the "order" of Melchisedec? Why he (Melchisedec) was "without beginning of days or end of life."

But Melchisedec was not only a priest; he was also a king. He was king *of Salem*, which means king *of peace*. Blessed name! What a kingly king is a *king of peace*! And kings have *thrones*. And the Lord Jesus Christ, who is man, and who is gone in before God as the God-man, is seated now on His Father's throne; and will, ere long, have *His own* throne, and will reign as King of Peace when He hath put all enemies under His feet. Then when all enemies are put under His feet, ah, yes! He will be *Melchisedec*, King of Righteousness, and King of Peace! and will reign as such, in the possession of the power of an endless life! Yes, reign! reign after the strifes of ages, and the long dispensations of evil, have been put under His feet. You have a sample of a coming Christ (for He has *yet to reign as Messiah*) in Melchisedec, who met and blessed Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings. You remember how God gave him the slaughter of those kings, and how the king of righteousness and peace blessed him. So, in the latter day, when all His enemies and all evils are under His feet, He will come out and bless those who are more than conquerors through Him that loved them. Then, beloved, we who are with Him in *the glory* shall reign with Him over *the kingdom*; the glory will be heavenly, but the kingdom, overshadowed by *the glory*, will be on the millennial earth.

But, secondly, see how these qualities qualified Him for the work ascribed to Him.

“*Wherefore* he is able to save to the uttermost.” Let us mark this ability. We must find out the meaning of it. The point in the passage is that he is able to save *completely*, from the beginning of one needing salvation down to the very end. The thought is this: Aaron was a *dying* man, one who did not continue. Imagine that just before his ascending Mount Hor to die, you, a poor Hebrew, had brought your victim, that you may receive forgiveness through that victim. Aaron must now *present* the blood. But Aaron has died! Ha! where is now your priest? You must needs find *another* priest; and even when you have found another, you are not completely, finally saved. But this man, *our* “man,” ABIDETH FOR EVER. You understand. Aaron went to the summit of Mount Hor. He had unrobed himself of his divine vestments—the mitre and the golden plate, the ephod of gold and of blue, and the pomegranates, and the bells that sounded forth the music, and all the paraphernalia of his “garments of beauty and glory.” Amid the solitude of Mount Hor he unrobed himself, not only of his office, but of his life also, for on that mount he died. But *Melchisedec*, who died not, abideth for ever; and the Lord Jesus, who is after his order, *dies no more*, but abideth for ever. “WHEREFORE,” because He always lives, always has the blood before God, never more to die—wonderful “*wherefore!*”—“wherefore he is able to save to the uttermost”—not only from the very beginning, but all through to the end. He is *always* able, that is, to give a perfect, a complete salvation. He is able to put away all sin to the very *utmost of time*. So that now we do not need to go first to Aaron, and then after his death to his successor, or to stand looking for a priest when there was no high priest. For this Man who is on the very right hand of God, having

the power of an endless life, ever liveth to make intercession. He abideth *for ever*, He ever lives; and because He ever lives, and has the blood ever present before God, *therefore* He is able to save completely. You might live in this world nine hundred and sixty nine years, like a Methuselah, but that blood will be *the same*, have the same meaning, the same power, and be fresh as ever at the close of those long, all but millennium of years, for life and salvation, as at the first. This again, beloved, is a truth which gives rest and peace to the soul.

Secondly: He is able to save to the uttermost of *guilt*. Where shall I cast about in Scripture for the most marked examples of this? Take Saul of Tarsus, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am *chief*." Yet the word here is not "*chief*," but *first*. "Of whom I am *first*"—Paul meaning, perhaps, that as a murderer and persecutor of the disciples of Christ Jesus he was first. For scarcely had the Lord ascended, or the Holy Ghost come, when he compelled the saints to blaspheme; or his meaning might have been that he was as such first, or one of the first, *to be saved*—the Lord having had mercy on him, the Lord converting him, making him a first monument of His grace and love towards the very chief or first of sinners. But, truly, Paul was a *chief* sinner. Supposing this to be his estimate of himself, I often wonder what led him to conclude that *he* was such? Was it because he was so zealous among the enemies of Christ? Was it, think you, because he had held the clothes of dying Stephen, or that he had abetted the murderers of that sainted servant of the Lamb? I fancy not; it was more than this. How touching his confession! He says, "I compelled the saints to blaspheme; I made even *them* blaspheme! I went to all lengths, in utter, bitter hate to the name of Jesus. I,

breathed out threatenings and slaughter against them." Oh, the bitterness of the enmity of the heart! Paul might have said, as you and I can say—

"I the chief of sinners am,  
But Jesus died for me."

And then look at Jerusalem. And think of the touching mercy and forgiving compassion of the Lord Jesus when He said, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel, *beginning at Jerusalem*;" as much as to say, "Go, and tell the efficacy of my blood to the man that thrust the gall into my mouth, or to him who pierced my hands and feet, or to those who raised the cry, 'Away with him, away with him!' 'Crucify him, crucify him!'" Wonderful that the Lord in His grace would have a first church from a city that crucified Him! And it is likely that many who stood abetting His death were members of that Church. God delights in showing His mercy to *great* sinners. As no physician would care to base his fame on ordinary, slight disease, but rather on cases difficult to cure, so God showed the abundant merit of the blood of Jesus in that the very first proclamation of salvation was made to the murderers of Jesus, to those whose hands had been dripping in His very blood. Therefore let none of you despair. He is a priest for ever, having His own blood, in virtue of which He is able to "save to the uttermost" of all human crime, to the uttermost of all manner of sin, to the uttermost of all conceivable guilt! Oh! if thou art a brand, hanging, as it were, over the very verge of hell, the fires of which are drawing thee to their flames, the precious blood of Jesus is gone inside the veil!

*"That blood can make the foulest clean,  
That blood avails for thee."*

But further: He can save to the uttermost of *sorrow*; ah, yes, sorrow! sorrows! uttermost sorrows! sorrows

which may seem to have extinguished all hope, and to have put out all the fires of peace that once burned within—the sorrows of *the soul*; for the soul has her sorrows, her unbelief, her doubts, her darkness—a darkness which no friend or lover can remove, and with which no stranger can intermeddle. Oh, dear people, what sorrow have we seen in those who said—

“ I need thee, blessed Jesus,  
For I am full of sin;  
My soul is dark and guilty,  
My heart is dead within.”

Oh ! if you are sad and desolate, and are saying, “ Out of the depths have I cried unto thee;” if you are saying, “ I am down in the horrible pit and the miry clay;” if you are miserable—if there be seven devils of misery in you—nay, if you had seventy-seven devils of misery in you—the power of Christ to save is greater than all devils—

“ Buried in sorrows and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But we arise by peace divine,  
To see our heavenly day.”

“ He is able to save to the uttermost” of all sorrow. And why? His sorrows were far deeper than our sorrows—His griefs than our griefs. And when we see *them* borne for us, we can say of *them* as of His stripes—By His sorrows we are healed.

And once more: He is able to save to the uttermost *of life*. It is very delightful to see the old coming to Jesus, and it is very blessed to see the young coming to Jesus. I do not know which is most delightful. A friend told me he once received into membership two persons together, one a little girl seven years old, and the other an old man hard upon ninety; the two extremes were received into the fellowship of the Church together. And, as my friend (now in heaven) told me, his eye sparkled as he said,

"The little child led the old man up to the scene where he was to be received by the Church." I say I do not know which was most beautiful. Watts says—

"A flower, when offered in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice ;"

which means, that you would never think of offering a friend a shattered flower, or a rose ready to perish, albeit a rose is beautiful in death—often most fragrant then, as was the rose of Sharon. But beloved, if thou hast passed through thy sunny childhood—if thou art no longer a young bud to be offered to the Lord in service—if thou art no longer in the meridian of thy day—if thou art no longer even beneath that segment of the heavens where the sun melts away towards the horizon—if thou art come to the solemn hush of twilight—aye, with long night gathering around thee—if such be thy case, my father, my mother, my aged father, my aged mother, so that thy head is whitened, thy step is palsied; think there *was* a step here that faltered under the weight of His cross; the Man at the right hand of God is touched with the feeling of your infirmities, knowing your age and your sorrows, understanding the burden of your sins—who has once died for you, and can save you now—save this moment, save to the uttermost *of life*. The enemy may say, "Thou hast been a good servant; wilt thou leave me now? wilt thou forsake me now?" Or he may say, "You are too vile to be saved now, too old in sin. God will not have *you* now." Ah, sinner, my father, my mother, wert thou with thy one foot in the grave, and thy other foot in Merriion Hall, how sweet to lift both of them on to the Rock—on to Jesus—to-day! Oh, come! thou aged one, come! He can save to *the uttermost*. Come, for thy locks are thin; thy brow is furrowed; thy heart has lost its former glow; thy step, which was firm and vigorous, is now palsied; and

thou art tottering on the very verge of an unconverted eternity;—oh, He can save thee, however *old*, however sinful. Was He not able to save Jerusalem sinners, crucifying sinners, Saul of Tarsus sinners, Mary Magdalene sinners, Manasseh sinners, dying thief sinners? He is able to save thee; and He is able to save to the uttermost of thy *life*. *Wherefore* can He do it? Because of the blood—because He is a God-man—because He is in heaven—because He is accepted—because the blood is ever there. “*Wherefore*.” Oh, what a fulcrum! and what a rock, even the Truth, on which to plant it! And now, beloved, we apply it; now it lifts—what? Why, lifts a sinner—lifts him from sin to salvation—from self to Christ—from earth to heaven.

We come, thirdly, to notice the *subjects* of this work. “Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.” This, truly, is beautiful; it is a hopeful word. He is able to save to the uttermost **THAT COME**, yea, all that come unto God by Him. Now, look at this for a little. It means He is able to save to the uttermost *all*. Now, “*all*” includes *every-one*. He is able to save *all*. But then it narrows. It is not *all*, taken as everyone indiscriminately, but *all that come*. Am I among the “*all*”? I know I *am*. How do I know I *am*? Because I have come. Do *you* want to be among the “*all*”? You say you do. Oh, then, come, come! All who *come*! Ah! the devil, who would deter you, is a liar, and the human heart is a liar; but this is the word of the living God—“He is able to save to the uttermost *those that come*.” Do you want to be among them? You say you do. Then *come*! Do you say, “If I come, can I be saved?” I answer, Yes. “How do you know?” Because He is able to save them that come. “Ah, but,” you say, “I am very cold, and I am very dead, and I do not feel my need of Him as I should like to feel it.” It is

not said, He is able to save all that feel, or all who feel their need as much as they would like; but what is said is, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that *come*." Oh, my friends, every one here this morning, come, come, come! for it is to all *who come*. Come, come to Him *now*. "Him that cometh," saith Jesus, "I will in no wise cast out."

And that I may simplify the coming, let me give a homely analogy. Suppose the Queen were to say to one of the villagers of Whippingham, "I want you to come to me; I have something for you. Show this paper at the gate, and come." The villager comes to the gate. Says the guard, "No entrance here." "But," says the villager, "the Queen told me to come; here is the paper." The guard is silent, and the person goes in. The villager comes to the door of the palace; rings at the door; but hardly knows how to ring, for he had no suitable clothes, (that is what the Queen wanted him for—the Queen wanted to robe him.) The porter opens the door and says, "No beggars here; we admit no beggars." "Oh," says the man, "here is the paper; the Queen has bid me come." The porter has nothing to say—the Queen has given the order, and the villager gets an audience with the Queen. What now was his warrant? Why, plainly this: the Queen had told him to come. Even the guards could say nothing against it. Ah, if the heavenly guards that stand outside heaven's gate were to say to a sinner coming with God's paper—coming through the blood of the Lamb—"No entrance," God in heaven would silence the angels—would discharge His guards! because the mandate has gone forth, "Him that cometh."

This is our confidence, that God has given us full warrant to come to Him, the only condition being, that we come to Him through Christ. Apart from Him we may not come; with Him we may. This was the

truth taught in the offerings of old. Did a poor Hebrew feel sin on his soul? Had he a weight on his conscience? Did he want to approach God? The law was, that if he came without a sin offering, *he* must die, but if he came with a sin offering *it* must die.

Just so is it with the sinner now. To go into God's presence *without* Christ is to be there under condemnation; but if we come through Christ—in other words, bring Christ with us—there is no condemnation.

There is no other way. It is a strait gate. There is no other name given amongst men whereby we can be saved. And why? Only Christ could have met all God's claims. He has met them, even by means of death—the death of the cross.

As to the guilty Hebrew, he came *as he was*. He was a sinful man, and death was his desert. But, instead of him, his victim died. Coming to God with that victim, the comer was saved—went down to his tent justified. Just so with us. We require no long process of repentance prior to the event of coming. The Apostles knew nothing of the mere fancy that those who received their message must first be in meritorious circumstances; nothing was favourable *in them*—but God, and Christ, and the free proclamation of the Gospel, all these *were* favourable. All they needed was *to come*.

You understand me. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come,"—all that *come*! Take this word as your warrant, and come! even now come, while you can come—come to Jesus to-day.

Beloved, only come! come only! come *now*! Ask not *how* to come. If I were to go home and say to my children, "Children, I have brought you a present, *come* for it," there is not a child who would say, "What does my father mean by telling me to *come*?" He would never question the *meaning* of coming. I

wish you could, so take the Lord at His word. *He* says, My blood has put away sin—has purchased salvation—has opened heaven. Oh! come, take it—it is all for you.

What is so offensive to God is when you come with some supposed plea of your own. Remember Cain. He brought the prime of his fruits. But they were not *Christ*. *They were not acceptable to God*. Abel brought the blood only. That blood was Christ. It is coming to God on the ground of Christ only that makes us acceptable to God, for Abel was acceptable, "*God accepted Abel and his offering.*"

Brethren, we must insist on this. The day of God will consume as a fire all other confidence. Oh! that will test the truth of what I say. It will burn, as an oven, all our so-called religious observances, our ordinances, and our Sabbaths—all which, apart from Christ, are a very offence to God. How my soul trembles to think of it; and may the Holy Ghost, who quickens the dead, make you to tremble. Oh! that men, the multitude now out on the broad road of a mere profession of religion, would consider. It will be too late soon. When Christ rises from the mercy-seat and descends in judgment, "*the door will be shut.*"

It is not shut now, but, since He entered with His blood, is ever open. Ah, then, stricken one, come. Once again I invite thee to come. Come as thou art—lost, helpless, *just as you are*. Will you not respond?

Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though toss'd about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
"Fightings within, and fears without,"  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe :  
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—Thy love unknown,  
Has broken every barrier down :  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come !



## ADDRESS XI.

## THE GREAT SUPPER.

"Then said he unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many: and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come. So that servant came, and shewed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper."—  
LUKE xiv. 16-24.

THE chief point in this parable for us is, not so much that those who were bidden rejected the supper, or despised the supper, but that they gave a preference to other things, such as the farm, the new domestic ties, and the five yoke of oxen. There are millions in hell who never in words refused to go to heaven; they did not *object* to be saved. The people in this parable threw no obloquy on the supper; they simply preferred to mind the things around them, and, as to the

supper, *that* must take its chance. How many of you are not unlike this. You would rather, for the present at least, mind the things of the world, and then at a more convenient time get to heaven. I lately knew of a lady who thought a person might be a Christian, and yet go on as ever with the world, its balls and its gaiety. My advice to her was—"Go on with the world as long as you can, as long as it is natural (and *it is* natural to the unconverted;) but do not dream of your being a Christian. Be consistent—either the world or Christ." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Now there are three classes I would like to address. There are *those who have no preference for the world*; for they find no peace in it. They are wretched; they have no pleasure in anything; they would rather have Jesus than thousands of gold or silver; they have felt the pungency of the inquiry, "What will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

There is another, a larger and a sadder class—*those who are unawakened*, who are gliding on wherever circumstances are taking them; business, science, pleasure, engage their time; and they are on their way down the stream, hurrying along faster and faster; still on and on, till some day the deceitful waters will reach their miserable goal, and they awake to find heaven lost, and themselves in hell for ever, with the eternal consciousness of having rejected salvation, and of having been warned of hell, its woe, its gloom, its worm, its flame; but of their having never heeded it. They were like the dog at the forge, sleeping while the hot sparks of alarm were flying around. What would have terrified and alarmed others, did not terrify or alarm them. Oh, say are not some of you at this moment unconscious of danger? do you not lie down, as it were, in an unthinking security? Alas for such.—

"They know no heaven,  
They fear no hell,  
Those endless joys,  
Those endless pains."

"Like grass they flourish, till God's breath  
Blast them in everlasting death."

But there are others, and they *are*, at least, aware of misery; they are never at ease where God is. The very thought of Him is an intrusion upon their already troubled souls. Speak of anything relating to God or the soul, or Christ and eternity, and they will fly from you. I have known such. If they can, they will, at such times, make speedy escape to another theme, or, if possible, to another room. They answer to their great predecessor, the proto-murderer Cain, who fled from God, avoided Him, dreaded Him.

This arises out of their utter enmity to God—an enmity native to the carnal mind which *is* enmity, and also out of ignorance of what God is.

Is this a hopeless condition? It seems so—yet, is it not better than utter callousness of soul, or utter torpor even of natural conscience?

If they are ill at ease wandering over life's sands, what will it be, at death, when the eternal ocean yawns upon them?—the burden, even now, may be greater than they can bear. They may find it a kind of schoolmaster to scourge them with a loathing of their condition. God may yet tell them, as He told the countenance-fallen Cain—Why that misery? why those fears? "*Is there not sin*"—a sacrifice or sin-offering—"at the door?" Ah! it is "*nigh*" such, even as it was to Abel, who was accepted because of his offering—that if they confess with their mouths the Lord Jesus, and believe in their hearts that God hath raised Him from the dead, they shall be saved.

Ah! sinner, if thou *art* miserable among the sands, what will it be when thou hast to go out upon the

floods? If with these slighter skirmishings of thy God-hating conscience thou art miserable, what wilt thou do when God will come in on thee like a flood? "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how wilt thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustest, they wearied thee, what wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?"

I know not what arguments to use; but if I were in your position, I think I would argue thus—

*God holds me responsible for my existence*, my life—an existence which must be spent either in heaven or hell. I have faculties, and God holds me responsible for my faculties; I see I have something within me; an instinct of life, although it be within me as a sort of living death. I am accountable for having such an instinct. It is a something which, unlike the body, cannot die. "I am not ignorant," you say, "but know that I have a soul."

Ah, no, God knows you are not ignorant! If this hall had been in perfect darkness, no light in it for centuries, but by-and-by we opened a window, then light would rush in, and with that window open, all the workmen in Europe could not exclude its rays; so is it with you, you have got light! some aperture has been made into your soul, and all the masonry of hell can never fill up that aperture again! Ah, no, no. No, sinner! thou canst not divest thyself of thy knowledge; or of thy conscience; or of thy convictions, although God has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

*There is, moreover, the Bible in thine hand*; and God's words are familiar to thy lips, His warnings are known to thine ear; but thou knowest, O unconverted man, that if thou wert to die now, where God is thou couldst never come. Think of it! thou hast been born into a world in ruins. Man is a ruin; man held fellow-

ship with God in Eden; he talked and walked with God; but the devil came and cast a darksome pall of sin over his soul, and left man a heap of woe. But God comes into the scene as He did to Cain, over whose dark ways He cast unwelcome light, and said, as it were, "Let there be light," and the light, in a sense, is all around our darkness; you cannot divest yourself of that light, and if you are lost, you will carry that light down with you into the pit of darkness. Said our talented but melancholy bard, "I wish I were a dog!" And said Colonel Gardiner in his unconverted days, "I would give all I have to be my dog." Why? because they both knew too much to be happy. Oh, sinner! that is how it is with you; you know enough to make you miserable even here; but when in hell your knowledge, your memories of truth, like so many harpies of evil, will cluster round you, and with their infernal claws will drag you down, down, down, into an abyss without a bottom. Alas, yes; as you go down, down, into that bottomless abyss, you will carry all your knowledge, all your memories of truth with you; your light will never leave you, but will render visible and awful the darkness round you; for the bitterest drops in all your bitter cup will be, that you heard of a hell, but refused to believe it; and of a God, but scorned to know Him; and of the love of Jesus, but it was to you as an idle song. Ah, you cannot be an idiot in hell; you cannot be a lunatic in hell—cannot say, "I am not responsible;" or, "My mind is touched." No, no; there is no such thing as a mind touched, or a lunatic asylum, in hell; no! your memory, your *mind* will be your bitterest scourge there.

Dear, dear people, you who are unsaved, if I were you I think I would reason something like this: "Well, if I cannot divest myself of my knowledge or my conviction, what best can I do?" You know you have convictions. How do I know that you have convictions?

Why, because you are as *I* was. We are all from one fallen ancestry, of one moral image, as lost sinners before God. Though the harbour waters of our natures seem still and dead, yet is there felt the throb of that storm outside which is raging on the eternal ocean of a sinner's last doom. I can testify I never remember a time when I was without my convictions; I knew, when a child, that if I died I should be lost. I had been told that God was love, that God loved sinners, but I was conscious I did not believe it, and that if I died I should be lost. Ah, dear sinner, thou knowest thou hast convictions, thou knowest, sitting on that seat this morning, that the impress of eternity is on thee. Now I bid thee to the supper. I bid thee to the provision God has made. Wilt thou give the preference to thy pleasure, and thy business, and turn a deaf ear till it is too late, *too late*, and thou art lost for all eternity? Ah, no, thou wilt *not*! Thou *wilt* come at the divine bidding. Let thy convictions bring thee to Christ. This is our one want to-day, that thou shouldest come.

Now I would say a word to you who believe all this; you *know* you are lost, and say you *are* wretched. Well, I would reason with you. Here is the Gospel. What *is* the Gospel? Not that you must love God, but that God loves you; not that you must first seek Jesus, but that Jesus is seeking you. If I were in your stead, I would conclude with myself thus—

“Well, the Gospel is for lost sinners; I am a lost sinner, so the Gospel is for me. The Gospel is good news to the sinner; I am a sinner, it is *good news* to me. The Gospel is the good news of *God* to the sinner; I am a sinner, and the Gospel brings good news of God; yes, of *God* to me.”

Oh, that I could make it plain: it is a great thing to get the right handle of a truth—clearly to see the Gospel; and to *lay hold of it*. Else will it only condemn, and be a savour of death unto death. Oh! see to it, that

you lay hold on eternal life ! One man goes to use a scythe, but he takes it by the blade and cuts himself ; another goes to fight, but he seizes the sword by its edge, and wounds himself. Thus is it with the Gospel. The Gospel, unless it be believed as the Gospel of *God*, may be known only to condemn. God's Gospel is just such as you need. Ha ! it makes one happy only to think of the good news of God to us, poor hell-deserving sinners. Now, here, in the word, is the Gospel. "*God was in Christ*"—doing what ? Judging the world ? condemning the world ? Nay, though if the world goes on rejecting Jesus there must be judgment ; but "*God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.*" I shall never forget, when personally anxious, reading that 2 Cor. v. 19, where it is said, "*God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them ; but hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation.*" If this be true, God *is* reconciled, and is not now imputing unto us our trespasses, having imputed them to Him who bore them upon the cross—who died to make atonement for them, who put them away by the sacrifice of Himself. Hence I repeat it, God *is* reconciled ; He does not want to be reconciled, He only wants *me* to be reconciled—shows me the cross, where I see His love manifested, in the gift of His Son, who died the death due to me ; but because of which death I may live. Let me explain. I go into court, where I have to meet one to whom I owe a large sum of money. It must be paid, or I must suffer ; but I cannot pay it ; and now I am in court ; and the sentence is, that the money must be paid on a given day. I leave the court, but I cannot pay it, and so I abscond from the country, I fly to the antipodes, anywhere to get away from justice ; but the person to whom I owe the money has devised a plan whereby, through another, he may receive the debt, and now can say, "Go after him into the land of his

exile, seek him out, tell him the debt is paid, and that for the rest of his life I and the law are reconciled towards him. Tell him that he may return in peace, that no idea of a policeman, with his hand on his shoulder, need haunt or harass him; go, seek him out, go to the antipodes, go into all the world, tell him he is free." The creditor *is* reconciled to me, and all that I, the debtor, want is, simply to *know* it, and, on knowing it, to be reconciled to him, and in relation to him to have perfect peace.

You understand me: as long as the sinner says the doom which is due to my sins must be paid, and I cannot pay it, he will only get away from God as far as he can; in fact, he would rather not think of it, but go to his sports and his games, to his follies and his sins, being only happy when he can banish the thought. God devised a plan, God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. The Son of God came down in the person of Jesus, took my sorrows, my sufferings, my sicknesses; what is more, He took my sin; and, like the man who came into court, when he saw the debt, laid down the money. Here is the Gospel, "The Lord laid down His life for us, died the just for the unjust. He was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities; the Lord laid on him the iniquities of us all." The debt was thus paid; "the price of pardon was his blood," and He laid it down, He bore our sins on the accursed tree, "was delivered for our offences"—*sins*—carried them down with Him into the grave, where, so to speak, they now are—lost, buried, forgotten; for, in virtue of the death upon the tree for sin, God says, "I have cast thy sins behind my back." Christ, who bore them to His grave, rose without them. He is without sin before God for us. And as *He* stands there for us, the sins truly are "behind his back," being down in that heart of the earth, where for us the Divine Surety

left them. And now, with the debt paid, and the Surety accepted in heaven, having gone in with His completed work, the message to the sinner is, that "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Not that I am not a sinner; not that I have not sinned; the debtor in the far land could never deny that the debt was his; but he could say that another had taken the debt: so with us. We have sinned; but the Lord laid on *Him* (Jesus) the iniquities of us all. God, on the cross, was imputing our sins to Him, so reconciling us to Himself.

And now you say, What must I do to be saved? We reply, believe this message of God. You say, Is that all? for that surely is a very little thing to have to do. What! a little thing for the Son of God to die? a little thing to take your sin? But you say, It is an easy thing, then, to be saved! Nay; not easy. I will suppose that I am at the antipodes, and that one comes to me and says, "You remember the debt you owed?" I say, "Yes;" and he says, "That debt has been paid." What now do I say? Do I say, "Oh, that is an easy matter, or it is too simple?" No, indeed; not so simple—but vast! singular! wonderful! I ask, Is it really true? I question my informant. If he be true, I am saved. Thus, beloved, may you identify me as a true witness. Oh! do identify me as a true witness for God; go to the book of God, and see that the Son of God did come down here for sinners; that He died. Observe, He did not deserve to die. *He* never did a wrong thing; He was God's own Son; He never broke a law. Why, then, did *He* die? Because He took *the place of the guilty*; and as God did not spare Him who took the place of the guilty, it was that He might save us who are guilty. Judgment for sin on the cross has been given, and is past: it would be unjust to ask for it twice; that is, once at

the hand of our suffering Christ, and then at the hand of the believing sinner. Now, Jesus took the judgment, and every soul who will take the advantage of it — appropriate it — that soul, believing, is, on the authority of God, a saved soul. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Beloved, these are marvellous times. God is working everywhere. What conversions! How many! and of sinners of all sorts. And they still multiply. Look at one who, on his own showing, often raised his hand against his mother, but is now saved; look at another, whose hand became suddenly palsied over the mystic cards, and when carried to his room exclaimed, "Oh, my God, if my servant were not here, I would cry for mercy." Again; look at another, mingling in polite society, with everything but God; full of pleasure, so-called, but arrested, alarmed, led to the cross, saved. And another, a peer of the realm, who, for more than eighty years, was a rebel against God; in his old age his wife, lately converted, with tears consulted as to his salvation; by advice, she opened a meeting in her own drawing-room, and while the Gospel was being preached, the aged peer heard the truth which reached his soul; and on his dying bed sent this message to his former associates among the nobles, "Tell them I have lived without God, but have now found Jesus; God saved a poor, miserable sinner, and He can and will save all who believe."

These, and thousands more, are from the lanes and cities of these Gentile times. Rejected by Israel, He receiveth sinners. And now, from out of our wanderings amidst the highways and hedges of our ignorance and sin, He seeks out the wanderers for His house—the starving for His feast. With divine efficacy of grace He brings the wanderers in — compels us to His board. The Holy Ghost reveals Jesus—His grace,

His blood; and then we have a will against our old will—a heart against our old heart to come. A feast is remarkable for its abundance. How infinite and endless are the provisions of Divine love. It was in their midst the prodigal sat, in silent wonder. It was there, while listening to the music and the dancing, he feasted on the fatted calf.

Ah, beloved, angels have no such food. They drink not at the cup of salvation. They feed not on dying love. God Himself finds His highest food in His knowledge and love of His Son. We are called to feast on the same, and there, in the midst of such provisions, each one sings—

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor.”

Yes, each one, until in heaven our voices will be like the mighty orchestra of seas on seas—floods on floods—and ocean joined to ocean in its sound; yea, like the noise of many waters, blending with the sweetness of harpers harping with their harps.

Says Christ, “*Compel them to come in.*” It is the compulsion of love—the irresistible power of love. What but such power of love led out Rebecca from her father’s house? What but such love led the exiles to their David in the lone cave of the wood? Jesus, with His own dying love, shows Himself to the poor heart that needs Him, and that heart is captive to His love.

So it is: Jesus, in love, died to save the “chief of sinners.” You have only to believe in a crucified, a loving Christ. May God give you now to take the Gospel as it is in His own word.

We, too, would compel you. For now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, “And we beseech you in Christ’s stead be ye reconciled to God.”

Mark that word, “in *Christ’s stead.*” If we stand in Christ’s stead what patience we should have! what

forbearance ! Ah, if *He* were here, how would He speak ? He would not use exuberant trope or eloquent measure ; He would not speak in words of mere noise or turbulence ; not in furor of delivery, or in levity of soul, but in calmness and intelligence, in sobriety and earnestness of soul. He would not speak of hell in a careless way, or of heaven as of a light thing. How *He* would compel you, and with what love, what tenderness, what long-suffering, spending a whole day at the well of Jacob, with a poor Magdalene sinner ; and what unselfishness ; even on the cross, when He might have said, “ Do not speak to me, the nails are in my hands, my mouth is full of clotted gore and noisome gall ; don’t speak to me in my agony.” But no ; with a mind at leisure from itself, even in that dark hour, with what a calm irresistible force He turned to the poor malefactor at His side, and said, “ This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” In Christ’s *stead* !—as it were His representative—doing the will of the Father, in the power of communion, as He ; delighting in drawing out the affections of sinners towards God, even as He ; and towards Himself, for, as flowers open to the unveiling of the sun, so do our affections open to the Lord when He Himself is unveiled. Ah, then, with what a sense of reality in the soul does He make known the riches of His grace, the wonders of His love.

May the Lord bless you ; the blessed Spirit of God awaken the unawakened, and comfort the awakened ! May He show you God reconciled, Christ as having died, the fountain of His blood as opened for our sins !

## ADDRESS XII.

## HOW TO HAVE PEACE.

"I create the fruit of the lips; Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near."—Isaiah lvii. 19.

It is not to give any explication of these words that they are now chosen, but simply to show that it is *God*, and *God alone*, who is the root or source of true peace.

You have been singing, beloved, "A mind at perfect peace with God;" and I would like to tell you how we get a mind at perfect peace with God. We get it, first, by knowing what God is to *man*, or to one who is *afar off*—a sinner in his sins; and, secondly, by knowing what God is to the *new man*, or to one who is *near*. On these grounds, we may know what "*perfect peace with God*" is; or, in other words, we may know it by believing what God is to the *sinner*; and what He is to the *believer*. Or, if you put it still otherwise, we get it by knowing Him in His aspect towards *the first Adam*, and by knowing what He is to us in *the last Adam*. Oh, that God, beloved friends, may now give me an abundant utterance for His truth, and give you the understanding heart!

Let us dwell, then, for a little, on what God is to man; to you, as a *natural* man—a sinner. God is *love* towards the sinner. When I was younger than I now am, I used to think that, towards the sinner, God was simply and only austere; that He was simply and only a Judge, and that His justice was still inevitably against me as a sinner. I had an idea that *the Lord Jesus Christ* loved the sinner; and that it was a belief in His cross that gave rise to the love of *God* to the sinner; that, in fact, God only loved us when we loved Him. But the truth is, that the love of *God*, and the grace of *God*, lie at the root of the cross, and not the cross at the root of them. A friend lately said to me, “When I heard you speak of the *love of God to the sinner*, it gave quite a new turn to my whole life. I had been for years reading books, hearing sermons, and seeking to obtain peace in my soul, *that I might have the love of God*; but when I saw His love *to the sinner*, as revealed by the cross, that it was God Himself who was at the foundation of things, the alone source of a plan to save the sinner, and to save him wholly, in consistence with righteousness, and holiness, and perfectness, my life became a new life.” And now, knowing and believing this love of God to the sinner, that friend is with us to-day, singing, as we have done, “A mind at perfect peace with God.” Ah, not as an *after state* of mind in God, but millions of millions of ages ago, He loved us; and, that He may save us, He formed His own estimate of the blood; saw that it met every demand of holiness, of justice, and of righteousness. It was God who, in His own eternal grace, beheld our nature as the elect nature. I say *the elect* nature—for such it is—elected by Him as that in which He would manifest His riches, and in which He Himself would dwell. There is the sinner, there are angels; but *the sinner* was the farther removed from God. Like a mighty surgeon, who discriminates and says, “Such is a case

any one might take up; but here is one which has baffled all ordinary skill. It is *that* I will take up." Or, like a mighty shipwright, with a hundred disabled vessels brought in; he finds that any shipwright can take up ninety-nine of these vessels. But there is one, such a wreck, that all other builders have passed it by, as not being capable of repair. He says, "I will bring my skill to bear on *that*. Nay, I will make it my elect vessel, expend my resources upon it, and dwell in it, as in my most desired dwelling." And he so brings his skill to bear on that vessel, that it soon sweeps the sea, a more beautiful one than any of the rest. *So is it with God.*

Oh, beloved, it is as if God had said, "The sinner is not hopeless; I have resources in me adequate to save him. I have holiness in me; I have righteousness in me; I have justice in me; I have perfectness in me; I have love in me—nay, I *am* love; and I look on the sinner; I look on that dark sinner; that wretched, miserable sinner; that poor, prodigal sinner; that polluted, Magdalene sinner. Ah," says God, "I can yet embrace him, can save and acknowledge him before all heaven and the universe as saved. This is what my love and grace can do." Ah, yes, it is thus; God hath so loved us.

For, seeing that holiness, law, justice, all stood in the way of His embracing the sinner, He showed the riches of His grace in the gift of His Son. For, mark, the blessed Jesus Himself, in His love to the Father and to the sinner, says something like this:—"I see my Father's love to the sinner; but it cannot embrace him." And why? "Because the law has pronounced death on the sinner." But He said, "I will die." But *can* Deity die? How can the Son of God die? Herein is *wisdom*. Wisdom says, "Let Deity come and lay hold on *humanity*." So He passed by the nature of *angels*, and took on Him the nature of *man*—was man that He

might *suffer*, was God that He might *satisfy*—satisfy infinitely, not only the love, but the righteousness and holiness of God. Ah, I may well pause here, and wonder; for you know the sequel. He died! He took the sin of the sinner on His own person; He bore the guilt, and took the stripes of the sinner on the cross. Justice plunged her sword in Him; so was expiated the sin of the sinner. There, see, this book, representing the sinner; and *this* book, laid on *it*, his sins; and now, see, the Lord takes the cursed load, and bears it on His own body on the tree. Where, now, are the sinner's sins? The sinner, believing, is *free* from his sins. Not only now, beloved, when I know it, but in the purposes of the Eternal, in those ages of ages of His illimitable past; millions of ages ago God had thus His own purpose in the blood. He saw its merit, its efficacy, and power to open a way for the sinner into His presence. For our liberty to enter is in the blood. The blood is there for us. And whatever *that* is in the estimate of God, that *I am* before God. Oh, it is eternal life to know it! And, mark, God's love embraces the sinner now; yea, God's righteousness embraces the sinner now, and God's holiness, and God's justice, embrace the sinner now. He is well pleased, for His Son's sake, to accept the sinner. "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." This, then, is what I know God to be towards me as a sinner—as a lost child of the first Adam. Oh, it is a glorious gospel to preach—a gospel the belief of which gives instant peace with God.

But I must know not only what God is towards me as a sinful man, but what he is to me as a *new man*. Many Christians know not what He is to them as such. They are like a man who has simply escaped being hung; which, though much, is the utmost he gets; for, on receiving her pardon, he is not the Queen's son; he does not dwell in a palace. He is simply released

from destruction. Thus is it with many Christians; they *do* know God's love to them as sinners. They can say—

“The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, though vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.”

They are *saved*—that is, they have escaped the doom they had dreaded, and deserved; which surely is much; but there is far more than mere exemption; there is actual elevation, *infinite* blessing. Not only are we saved, but we are blessed with all spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus, in heavenly places. Such, plainly, do *not* see the Father's love. But what do I mean by the Father's love? I will tell you what I mean. As *Son*, Christ is a *divine* person. In the first chapter of John we read, “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.” There is the eternity of Jesus Christ. Blessed be God! blessed for ever! eternity sits enthroned in Him! And He could not have been eternal had He not been God. “In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him.” And John goes on to say, “And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.” Mark this now, “And we beheld *His* glory.” Not now His glory as son of Adam, as son of Abraham, as son of David; but we beheld *His own* glory, the glory He has as *Son*. As in the seventeenth of John, “The glory which I had with thee before the world was.” The Lord Jesus had a glory which was above all dispensational glory, *His own glory*. He *will have* glory as the Son of *man*; He *will have* glory as the Son of Abraham—for all Israel will be saved; He *will have* glory as the Son of David—for He must reign. But He has a glory independent of redemption.

If there had never been a sinner saved, or a world redeemed, there would have been the glory which He had before the world was. As He says, "The glory I *had* with Thee." "The glory which Thou hast given me," is quite a different thing. He says, "I have given *it* to them." He associates us with these glories; with His own glory *as Son*, and the glory given Him by the Father. The glory He has *as Son*, we are to "behold." The glory given Him of His Father, He gives to us. Being sons, we get, in association with Christ, the inheritance due to that rank. For if sons, then heirs.

The order is thus:—Son—love—glory. These three things are ours. Let us look at them separately. In the first place, "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power"—or authority, as the word is—to become what? How wonderful this! To become sons—the sons of God. Jesus had a position *as Son* before all worlds. The believer is in the same rank. All believers are *sons*. I do not mean sons, born as such; we are indeed *born* children of God by faith in Christ Jesus; but we are also "sons" BY ADOPTION. The two things are distinct. And in the adoption what have we? We are put into the rank of *son*. Christ, in the love of His heart towards us, could not rest till we were with Him in all that He Himself is (the incommunicable excepted.) One knows not whether this sprang solely out of the love of the Son, or whether the Father said something like this:—"You see the Church in the mirror of my purposes." And the Son was so enamoured with the sight, that He said, "I will die for her." And the Father, magnifying His grace, said, "I will now give authority and power to all that believe to take a name and rank higher than that of angels;" for, though angels are sons, they are not sons in association with the Son of His own love, as every believer in the Lord Jesus is. Hence the deep mean-

ing of the Spirit by John the Apostle, where he says, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God."

Secondly, if placed in the same rank with Him as Son, we get what belongs to that rank, as I have said, the incommunicable excepted—for example, *love*, the Father's love: as you sing—

"The love wherewith He loves the Son,  
Such is His love to me."

Said Jesus, "That the love wherewith thou hast loved me"—not the love of the Creator, but the love He has, as Father, to the Son of His own bosom—"the love wherewith Thou hast loved ME *may be in them.*" Ah, beloved, this is an infinite love, an unspeakable love, a boundless love! this *love of the Father!*—even the love wherewith He hath loved His Son. And thus we become possessed, not only as sinners of the love of God, but as sons of the love of the Father.

Mark, thirdly—we get *inheritance*, because of our relationship as son with Him. For, says Paul, (Rom. viii.,) "If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ." It is heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. Thus every believer can say, I am an heir of *God*, and I get my inheritance in virtue of *my joint-heirship* with Christ, whose vast portion God Himself is; and so it is not heirs of Christ, but heirs WITH Christ of ALL THAT IS IN GOD—His holiness, His peace, His righteousness, the very righteousness of God; His love, His resources: for God is for me—God is mine—God *Himself*. Wondrous portion! And when I know it all, I say, "A mind at perfect peace with God." God has done it all, God has settled it all.

Mark, then, the twofold subject—What God is in His love and grace towards *the sinner*, and in His long-

suffering mercy ; for it is with long-suffering He bears with the sinner ; and then mark what He is to one AS A NEW MAN. Such an one may say—I am a son, and as such have the Father's love, and have “all things” in association with Christ. I have the same love, the same rank, the same inheritance, the same righteousness, the same life, and the same glory. Does *He* reign ? I shall reign *with Him*. Does *He* sit judging the twelve tribes of Israel ? I shall sit judging *with Him*. Does *He* come in His glory ? I shall come *with Him*. Does *He* appear in His glory ? I shall appear *with Him*. Has *He* glory given Him ? He gives it to me. Does *He* go in to the marriage supper ? I shall go in *with Him*. Does *He* sit down at the table ? I shall sit down *with Him* : and, when He sits on His own throne, I, too, shall sit on the same throne. This is truly wonderful ! Ah, angels never sat on *that* throne ! the highest seraph never will sit on it. Says Christ, “Ye shall sit with me in *my* throne, even as I am sat down with my Father in His throne.” Beloved saints, is there anything higher or greater than this ? can there be anything higher or greater ? and are we not unmindful, unthankful ? Oh, how we live without thinking of this wondrous position !

“ Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee ?  
O height, O depth of love !  
Once slain for us upon the tree,  
We're one with Thee above.

“ Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display”—

Display what ? Why, this self-same wondrous thing ;  
made known before the eyes of an assembled universe—

“ That Thou with us art one.”

Beloved, am I speaking of what is *real* ? Are these

things *realities*? Are they so to us? If they are, do they form our life? Are we living in their great power? Oh, what manner of persons ought we to be! how peaceful, and holy, and grateful, and happy. A king ought to be kingly in his life and conduct. A saved sinner, who is before God as Christ is, ought to walk like Christ—have the same mind that was in Him, and be in all His affections and aims as Christ is. Oh, how great a thing is redemption, and how vast a thing is it to be a Christian. Who can tell what we now are, or what we shall be? We know only in part—but we shall know even as we are known. “Now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we also shall be like Him, and we shall see Him as He is.”

And now, a word *to the sinner*. And yet this is all to the sinner. O sinner, God hath loved us—the grace of God—the mercy of God—the justice of God—the holiness of God—the righteousness of God,—all these have worked for our salvation. And now I want, oh, I want you all to behold this love and grace of God. I want you to stand still, and see the salvation of God. I spoke just now of the man condemned to be hanged. The Crown gives a reprieve, and the reprieve is for whom? For the murderer. It is all *grace*. It is for *a murderer*; it is not for a man who does not deserve hanging, or the reprieve has no meaning. The Gospel has no meaning, unless as God's good news to the sinner, *to the lost*—

“Not the righteous,  
*Sinners* Jesus came to call.”

Or, as the word is, Christ “came not to call the righteous, but *sinners* to repentance.” Such is the Gospel. But what is repentance? Repentance is a *change of mind*, which is involved in believing, and is,

in fact, inseparable from it. The *carnal* mind—*your old* natural mind—is *enmity to God*. But the mind that believes God's testimony concerning *Christ* is quite a new, *another* mind. The carnal mind can do nothing *but sin*. The believing mind sees sin to be hateful, learns its true evil, sorrows over it at the cross, loves Him who bore its curse. In the Gospel, God proclaims *Himself*; the sinner who sees and believes the proclamation, is instantaneously changed—saved, is at peace with God, and happy in the knowledge of Divine love. What God proclaims in the Gospel is *good news of Himself*, and asks, as a first thing, from the sinner *simply to believe*. Really seeing God, as the Prodigal came to see his home, and his Father, the mind is changed.

What a glorious Gospel! a Gospel on which a sinner, living or dying, can have immediate peace.

Dear hearers, you may have been unbelievers up to this moment; but it would not surprise me if you were all saved to-day; I should not marvel if you were all led to say, "Well, if that be God's thought, that He finds me helpless; that He wants such as me, sinner that I am, in heaven; if it be so that I am *dead*, and have no power of my own to save, but that Christ has died; that, believing, *I am saved*; then is it a Gospel which suits me. Oh, let me take it! let me embrace it! or, rather, I believe it. God is my salvation. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and believing, He hath said, 'thou shalt be saved.'" Believe, then, now. All else will follow—penitence, peace, holiness, love. You remember the poor scavenger of whom I have spoken to you. He swept a crossing, and collected halfpence. But a property was left him; the messenger was happy to bring him the message. Why, on hearing of it, the man gave up the brush! never thought again of sweeping the streets! gave it all up on hearing the message of the messenger. Beloved, you are the poor scavenger. I am the

messenger. I come this morning with the news of all the massive glory, the ponderous riches which a believing sinner possesses in God — riches, glories unsearchable, untraceable, eternal—to be enjoyed in association with Him whom the heavens have received—a *glorified man*—and who will one day descend from those heavens and take you unto Himself for ever and ever, to enjoy the riches and share the glories of the eternally glorified One. Do not hesitate. Supposing the scavenger had said, “Sir, I have never done anything to deserve this.” Says the messenger, “It is a matter of *gift*, not of *desert*.” “But I never heard of it before.” “That makes no difference.” “It is all new.” “Never mind if it be true.” “But I am not able to bear the weight of riches.” He who gives Himself, even Christ, for you, along with Himself freely gives all things—all qualities meet for enjoyment. This He does by the Spirit, who, along with the believed message, enters the sinner who believes. You understand. The Lord *gives* salvation. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, believe in the *grace* of God, believe in all the provisions of that grace. Oh! I want your soul, dear sinner; I want it *now*. I want your soul for God; I want your soul for Jesus; dear sinner, I love your soul. I love this salvation of God. I love this Gospel. This is the Gospel of God! *God* is at the root of things — His timeless grace, His timeless love!

And to believe is your first duty. Satan will say, ask first, or pray first, or grieve first; but no, God requires none of these things till you have *first believed*. You are a rebel against God—root and branch evil—at enmity against God—your doom is pronounced, which is death. As a sinner, at enmity, you can do nothing acceptable till you take what God has proclaimed—He proclaims life through Christ’s death. He does not ask you to ask Him to save. Salvation is an

*accomplished fact*—a finished work. On having believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, you will, indeed, ask, you will indeed pray, and have a sorrow ever so much—a life-long sorrow, it may be—for sin, wretched sin, miserable sin! Meanwhile, as we have already done, you may sing—yea, at once, believingly sing—

“ A mind at ‘perfect peace’ with God;  
Oh, what a word is this!  
A sinner reconciled through blood!  
This, this indeed is peace!

By nature and by practice far—  
How very far from God!  
Yet now by grace brought nigh to Him,  
Through faith in Jesus’ blood.

So nigh, so very nigh to God,  
I cannot nearer be;  
For in the person of His Son,  
I am as near as he.

So dear, so very dear to God,  
More dear I cannot be;  
The love wherewith He loves the Son—  
Such is His love to me.

Why should I ever careful be,  
Since such a God is mine?  
He watches o’er me night and day,  
And tells me ‘ Mine is thine.’ ”

## ADDRESS XIII.

## DELIGHTING IN THE LORD.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."—PSALM xxxvii. 4.

THE blessings here promised are, doubtless, temporal blessings, but the principles of the passage are of present application to us who are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

I need scarcely say, though it seems suitable to say it at the outset, how little, comparatively, is there among God's children of "delight in the Lord." There is, doubtless, a large amount of *trust* in the Lord, and a large amount of *hope* in Him, but with all this trust and hope, and having no confidence in anything else but the Lord, let me ask you, as witnesses in your own case, Do you know much, in your own life, of *delight* in the Lord? Is it not so, that some of you know very little of *rest* even in the Lord, to say nothing of *positive delight*? There must be something wrong at the root of things, when a believer is living barely *trusting* and *hoping*, but never fully at rest, never *delighting* in the Lord. And yet the broad command to every saint is, "Delight thyself in the Lord."

There are many reasons why men do not delight in

the Lord. Some of them regard the unsaved, the natural man, of whom we do not now speak; the others regard believers. Shall I say it is because of *the unbelief of believers* that they have so little of true delight in the Lord? Some have but little truth, and that little is dull and torpid in their souls. And, alas! that it should be so, when more truth is put before them they do not see it. They seem to have no receptive faculty. Talk to them of a thousand blessed things concerning our adorable Master and Lord, and of our association with Him, the eternal love and grace of the Father, and they cannot receive them. How can they rejoice and have joy when they do not believe? You understand me; they *do* believe, and are on the rock as to the blood, but they are, as it were, clinging to the outside of the ark of gopher wood, (which ark was Christ,) with the storm yet, seemingly, pitilessly lashing them; and are not like Noah, who was in perfect security *inside* the refuge, *having the gopher wood* (Christ) *between him and judgment, and the open window alone between him and the calm azure of heaven beyond!* Believers must be ascertainedly in Christ Jesus, or they will not know the joy of the Lord as their strength.

Now, I want, beloved friends, at present, to speak from these words, first, a little *doctrinally*; next, *experientially*, and then, *practically*.

For if there be *no doctrine*, there is *no basis* for our delight. If *no experience*, if no delight in the Lord, *no practical issue*. We shall be able to traverse these things by observing in the text A SPECIAL COMMAND and a SPECIAL PROMISE.

The command is, "Delight thyself also in the Lord;" the promise is, "He shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

And here I would that the Lord may begin with *me*; for I cannot tell you how I desire and long, *yea long*, that God may give me what I want—more truth,

more life in my own soul, more of a sense of an *unhindered* and an *ungrieved* Spirit dwelling within me, more unction, and power, and utterance in declaring the truth. I myself, beloved, want much. I feel capable of endless, infinite blessings; and I long that He may give *you* what you want. Our wants are truly many, but here is the royal, the heavenly way of supply, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

How may we define the word *delight*? "Delight," I suggest, is joy resting in its object, joy in sweet indulgence; it is not so much *active*, though it is active, as it is *passive*. The word carries with it its own meaning. If you had a loved child at the antipodes, and longed to see his face again, and the child returned, and you had him in your arms, the emotion you would experience would be that of "delight;" you would be delighting in the object of your love; your joy would be indulging itself in its object. You understand, beloved friends, that if you would delight yourself in the Lord, you must know and love the Lord Himself as the only true *basis* for your delight.

The very name he bears here is instructive, "THE LORD," the incommunicable name. Neither saint nor sinner can rejoice in that blessed name unless they know the Lord, unless they have Him. Do you know the meaning of that name? When Moses said, "I beseech thee shew me thy glory," the Lord said to him, "I will shew thee my glory. I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and my glory shall pass before thee." And *the Lord* passed before him, and proclaimed, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty."

You will observe that when He said, "My glory

shall pass before thee," He did not say as He said to Abraham, "Lift up thine eyes on high, and behold there the glorious heavens bespangled with their starry lustre." He did not say, "Behold the firmament on high;" although the heavens do show His glory. This glory, which He was about to show him, was a higher glory far than any material glory, and what He said was, "I will show thee a higher glory, even *my* highest glory, and here it is—I am the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, *forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin*, and that *will by no means clear the guilty*." Mark the words—"By no means clear the guilty;" so that, when "*the guilty*" had to receive what was due to the guilty, and the Lord could not, because of His holiness and truth, clear the guilty, then the Lord Jesus, in our nature, stood for the guilty—became, so to speak, guilty—and the Lord God, who could not clear the guilty, could not, and did not, clear *Him*! Oh, sinner!—saved or unsaved—look now, and behold the rock that was once riven; see the glory of the Lord—His highest glory, as seen in our redemption and salvation—passing by; and along with me this morning delight thyself in the Lord. For lo, *here* is glory; we behold His glory, and stand gazing upon His glory, and know His glory, and believe in His glory, and are saved by the knowledge of His glory. Oh, it is here we have our rock, it is here we have the very source of our delight! I repeat it; we cannot delight in Him unless we know Him. And this is His chief glory—His ability, which He found in Himself, to save. If the darkest sinner out of hell were here, and the justice of God could hunt him down into the burning lake of hell, that justice could not so profoundly show itself in such dealing with the guilty as it does in the suffering victim on the cross. It is the Gospel I am now preaching. God says, "I will show you my glory:

my glory is this : I *can* forgive transgression and sin, but I *cannot* clear the guilty." How so ? What is this ?—He can *forgive* ! but cannot *clear* ! the guilty ? What is this He says ? Let me explain.

The Lord Himself, Jehovah Jesus, He came and stood for the guilty, and the sword of justice, and the thunderbolt of wrath fell *on Him*. And so, it is because God could not spare the guilty, He could not spare His Son, that you and I, who are the guilty for whom He suffers and dies—may have forgiveness, yea, may have eternal life. Oh, it is God who hath done this—we get the beginning of it all in God. Can I delight in God if He be in the attitude of unsatisfied justice ? Can I delight in the thunder-cloud if I know the bolt is about to fall on me ? Can I delight in the storm if I know that death and hell are in it ? No ; but when I see the bolt falling on *Christ*, and the storm breaking on Him, I see their wrath against me exhausted ; and when I know the love and grace of the Lord, who, to save me, *Himself* ordered it all, *then* I can, and must, and *do*, delight myself in the Lord.

Beloved, here is the root of your delight in Him. Believe me, whether sinner or saint, you can have no delight in Him unless you see the judgment due to the guilty expended on the cross ; unless you see condemnation and punishment exhausted utterly, finally overpast, in Christ, who took the place of the guilty. Says Paul, the Apostle, " He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I do not like human additions to God's words. Some read, " He hath made him to be a *sin-offering*." It takes the true glory of the passage out of it. He *was* a sin-offering we know ; but what the Lord means is simply this—that *sin itself*, not its offering or its sacrifice merely, was on Christ—*on Him*, not *in Him*. We see it in Aaron. *Beside the victim itself*, Aaron gathered, in his two hands, the

*sins* of the people, and laid *them* on the head of the victim, and the victim bore *the sin*. There was no sin *in* Him, but there was sin *on* Him. "The Lord made *to meet on him* the iniquity of us all;" and so "God hath made Him (Christ) to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we (sinners) might be made (oh, glorious exchange!) the righteousness of God in Him."

Dear people, never till the sinner comes thus to see his own sins meeting on the head of God's victim, can he delight himself in God, or in Christ, or in eternity, or in immortality, or in anything heavenly or eternal. How, with his sins still on himself, with their guilt and doom still on his own conscience, *can* he be happy? Ah, no, no; misery, and misery only, will be on the soul of one who is alarmed, awakened, but not enlightened, not taught of God, not at rest at His cross, not at peace through the blood—which is inside the vail.

And now the way is open for ampler delight—the circle for this divine emotion enlarges—there is not an attribute of the Lord you who have believed cannot now delight in. No wonder that we admiringly say, "Holy, holy, holy!" No marvel that we now delight in His very holiness! No marvel that we can now delight in His very justice! The cloud, so to speak, is beautiful now, for the bolt is gone! The throne of holiness is pleasant now, for its sword is laid up in ordinary! And love, that did it all, sits above the scene, enthroned and reigning in fullest joy. And thus now may we delight in the Lord. Ah, yes, delight, indeed, when "*God* so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." What manner of love! Mercy and truth met together in Jesus, righteousness and peace embracing one another; and the sentiment we feel in the midst of all this divine harmonising of God's attributes in the salvation of the

sinner, is one of joy—joy indulging itself in God. We delight ourselves IN THE LORD.

The circle widens yet again. For how multiform the sources of our joy in the Lord—in Jehovah Jesus—His love, His person, His work, His design in preparing for us mansions in His Father's house, especially His promise of coming again! When the Lord comes He will come in a four-fold character, in each of which we may find a true delight. He will come as the *Son of Abraham*; and great glory will be given to Him as such. He will come as the *Son of David*. Sings Montgomery—

“Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing.”

He will come as the *Son of Man*, the last Adam. The first Adam lost everything—was changeable, mutable; Jesus, the last Adam, is “the same yesterday, and today, and for ever.” More blessedness than our first father lost will encircle the last Adam. And He will come as the *Son of God*. The delight we have in Him intensifies here; for we shall stand amid the unutterable glories of the Son. Said Christ, “Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world;” “and the glory thou gavest me I have given them.” Oh! dear saints, what scope for your delight is here. “Delight thyself also in the Lord.” Delight in *His* glorious future, and *thine* with Him. Delight in Him as the “Son of Abraham;” “for all Israel shall be saved.” Delight in Him as the “Son of David;” for “the Kings of Tarshish and the Isles shall bring presents” unto Him—

“For He shall have dominion,  
O'er river, sea, and shore;  
Far as the eagle's pinion,  
Or dove's light wing can soar.”

"The whole earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Delight in Him as the "Son of Man"—soon to be here in His glory as such—with the countenance of a *man*, but now no longer marred; with the hands, not of a *labouring*, but of a *glorified* man. His feet are the feet of a man, and will stand with ours amidst the streets and avenues of heaven, and on Mount Zion with "the hundred and forty and four thousand redeemed from the earth."

Delight in Him as the "Son of God;" for on the ground of the *divine* in Him you come to have a righteousness which is divine, "the righteousness of God." And, in virtue of that, as we have lately seen, you have the love of the *Father*—an ineffable love, not the love of God merely as *your* Father, but the love of the Father as *Father* in relation to *His Son*. What love is this! And not love only, but heirship and inheritance—the kingdom and the glory. And it is here, in Christ, for ever glorified in Himself, and glorifying to His Father, that God Himself finds His delight! and His rest—a rest never to be broken. As one has beautifully said, "God had a rest in Paradise, but Adam broke it; He had a rest in Canaan, but Israel broke it." The Eden-rest and Canaan-rest were both lost; but where is His rest now?—where but in *Jesus*, and in us, *in Him*. As another has said, "He *labours* among all worlds, and among all beings, but He *rests*, keeps His Sabbath in His Son; and of His saints, in Him, He says, 'Here will I dwell.'"

But I must not linger here. Let me pass to the promise. "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart."

You must understand that the Psalmist cannot mean the desires of the heart *at enmity*—the *corrupt* heart; but he means that the Lord will give you all the desires and prayers of that heart which, in the believer, is of His own creation.

We are the subjects of two wills, and, so to speak, of two hearts; a will and a heart still prone to unbelief, and a will and a heart towards God. In such sense, we have "a *new* heart, and a *right* spirit," and, instead of being regulated by our old bad will and heart, we are regulated, or should be, by these. If you look at this, it will explain to you many a perplexity in your Christian life. The two natures are like opposing laws, which war each one for mastery. "He shall give thee the desires of *the renewed and gracious heart.*" Is not this wonderful latitude for blessings? Well has it been said, believers are the only persons who never *can* live up to their property. Oh, then, let us throw the reins on the neck of all gracious desires! The promise is absolute. "*He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*" But now for something very experimental here. I often think of John Newton's words—

"I ask'd the Lord, that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace."

You remember the sequel. He says, "The Lord, indeed, *did* answer me—*did* give me so to grow—

"But it was in such a way,  
As almost drove me to despair."

Ah, yes; let me, too, testify a little here; for I have asked for growth, and He cut down a gourd; I asked for holiness, and He took down an idol; I asked for yet more, and in the result I have had, amidst broken cisterns and fallen idols, to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." And is *this* the answer? How else could He purge us, or wean us, or bring out our hearts in love, or faith in His promises, or reveal in us the graces of His Spirit? Our graces, like evergreens, grow most in the low vale of affliction, even as stars are most luminous and lovely when nearest the horizon.

Many a time the Lord has answered our desires, but it has been in such a way as we had never expected. Let *me* witness again. I remember, in my early ministry, how I longed after truth. God has given—oh, that it were more prized!—this, the desire of my heart. I remember, seventeen years ago, writing a tractate,\* in which I longed to see an awakening in religion. And how the Lord has given us to see it in 1857, in the transatlantic world, and in '59 and '60 and '61, in our own loved land! I have often said that should the Lord give me to see what we have now for years seen, I would say, "Now, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But whilst we thus speak, do we boast? If our souls do boast, we make our boast *in the Lord*. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, for He does give the desires of our hearts. I can say it, and many of *you* can say it. Let us bless Him. God is a glorious worker. The river of God has been full of water. Blessed for ever be the name of the Lord.

Dear needy ones! the promise is an unqualified promise—one which can cover the desires of your whole life. There is nothing good that you might not have. Beloved, can any of you, after such a promise, say, "I am *poor*, having nothing and getting nothing." Look at it again. "He (the Lord Himself) shall give thee the desires of thine heart." He will give holiness, and grace, and happiness, and heaven; and, beyond and above all, He will give *Himself*. I have said, if we delight in Him, we shall *have* our desires, and accordingly may *know* whether we *do* delight in Him. If barren of spiritual blessing, of rest, and peace; without joy in the Divine life—then, beloved, look at it—draw your own conclusion. God is true, and "He cannot deny Himself." If you "delight in the Lord, He *will* give the desires of your heart." I turn again to the

\* "The Irish Harp on the Willows."

unsaved. *You* have no delight in the Lord. You have never seen the Lord God merciful and gracious. I remember the two coverings of the tabernacle. There was the gorgeous cloth of blue, mingled with gold, covering the place where God's holiness, God's righteousness, God's grace, God's love all reigned for the *salvation* of Israel. I remember what was over the cloth of blue and gold. There was the badger-skin over it. The ordinary eye—the stranger—the foe outside never saw that inner garb of cloth of blue, and adorning of gold. Do you understand this? What I want to say is, that the carnal mind, the natural man, the sinner in his sin, has never seen the Lord Christ. Oh, sinner, have you to-day seen the Lord passing by, “forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin,” by no means *clearing*, but *saving* the guilty, through not clearing the Son of His own love? Oh! let me, through the Word, throw back the outer covering from over the glory of the Lord, and reveal to you the Lord Himself—Jesus, who gave His life a ransom for the guilty.

Ah, poor desolate one, how tenderly I could address you. You are saying, “Some have all they want, and I have nothing; nothing in my domestic circle; I am not happy in my nearest ties, I am not happy in my home, or in my children, or in my business, or in my profession; I am not happy in my religion even; I feel as if marked of God to be destitute and desolate.” Ah, poor sinner, if thou wert the Queen, and without the Lord, thou wouldst not be happy. Thou fanciest if thou wert happy in thy business, home, and children, thou wouldst be happy indeed. But it is not so. It still would be—“There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;” none, none. But behold the Son of God as dying for the wicked, and the wicked, on believing, have at once a ground of delight, and are no longer treated by God as such.

I have said I do not like additions to the Word;

when *the Lord* says, "I came not to call *theri* ghteous," *man* must needs put in the word "*self*," and say he came not to call the *self*-righteous! If that be the case, melancholy plight we are all in. For there is not a sinner living but is full of *self*, aye, of *self-righteousness* too. Ah, no; He came not to call the righteous. Why? Because there are none "*righteous*" to call—no, not one. He came to call *the sinner*, yea, the *self-righteous* sinner, if you will. He died for the guilty. And now He comes to you, by His servant, to call not the righteous but *simmers* to repentance. Oh, may the Master of Assemblies just now teach each sinner to say—If *that* be *the Gospel*, then how suited it is for *me*, for I am *not righteous*; if anything, I am *self-righteous*!" It is a gospel for you! The *self-righteous* are *lost*, the *self-righteous* are *simmers*, the *self-righteous* are *guilty*. He came to *save* the "*lost*," He came to *reconcile* the "*sinner*," He came to "*put away sin*," He came to *die* for the "*guilty*." Behold, then, the Gospel of our salvation! Oh, believe me, if you see it, and can take it, and embrace it, you have now, this very hour, the first gleam of that delight of which we have spoken. Blessed gleam! to spread endlessly and infinitely; and blessed Lord, source of that gleam!

"With Him shall my rest be on high,  
When in holiness bright I sit down—  
In the joy of His love ever nigh—  
In the peace that His presence shall crown.

"'Tis the TREASURE I've FOUND in His LOVE,  
That has made me a pilgrim BELOW;  
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,  
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know.

"And, Saviour, 'tis Thee from on high  
I await, till the time Thou shalt come,  
To take him Thou hast led by Thine eye,  
To Thyself in Thy heavenly home.

"Till then 'tis the path Thou hast trod,  
My delight and my comfort shall be;  
I'm content with Thy staff and Thy rod,  
Till with Thee all Thy glory I see."

## ADDRESS XIV.

## ANOTHER COMFORTER.

“And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.”—JOHN xiv. 16, 17.

I HAVE this morning, beloved people, a burden on me, and I know not how better to relieve myself of it than by laying it down in your midst. I would, however, that you, too, may have it—may feel its weight, and know its meaning. It relates to the *promised indwelling and assigned work within us of the Holy Spirit*.

There are thousands, not unbelievers merely, but true Christians, who have never, with real Scriptural intelligence, looked to this. They do not, of course, deny the doctrine of the Spirit, nor do they designedly slight it; but not seeing it, they do not know it or enjoy it rightly. They take rank, as to their knowledge or experience, with such saved ones as the dying malefactor, who knew little or nothing as to the wondrous letter of the actual person of the Spirit, or of His presence in us.

This is truly a burden on one's soul. I repeat it,

I speak not now of the unconverted, for what can *they* know of the indwelling of God the Spirit within them? but of saints, the disciples of the Lord Jesus, who yet need to learn what are the words of the Lord Jesus respecting it.

Did not the Lord say, not as a mere figure, or as a make-believe, but as a divine truth, a wondrous fact, that "He," the Holy Spirit, whom He would send, "dwelleth with you, and shall be in you"? Mark, "*dwelleth* with you, and shall be *in you*." Wonderful word! dwelleth, not as a mere truth, or principle, or influence—but Himself, *personally, in us*. Oh, who can think of it with sufficient wonder? and who can mourn too much over the darkness that yet beclouds it?

The question of the Holy Spirit, as it regards us, finds its root in John xiv., where the Lord said to His disciples, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." Could words be more simple, or more explicit? The marvel is, how any one can escape their meaning. He, the Lord, had been a comforter, but was about to withdraw from those whom He had comforted. He was about to go to His Father, and so be no more *in person* with them; but He would pray the Father, who would give them *another* Comforter, who would be instead of Himself, and who would never leave them as did the Lord, but would "*abide with them for ever*." Was this a *new* promise? If not new, the words of the Lord have no meaning. If new, what different thoughts we ought to have of it, or of the truth it reveals—to those cherished in the old time by such saints as Eve, or Noah, or Abraham, or Isaiah, or David. Believe me, there was special meaning in this word of the departing Lord, that "He shall *abide* with you for ever." To abide, does not mean a visitation merely, or an occasional indwelling. This other Comforter was not to be as a wayfaring man, or

one who tarried only for a night. He was to be no *stranger* friend, no mere visitor for an occasion, but a true resident—a constant guest. Oh, who of us knows this as we might, or duly marvels at the grace and love it displays!

The highest thought which some believers have of the Holy Ghost is, that He deals with them *from afar*, or that He works *upon them* from heaven. But no, it is not said, He shall abide *in heaven*, though He is in heaven, but “He shall abide *with you* ;” nay, that “He shall be *in you*.” The Lord’s words show that there was to be, as it were, an exchange of places—that *He* who had been *here* was going to the Father, and that the Spirit, who was with the Father, was to take His place *here* with the Church, which exchange did occur at the ascension, and at Pentecost. Is it not in utter ignorance of this that not a few Christians are ever looking for some undefined impulse, or influence, or baptism, to come from afar—from heaven shall we say, supposing the Holy Ghost to be still there, not knowing or living in the power of the blessed words, “He shall be with you, and in you ;” and again, “*He shall abide with you for ever.*”

Let us not be misunderstood. With the Church in the wilderness, and even after, as in the days of David, Solomon, and others, the Holy Ghost did so descend. The scene of His operations, as it is now with the ascended Lord, was in *heaven*. From heaven, therefore, He wrought His mighty deeds and wonders in the time of old. It was by the power of the Spirit that Sampson carried away the gates of Gaza ; by the same power David slew the lion and the bear. It was by the Spirit of God that Solomon had his wisdom ; David, also, and all the prophets. But this promise brings in a new thing regarding the Spirit. The Lord, in person, was going away ; the Spirit, in person, would come. The Lord, in person, was going to pre-

pare a home for his absent ones in the Father's house; the Spirit would come here and possess a dwelling for Himself in the saints. The Lord knew His absence would be, or ought to be, a sorrow; the Spirit would abide with them, and be in them a *Comforter*. Oh! let me ask you, do we know Him as such? Does it give you sorrow that the Lord is now absent, and does it comfort you to have the Holy Spirit dwelling in you, that other Comforter, who is to abide with us for ever? Alas! many of us seem as if in this sense of Him we have scarcely heard *if there be a Holy Ghost*. Else why stand we gazing up into heaven, when the blessed ONE promised is already *with us*, and shall be *in us*?

But, a step further. I need scarcely say, that these words are not now simply *promise*; they have been fulfilled, and have accordingly become *fact*. Our natural normal state as saints is, that, whether we know it or not, we *have* the Spirit, and are to have Him for ever; that He is with us, and shall be in us; that since His descent He has never been withdrawn, but is, and will be, always with us. As with a thousand other things, we may be but ill instructed in it, but the truth is so, and cannot be changed. As I have intimated, the knowledge of the dying thief on the cross must have been very limited. He knew not how to distinguish between the coming kingdom and paradise, yet was he a saved sinner, a child of God—nay, he was a son and heir; and on dying entered paradise, for which, in a moment of time, independent of all his own attainments, he was perfectly and eternally meet. Thus is it with many truly saved souls, who, alas! but imperfectly have thought of what Christ, in heaven, is doing for them, or what the blessed Paraclete, here, is doing in them. They are anxious, it may be, they strive, they labour, they groan. Yet may the striving, and the groaning be not *self-born*, but of the Spirit who is in them. The life in them which mourns over evil—

longs after God—languishes for Christ, and holiness, and heaven—is a life not natural to them as carnal, but is of God, through His Spirit, who is in them. They may not know this as they ought. Yonder peasant, reaping in that harvest field, has natural life in him, yet he has been working for thirty or sixty years in the daily use of that principle, without ever giving it a thought. He is living in singular ignorance as to the power which enables his hand to reap the corn, and his arm to gather the sheaves to his bosom. It is the power which dwells—shall I say—specially in the head, that gives life to, and animates the whole body. Thus is it with Christ and His Church. But see a saint living on his knowledge of Christ, in whom he is complete, and with whom he is accounted by God as one, yet, oftentimes not knowing that the power which enables him to do so, is the power and presence of the Spirit of God who is in him. Beloved, one is burdened in soul at the thought, that there are believers of the nineteenth century who need to be brought back from where they are, as to this truth, to the calm first hour which saw it fall from the lips of the blessed Lord Jesus, “And if I go, I will send another Comforter, who shall abide with you for ever.” And now, Jesus had said, “If I go not away, the Comforter will not come;” accordingly, when He had gone the Comforter came. He had commanded His disciples to “*tarry at Jerusalem, until they were endued with power from on high.*” The disciples did tarry at Jerusalem with “one accord and one mind,” until at Pentecost the Holy Ghost came upon them, and they were “filled with the Holy Ghost.” It was at this early date, after the Lord ascended, that the Spirit came—came as He had said, not on a mere visitation, but to abide—“to abide *with us, and in us, for ever.*”

But how or wherefore came He? He came *as a*

witness; He witnessed to them of the truth of what Jesus had said—viz., “I go to my Father, and if I go, I will send the Comforter.” So when the Spirit came, He was a witness that Jesus *had gone to the Father*. He is, in fact, the great witness we have down here that Jesus has, in reality, gone to, and has been received by, His Father. How else, after such promise, do we know that He went to His Father? We cannot see inside the gates of Paradise; but *this* we know, Jesus had said, “If I depart, I will send the Comforter.” The Comforter *came*; and when He came, He was a witness that Jesus had gone to the Father, that the atonement was accepted, that complete and perfect satisfaction for our sins had been made, and that now, in righteousness, along with Christ, “we have liberty to enter into the holiest by His blood,” as He said, He shall convince you of *righteousness*, because I go to my Father. The fact that *we* have the Spirit, shows that He is now with the Father; but He could not be there, except in righteousness. The Spirit tells us He *is* there, therefore in righteousness.

But further, He *came as an unction*. In the Levitical dispensation the most beautiful spices, myrrh, cinnamon, and cassia were bruised, and mixed together with oil, to form a holy anointing oil, which, when made, was poured on Aaron’s head and came down to the very skirts of his garments, and the perfume, or pleasure—shall I say joy—filled the place. Witness the joy of Pentecost when the Spirit, the unction from the Head, came down on the members. *They*, the saints, were filled with joy, so much so that it was said, “They were full of new wine.” They had the anointing of the Head flowing down on, and *into* the newly formed body of the Church; they had the Holy Ghost, *the promise of the Father, the Paraclete*.

*He came as a guest*. He who then came to the

body, now dwells *in* the body. It is not to say, He *may* dwell in it; He *does* dwell in it. Any new member added to the body makes no difference. Raise a house (to change the metaphor) another story higher, it is the same life dwelling in it. Each stone conscious, or not, is but part of the habitation for the same life. So with the Spirit and the Church. If the body be of a thousand, or of a thousand million members, it is all the same. They are the *habitation* of God *through* the Spirit. He dwells in Christ, and in them. The Head and body form one new man. The Spirit it is who brings the fulness of the Head down into the body.

He came *as a seal*, God putting His own *mark* on the young Church, as if to say, This is the body of Christ; these are members, of which He is Head. It was God *owning* the Church, setting His own seal on it. Says Paul, "Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise;" and again, speaking of the Spirit, "Whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption."

And further: He came as a *Teacher*. "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance;" and truly, He had much, through the word, to reveal; as Paul says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." *The deep things*—Christ *for* us and *in* us, the gift of God's eternal and unchangeable love to us as sinners; His love *as Father*, loving us with the same love with which, from eternity, He has loved His Son; God's estimate of sin, its evil, its doom, as seen in the cross; God Himself, as seen in the death of His Son; His grace, holiness, justice, love; our own rank as sons and heirs, our inheritance with Christ, our hope of coming glory. What things are these!

how deep, how vast ! It is the Spirit who teaches them to us, else had we never known them. The natural eye never sees them, the natural ear never hears them. It is by these He sanctifies—"Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth." Especially was He to be a Comforter—*another* Comforter. The Lord Himself had been a Comforter. Oh, that I could transport you to that evening when Martha and Mary walked back to their home in Bethany with Lazarus, their own risen one, with them. Methinks they scarcely knew how to break the silence of their astonished minds, or, that silence, once broken, cease to tell of what the Lord had done. But whether did the risen Lazarus or the truth afford the greatest joy. Said Jesus, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Perchance, as they retired to some one room of their blest home together, they said, "Was there ever such a Comforter ! Such words ! Such deeds ! Wonderful that He ever made our house His resting place—our hearts His solace. What a Saviour ! Death, the grave, corruption, all as nothing to Him." It was the same with the homes of Jairus and the Nain widow, and many others; they never could forget His grace and love, never fail to call Him Comforter. How especially did His disciples know Him as one who comforted them. How they felt it when He was about to leave them, and gathered around Him after His resurrection; at one time five hundred brethren at once. They had gathered specially to look on Him who had been dead; they identified their risen Lord. How the imagination might look on those five hundred, and ask *who* they were. There might have been such as Bartimeus, whose eyes He had opened, and the young man of Nain, who had been raised from the dead, and the living daughter of Jairus, and Mary Magdalene, out

of whom He had cast seven devils, and others whose names we may yet know in that home which for us and them He is gone to prepare. Delightful will it be there to rehearse the deeds, the wondrous, tender deeds of solace and salvation, strewn so plentifully along the earthly pathway of our incarnate Lord. It is by the truth the Holy Ghost comforts; by the truth He furnishes His dwelling in the believing soul with peace and rest, with assurance and joy, with holiness and hope. He reveals the blood, and we have peace; He reveals the blood as having been taken into the holiest for us, and we have boldness to enter; He reveals the promise of the coming of the Lord, of resurrection and life, and we have a hope full of glory.

Many other things does the Spirit of God who is in us. *He leads us*—"As many as are *led* by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;" *He helps us*—"The Spirit also *helpeth* our infirmities, for we know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered." Hence, it is He who leads us from sin and self into Christ; it is He who leads us into all the fulness there is for us in Christ. It is He who helps us in our walk with God—gives knowledge, fellowship, rest, peace. It is He who gives us to groan. We groan for God, for more and more of *God Himself*. We groan for Christ, for holiness, for heaven. We groan against sin. We groan in our utter loathing of our own downfalls into sin, and loss of life, and power, and grace, in our fellowship and walk with God. Alas! what else is our life, some of us, but a "groan"? For who knows God as we might? or the Lord? or holiness? or love?—His own love—blessed ONE!

Oh! I am weary of my love,  
That doth so little towards Thee move,  
Yet do I constant, inly groan,  
To know the depth of all Thine own.

That groan, sweet Spirit, is from Thee,  
Nor self-begotten ere can be;  
No natural heart, dear Lord, of mine,  
Could long to lose itself in Thine.

We have thus seen the *need* there was for the promise of the Father. Let us again inquire as to the *scene of His operations*. Speaking generally, the Spirit is in the Church, which is Christ's body; but more particularly, He is in *every believer*, whether that believer knows it or not. Jesus said, "He shall be in you;" that is, God the Holy Ghost shall be in you—in you as an actual living presence, which He has been for the last eighteen centuries, dwelling in all the redeemed members which compose the body, of which the Lord Jesus is the Head. Oh! let us think of this, and say, what manner of persons ought we to be, since the Holy Spirit of God has indeed taken up His abode in us. What a wonderful indwelling! and yet how little valued or even thought of. Many, as we have said, are praying that the Holy Ghost may come down. Why, beloved, He *has* come down; and ever since Pentecost He has been in the Church, quickening, purifying and comforting, or, alas, hindered and grieved. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" Oh! did the saints but really know it, really believe it—what a practical Christianity it would give. Could I do a disgraceful act, having within me the Spirit of God? Could I defile the temple of God? Ah! beloved, we have spoken of being one with Jesus—of our association with Jesus—and that is a wondrous truth; but I now speak of a truth scarcely less wondrous—namely, that *we are dwell in by the Holy Spirit of God*. Oh, to have Him in us an ungrieved Spirit! For how indulge in evil? how take pleasure in sin? or how yield to pride or levity? Beloved, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Ah, how

do you know but that your present darkness of soul comes of the fact, that you *have* been grieving the Holy Ghost. Is it not for a grief that the Holy Ghost has been sent by Jesus as a substitute for Himself, and that some of you are living without even knowing that He is in you—without even acknowledging His presence and power? What a loss do such suffer! For it is “where the Spirit of the Lord is,” (not where He is in *fact*, for He dwells in every believer, but where He is in *felt presence*,) “there is liberty”—liberty of soul, liberty of entrance before God, liberty of utterance, liberty in the affections, liberty in prayer, liberty in labour—“where the Spirit of the Lord is”—*dwells*, and *works unhindered*—“there is liberty.”

But there is one thing more, said Jesus. “He will abide with you **FOR EVER**”—not subject to an end or departure. The present age is one of separation from the Lord, and is to have an end, at which end, when the Lord comes, which may be soon, the saints are to be taken away, to be for ever with Him. Meanwhile, the Spirit is with them here, and will remain here, until, the desert past, they are brought, by Him, into the presence of their descended Lord.

But some one may say, Will there be no Holy Ghost in the millennium? Was there no Holy Ghost in the olden time; that is, *before* this time of indwelling? Surely yes. He was with Noah, Enoch, Moses, and David. “Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”

The Holy Ghost will be with the Jews and the converted nations in the millennium as He was in the old dispensation, only, doubtless, much more constantly and mightily, also universally. There is no difficulty to the mind that understands dispensational truth. The Holy Ghost now dwells in the Church here on earth. He abides to effect good and to hinder

evil. Hence this evil age cannot head up into its greatest manifestation whilst He is here ! The man of sin cannot head up in his iniquity while the Holy Ghost is here, who, in the Church, acts as salt and as light—as salt, purifying and keeping alive, and as light, revealing and making manifest. While the Church is on earth the Holy Ghost abides in it, but when the Church, as in 1 Thess. iv., is caught up, then “He that now letteth will be taken out of the way, and *then* shall that wicked be revealed,” and *destroyed*. But after *his* revelation and destruction, the world, as in Zech. xiv., will have its *millennium*; meanwhile, its condition will be one of deepening evil, as described in Matt. xxiv. But I need not enlarge. I have given you what I have been feeling deeply, that many believers are living in practical ignorance of this truth, so that in this sense of it they might say, “We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost;” and I feel it is because the Spirit is so little known by us that there is so little life or power in us, and that so many are going on from day to day in anxiety, perplexity, and doubt, waiting—yes, waiting—for *the Spirit to come down* !

And now, mark, the Holy Ghost came not to the world. He came to the Disciples, to the Church; and when He came, they went forth preaching the Gospel to the world in the power of the Spirit; and every soul that believed was saved. The disciples never told the people they must *wait for the Spirit*; albeit, on believing, He did come into their dark, dead souls. Their cry was, “BELIEVE.” Not that I mean to say a soul is ever converted until quickened *by the Spirit*. No; the first act in the salvation of a sinner is of and *by God*. But as to our duty to the sinner himself, this is the Gospel—“He that *believeth, hath everlasting life*”—which duty we have seen in these days to be so wondrously blessed. Wherever the grand truth is preached—salvation on believing—there souls *are* saved.

This was the Gospel Peter preached at Pentecost when three thousand souls were converted. He said—“This Jesus, whom ye have taken and, by wicked hands, have crucified and slain, hath God raised up to give remission of sins; and [believing] they were pricked to the heart, and as many as heard the word believed, and there were added to the Church about three thousand souls.”

If the anxious sinner wants to know what is there for him to *do*, we tell him there are three things for him to do. First, let him own that his sins were laid on Jesus; second, let him own that they were atoned for and expiated on the cross; and, thirdly, let him own (God so declaring it) that they were completely put away. There is no peace, no rest, no assurance, until the sinner believes *that*; and he may believe it all *now*. I can never get peace by looking in *here*. Oh, the nest of evil, life more and more discloses to be there; but I look at the cross, and there seeing sin, not merely borne but put away, I have peace. If a soul feels a longing and yearning for the Spirit, and prays for the Spirit, *that soul is not a dead soul*, but a *divinely quickened soul*; and God will give the desire of the heart; but the first duty of an enemy whose life has been forfeited, and to whom salvation is freely offered, is not so much to weep, or promise, or ask even, but *to receive*.

And now, beloved, how practical are all these truths. If the Holy Ghost be *another Comforter*, is *He so to you*? If a *Sanctifier*, is *He such to you*? His work, on entering His temple, is to subdue it—that is, to keep under the evils which are found in us. Hence, if we walk in the Spirit, we shall mortify the deeds of the body: in proportion as this is done, is our growth in a personal holiness, a practical sanctification, which however, because of the flesh in us, is never complete. Our only completeness is in Christ, who of God is made

unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. If you are indwelt by the Holy Ghost, are you living in the Spirit? walking in the Spirit? and *waiting* on the Spirit? Just imagine a Christian opening the Bible, without waiting on the Spirit to guide him in reading it! You never think of asking the Spirit to guide you in reading the *Times*. You smile at that; but many a person opens his Bible just as he would his newspaper, without ever seeking blessing or direction: and yet, "what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God." If I speak to you of myself, I speak of what I know; but if I speak to you of God and of Jesus, I must wait on the Spirit in the Word. How intensely blessed some of you found this to be at the Lord's table this morning! May the Spirit of God put us all more practically into the happy experience of what it is to be "filled with the Spirit."

And now once more cast your eyes on Rom. viii. 14, where it is said, "As many as *are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*" Are you being led? Are you at all *led* from the world to God—from self to Christ? Then it is *the Spirit* in you, and you are *sons*. Also on verse 26—"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but *the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.*" Do you thus *groan*? Do you *groan* after God and against sin? Then it is *the Spirit* in you. Those groans are not *inborn* or *self-begotten*. The groans, moreover, tell you of *His presence in you*, which presence to you, and in you, is a *witness* that you are a child of God. Has the Spirit shown you the love of God and of *the Father*? Then are you saying, *Abba, Father*, and have the spirit of adoption. How clear is this! how blessed! how consolatory!

Now, if anyone asks how the Spirit indwells in a soul, or how the Spirit comes into a soul, I have said that at Pentecost the Spirit entered into the body—the Church—and has never since left it. Thus when a soul believes the Gospel—becomes a believer—it belongs to the body, and so is indwelt by the Spirit; but, not only does the Spirit dwell in the body collectively, He dwells in each individual member of the body; so that the moment the soul looks at Jesus, and sees sin put away, and has rest and peace about sin, he may know that he has the Spirit. Such rest and peace are not from the corrupt heart, but are the fruits within him of a new guest—a heavenly guest—even the Comforter, the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost. And, beloved people, you either have the Spirit indwelling in your own soul or you have not. If you have not, nothing will do instead—neither your knowledge nor your religion—neither your ordinances or attainments—you are yet in your sins: for “if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, *he is none of his*.”

I know many of you are unconverted. May the Holy Ghost give vitality to the truth; it is He who comes to such as you through the truth, bearing with Him tidings of life and peace. The heart, believing the message, He enters, giving it liberty as well as life and peace. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” My beloved, may God give you to understand this truth, that you may be saved. What honours the Spirit is believing *in Jesus*. Believe then in Jesus. Believe, and not question.

Abraham believed, “not considering”—that is, he did not doubt or question. Naaman did question, and as long as he questioned, salvation was waiting for him in the Jordan; but the moment he ceased questioning, he went to the water and washed, and his skin was as white as an infant's. When God tells me I am condemned to die, and that I have neither life nor anything

of my own *but sin*, and that the Lord Jesus died to take my condemnation, and rose *because* of my justification, I simply believe God, and, believing, I have life—salvation—I am a member of the body, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

This is the unfettered Gospel, beloved—the Gospel which the Holy Ghost loves to own and use, along with the entrance of which into a sinner's mind, He, too, as I have said, delights to enter, furnishing it with rest and peace, with joy and assurance. Said Jesus, "He shall not speak of Himself; He shall receive of mine and show it unto you." May God grant that you may now understand. Saith the Spirit in the Word—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

---

## ADDRESS XV.

## REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

"And Sarah was an hundred and seven and twenty years old: these were the years of the life of Sarah. And Sarah died in Kirjathbarba; the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan: and Abraham came to mourn for Sarah, and to weep for her. And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight."—GEN. xxiii. 1-4.

It was sin which brought in death. Beloved, never think lightly of sin. It was sin which crucified the Lord Jesus; nothing brings out the exceeding vileness and heinousness of sin like the cross of Christ. The cross is a glass wherein we see everything in its true light; it shows us our own wretchedness and degradation, also our redemption and salvation in Jesus.

But if by sin came death, by Christ is the resurrection from the dead. See this attitude of Abraham! "He stood up from before (or out of) his dead." See him burying his dead out of his sight,—calmly laying down in the tomb all that remained of one who was very dear to him—laying her down, ah, yes! in this early age, in the sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life. No ordinary grief to Abraham was Sarah's death; for in truth Sarah was no ordinary woman. She stands out in a marked manner to our view. Once in years gone by her beauty had been a

snare to him in the presence of kings. Of her was born the promised seed. Of her was one who was greater than Isaac. But Abraham believed in her resurrection from among the dead. Thus early we trace glorious gospel doctrines, shining forth brightly amid much that was dark and shadowy.

Abraham may be said to be a *representative man*. There are, in fact, *seven* representative men in the foreground of Scripture, who doubtless were all ordained by God to unfold gradually, amidst Old Testament shadows, the glorious truths so fully revealed in our own time.

The first of such men is *Abel*. Abel brought an offering unto God, and on the ground of that offering he was accepted. But what was his offering? It was an offering of *blood*. Thus early, in past ages, is the blood presented. It was on the ground of a slain lamb that Abel, sinful as he was, was well-pleasing before the Lord, or, as the word is, was "*accepted*;" or rather it was on the ground of what was typified, which was Christ. Do you see it, beloved? do ye see Abel presenting the *blood*? and himself accepted because of the blood? Such must be the attitude of every believing, trusting sinner; he must bring Christ. All ages stand upon His blood; whether antediluvian, or postdiluvian, Mosaic, Christian, or millennial,—all ages root as to salvation on *the blood*, or are built on it as upon an unchanging rock; whether in the kingdom or in the glory, all, all rest on *His blood*. To know Christ crucified *for us* is the beginning of all saving truth, the foundation of all rest, hence our merit before God; it is the first marked object shown to us in Scripture. Sings Rutherford of Jesus, who bought us with His blood—

"I stand upon His merit,  
I know no safer stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land.

That merit, dear people, must be and is the standing place of every saint.

The next representative man we meet is *Enoch*. Enoch is not so much a type of acceptance through the blood, but of *life* and *immortality* brought to light through the Gospel. Enoch "was not, for God took him." He did not die, but was simply changed into a better and greater life than any he had known before. On being changed, he possessed a life never more to change, never more to die. This was significant. For life, our life in Christ, is eternal; no death to the believer, but life and immortality. Thus, says Paul, whether we wake or sleep, we shall *live*, together with Him. The life he meant is not *moral* life; that we now have, but life *from the dead, or changed*. That is, if we die, we shall be *raised*, raised in the likeness of the Lord Jesus, or if we remain and are alive at His coming, we shall be, as was Enoch, *changed*. This is our hope. The Jew looked for a Messiah who would come to reign; we look for *Jesus*, who will change our vile bodies, and fashion them like unto His own body of glory. We live in faith, not for ourselves so much as for Israel and the world, of *a coming Messiah*, the son of David, to reign on earth; but we of this dispensation, who believe in a rejected Jesus, look for Him from heaven, to take us to Himself. Meanwhile He is the object of our faith and of adoring worship. Ah, yes! we ought, each of us, to say, "I love to take my place with a crucified Jesus, outside the camp. I love to stand with Him in the rejection. I love to share His scorn, His sufferings, and to know that He is now a glorified man in heaven, that as *Son* He will come again, and that when He shall *appear* in the regeneration, they who have been with Him in His rejection shall appear with Him, and sit down *with Him on His throne*, dwelling and reigning together with Him. Beloved, do you not see where he puts such? "*With me on my throne.*" And

us?—Not so much to be *reigned over*, but as kings and priests to *reign with Him*!

But for this we must be *raised* or *changed*; one or the other, not both. For these ends Christ is *the resurrection*, or the raiser up of the dead; and the life,—*the changer* of the living. So said Jesus to Martha: “I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, *though he were dead*, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me *shall never die*,” i.e., he that believeth and is alive when I come, *he shall never die*. Thus also Paul, “We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed.” Enoch did not sleep, but *was changed*.

But another truth foreshadowed in Enoch. Enoch was taken away *before the flood came*, intimating, as we believe, that believers in Jesus will be safely taken away before *the great tribulation*, before the terrible vials of God’s wrath are poured out. Thus the Lord Jesus, when He comes for His disciples, as promised in John xiv. 1, 3, will take out of a world which has rejected Him all that is *precious*; but when subsequently, as we believe, He *appears* as Messiah, He will take out of His kingdom all that *offends*. For these ends He will, we think and believe, come, specifically and perhaps *privately* as Head, our glorious Head, to take away His members; and next appear publicly to visit the Sodom of this world with its threatened destruction. And then throughout a millenium of years, blessedly as King of peace He will reign.

Again we look on past ages, and our eye rests upon *Noah*. Here is a *third* representative character. Noah, unlike Enoch, was not taken away before the wrath to come. Yet he was saved, was brought through the overwhelming flood; so doubtless will it be with Israel in the latter day. After the flood Noah appears as a new forefather, the head and source of a fresh generation. So also will it be with Israel, who, according to Isa. lxi.,

will be the head and root of the new age—the age of righteousness in all nations—the *millennial* age. Then will the saved earth know its 60th of Isaiah; that grand description of its condition, with Jew and Gentile all saved, all blessed, all glorious! But *before* this, and before the tribulation which will precede it, like Enoch, the members of Christ's body, the Church, will have been taken away, as in 1 Thess. iv., and be for ever with the Lord. Hence when God comes, we shall come *with* Him. When the Lord *appears* in glory to reign, on or over the earth, Rev. v. 10, we shall appear with Him. Is it not so? Ah, beloved people, do not imagine these things to be visionary, but search the word. These things are written for our comfort and joy; and they gleam out as bright dawn on an horizon which will yet glow into a glorious day!

We pass on and come to a *fourth* representative man; not now one who typified blood; that we have seen,—yet, oh, it is the blood of Jesus only which can satisfy our soul's longing; nothing else, nothing short of or below it can save our soul. But from the moment I am taught by God the true value of the blood, or am brought by faith into the realisation of what the blood is *to* me, and where it places me—*inside the holiest*, from that moment, this present evil age is as nothing to me. I am as one dead to the world, and the world is dead to me. My position in relation to the world is—first, *taken out of the world*; next, *sent into it*, but not now a lover and friend of the world; but to live and labour as one who is a *stranger* in it—a *pilgrim* and a *sojourner*. Here *Abraham* stands before us as a model pilgrim. No doubt believers are thought *strange*. So was Abraham. People thought him “a strange man.” What! without any settled rest, or so much as a foot of land to call his own, to leave home and kindred, and his own land! and for a land his friends knew nothing of, and which he had never seen. Yet, as

we have often remarked, there was a defect in our model pilgrim. At the first, instead of *leaving* his kindred, he took his father and Lot with him; the command was to get up out of *his kindred*, and out of his father's house. Ah, beloved, that father hampered him, and so did Lot. He should simply have done as God commanded, have left *all*, and oh! what an immensity of trouble he would have spared himself. At Haran God took his father from him, and then, and not till then, did he fully get up and start forward. Lot caused him still more uneasiness. God, beloved, calls you to be a *pilgrim*! but if you *will* be mixed with the world as if still its citizen; if you *will* have its so-called pleasures, and live its life, then, prepare for it, your hindrances, or shall I say your idols, must die. If you will go into the world, and be of it, under the false notion of thus making it better, the Lord will deal with you. He will chasten you. What is it which makes a pilgrim? *Death* will make a pilgrim; if at the cross you have died (judicially) together with Christ, and *are* (judicially) *dead*, then (morally) you are to live as one dead. You are to mortify whatever is according to the world. Your affections, your *mind* will be set on things which are above. Says Paul, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." *A greater treasure* known to be his *in heaven* will make of a man a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. *God* is that treasure. *Heaven* itself is a treasure—its holiness and love, its service and rest, its glory and joy. Christ is the true treasure. He will allure you to where He is. But oh! set not your affections here! If you have loved too fondly with a mere creature love, even the babe over whose cradle you have sung your first lullaby,—if you have cherished with too engrossing an affection, your children, your wife, your husband,—if as a Christian you have been unduly absorbed in business or with riches,—if you have been setting up your

own poor name, your own reputation, your own work for the Lord, making *yourself* an idol,—O beloved, God will take you in hand, He will in love dash your idol from before your eyes, He will make earth desolate, so that you may indeed say—

"This world is a wilderness wide,  
I have nothing to seek or to choose,  
I've no thought in the waste to abide,  
I've nought to regret or to loose."

O beloved, if there be a home above, whose pavement glitters with all the effulgence of Deity, whose walls glow with the emitted radiance of every precious stone, whose very light is the Lamb,—oh, if heaven be *your* home, and you are hastening towards it, can you rest in the wilderness? If the God of glory have presented to your view the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away, how can your eyes be drawn away to the fleeting, the uncertain baubles of time? The city to which Abraham was called, was out of sight; so, our prepared home, believer, is not here. Our eyes are out on unseen mansions. Has death, many times entered your circle? have you felt the uncertain nature of things here? and does Jesus say, "I am gone to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and take you unto myself, that *where I am there ye may be also*"? Ah, then are you not a pilgrim? Do you not feel a *home* feeling? Have you not a longing for home? Oh, what a portion is the believer's! What a *rest* is there in Jesus! Beloved, look upon Abraham as a pattern pilgrim; he had naught but his *tent* and his *altar*. Naught, did I say? He had God, and wanted for nothing; he was satisfied with a tent and an altar; the tent showed he had no established home in the waste, the altar showed that God was his portion. To mark the order of these is interesting. He had an altar, *therefore* a tent. Some people strive to begin with

having a tent; but that is beginning at the wrong end. Some people, with a very mistaken notion, *begin* with falling out with the world—merely disgusted with it, and not allured by a higher thing from it; they end in a monastery or a nunnery. Romanism advises poverty, personal misery, that the self-afflicted soul may be saved; it begins with the *tent*. True religion shows God to be the only suitable portion for the soul; it brings from sin and self to *God*, through Christ, and *the believing sinner* at once *becomes a living worshipper*. He begins with the altar, and along with it the tent is enough. Ah yes, beloved, as with the blossom and the fruit, the one drops when the other appears; so with the true believer in his relation to God and the world. The life of *God* in the soul is the doom of the world. Believe me, beloved, when you have got God, when He is our portion, then all the world's idols, and the world's pleasures, may well of their own accord die and drop away.

"'Tis the treasure I've found in His love,  
That has made me a pilgrim below."

It was the treasure found in the heir of the promises that made one of old traverse the desert, and forget, as it were, her kindred and her father's house; it was the joy of sharing with him the rank and glory of heir, that made her a stranger in a strange land. And so with you. It is the joyous knowledge that He has made you heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. 'Tis *this* which will do more than all else to wean you from earth, and make you strangers and pilgrims here. But you must have *God* first. Never forget the two things: the altar first, then the tent;—Christ first, then separation from "this present evil age."

And now another thing here, not personal, but dispensational. Abraham was, so to speak, the grand root of two things. Said God, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number

them; and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." And subsequently God led him forth upon the seashore, and told him to number, if he were able the sands upon it—giving him thereby an idea of the vastness of his posterity. In these two figures—the stars and the sands—we see, as we think, two mighty dispensations. Abraham was father of the Christian dispensation (the heavenly) symbolised by the stars; and he was also father of the Jewish, represented by the sands: one a heavenly, the other an earthly glory.

Beloved, how we could linger on and on here upon the kingdom and the glory, the earthly and the heavenly, as on a loved theme, a fond employ; but we must pass on, taking a solitary glance at another representative man, even *Isaac*, who was a type of Christ, the great heir of all things. And as Isaac typified Christ, so he also typified us, for being united to Christ, being one with Him, we are joint-heirs with Him. Christ is heir of all things, in virtue of His creative power, because He created all things; and He is heir in virtue of His Sonship, for if son, then heir; and we are heirs because He would have us to be as He is, as *one* with Him to share even His heirship of all things. Moreover, He makes us *sons*—"And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts;" "And if children, then heirs." As such we are yet to inherit all things. Meanwhile, as Isaac abode in his own home, and seldom, as with others, is seen a wanderer from it, so now, Christ, who, having passed into the heavens, is "*Son over His own house.*"

We next come to *Jacob*. It is not the blood which distinguishes this representative man, nor resurrection life, nor yet the pilgrim character merely; but in Jacob we have a son under discipline, one who falls into deep sin; and God must deal with sin, though it be in His own children. Jacob had supplanted his brother, had lied to his father, and connived with his mother. And

now to avoid his angered brother, he must flee from his home, become an exile and wanderer—bitter fruit of his sin; but God meets with him. Oh beautiful photograph of *what* God in His *grace is!* For how does God deal with this sinning, solitary one? Oh, I beseech you, you who want to know *God*, His love and grace, mark this wonderful grace, this amazing love! Does God destroy him? No indeed. Does He visit him with judgments? does He, beloved, take this method? Oh, no. Behold, He sets up a ladder, whose foot is on the earth, and whose top is in heaven, and there gives him glimpses of the kingdom and the glory; yea, the kingdom on earth, and the glory above it. And what does God say to him? Does he say to him, “Oh, Jacob, your downfall, how dreadful? You have been a fearful transgressor, and I am come to destroy!” O, beloved, listen! is it not a marvel of marvels?—listen; these are His words: *not, lo I will destroy, or lo, I will forsake, but, “Lo, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places, whithersoever thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land: for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.”* This was compassion like a God. “Oh, to grace, how great a debtor.” You see He kills us—that is, our evils, our deadly evils, our *sins*—with grace; He *forgives* our sins, and remembers no more our iniquities. Yet what son is there whom the Father chasteneth not? He *does* chasten us; yea, think of that word “scourgeth”—“*scourgeth* every son whom He receiveth.” He does deal with us in love for our sins; yet, as it regards our place in His presence where Christ is, He sees us complete in Him. Yea, the light of His glory fails to detect one flaw in the comeliness of the believer. Ah, it is worth twenty deaths to get into such grace as that which Jacob knew; worth the severe discipline of many lives to rest in such love.

Many another precious photograph of God do we get in Jacob,—for example, of the manner of His dealing with us when, with weak faith and faltering confidence, we tremble and are afraid. It was when thus afraid an angel wrestled with him at Peniel. In the words of a loved brother, “Jacob had laid all his plans, and was left alone, and there *wrestled a man with him* until the breaking of day; and it was not until he was touched in the hollow of his thigh, and was made to *cling* as helpless *worm* Jacob, and stop his wrestling, (cease to confide in his own expedients,)—his feet being taken from him—and “he wept and made supplication,” that “he had power over the angel and *prevailed*.” This alone is also *our* power—not our great wrestlings, and the secret entertainment of “confidence in the flesh;” but to be clinging like “*worm Jacob*” in conscious weakness and utter helplessness—with our feet gone—upon the mighty Lord, saying, “I will not let thee go except thou bless me.”

It is also said of Jacob, “as he passed over Peniel *the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh*.” It is when we are walking in a sense of conscious degradation and weakness as to what we are in ourselves—in the spirit of “though I be *nothing*”—that the sun rises upon us; the power of Christ rests upon us; for His grace is found sufficient for us; his strength is made perfect in weakness. It is, indeed, refreshing and seasonable to know that “*the Lord blessed him there*.” “*Fear not, worm Jacob!*” Fear not, feeble and timid believer; but remember you never can prevail with God to bless you until God has prevailed with you to smite the self-trusting wrestler (self) into a clinging worm.

And now we come to the *seventh* representative character, shall I say the Sabbath man, *Joseph*. How the eye delights to rest on Joseph! In *him* we find no fault; though I used to think it was a fault in Joseph,

to have been seventeen years from his home without so much as sending one message to his bereaved, aged father. Yet, is not this the present position towards His brethren of the true Joseph? He has, so to speak, sent no message to His house according to the flesh ever since He left. Israel knows nothing of His present great exaltation at the right hand of God.

Joseph was a marked type of Christ. Look at his sufferings; what a type, though imperfect, of Jesus, "who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame." Joseph, you know, dreamt that he saw before him fields aureate with a golden harvest, and that the sheaves of corn bowed to his sheaf, and so on; also the moon and the stars as bowing to him. He came and told the tale out to his brethren; but how did they treat him? Why, all the return he got was—they said, "Come let us kill him;" and they cast him into the pit. Was it not so with our Joseph, the Lord Jesus? Did He not come to His own, declaring His glory, and was not the message rejected, and was He not slain and put into the pit? But Joseph knew he should not die in the pit—the dream was equal to a promise, the sun and moon and stars were yet to do him obeisance; the sheaves were to fall down before him. Hence, in time, he was raised up, and after burial, as it were, in the pit and in the dungeon, was he not placed in power and great glory? Even so with the Lord, "His soul was not left in hell, nor did he see corruption."

But it was when away from his brothers that Joseph was so honoured—raised to the right hand of power and glory; even so it is with the Lord *now*, who, having purged our sins, sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high. Meanwhile, Joseph's brethren come into circumstances of sore want; famine and distress befall them; and then in midst of it all he reveals himself unto them as their Joseph—their saviour. As

yet Christ has not revealed Himself as Messiah to His own people, the Jews; but the days of their distress, of "Jacob's trouble," are at hand, then will He appear for their deliverance. And as Joseph's brethren bowed to the sheaf of his honour and glory, and became sharers of his honour and glory, so will it be with Israel in the latter day; they will own Jesus as their deliverer, and give Him honour and glory as their king. Ah, beloved, you may sooner pluck the sun from its heavenly orbit, or quench the brilliant effulgence of its rays; ye may sooner plunder hell of its torments, or heaven of its mansions, than rob Christ of this His coming kingly glory, or prevent this earth from seeing that glory. But mark, whilst Joseph was rejected by his brethren, he was far away, altogether unknown and unseen by them. But all the while what was he doing? Why, he was making provision, first, for a dark day—a time of famine and tribulation; also for a golden age. Ah, do ye not see Christ, our Joseph, hidden now from the natural sight of a rejecting world, yet providing, first of all, for us heavenly mansions—mansions which eye hath not seen—the *carnal* eye,—and which ear hath not heard—the *carnal* ear,—but which God hath revealed to us by His Spirit. And next, He is to save from out of the great tribulation, and bring into the glory of His kingdom, His elect remnant of Israel, who will say, "This is Jesus whom we crucified"—this is our Lord, we have waited for Him. And think you, did not Joseph inform his friends? Says Paul, "But God hath revealed these things unto us by His Spirit." And said Jesus, I will not call you servants, for servants know not what their Lord doeth; I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my father, I have made known unto you. And oh, what a revelation has He given! what a making known of His plans!

And now, beloved, may we all see our own part

in each of these men. They are the seeds of all glorious things! And look out on the most distant future! How precious is each one! We cannot do without Abel; for if no blood, no remission of sins. Or without Enoch; incorruption—life—to live together with Christ is our special hope. And how in peace bury our precious dead, unless in sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life. Or, how, apart from resurrection, apart from Christ, can we look the event of our own death peacefully in the face? Oh, it is when we see sin put away and forgiven, and that *for ever*, and this old flesh *dead*, and Christ our life, oh, it is *then* we can stand, as it were, over our own tomb, and exclaim, “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?” “As we have borne the image of the earthly, so we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.” What glory! what victory! Oh, look at it! what triumph in anticipation; clap your hands at the very thought! For when *He* comes, He will do three things: He will destroy death; He will destroy the grave; and He will change the living. And what a change! This corruptible will put on incorruption;

Heir of glory! *incorruption*  
*Never can be lost to thee!*  
 Since He made a long destruction  
 Of thy sins upon the tree.  
 Heir of glory!  
 What a hope for thee, for me.

What a marvellous redemption! With such a hope we may well be as Abraham, *pilgrims* in spirit and in life; and as Isaac, rejoicing in our heirship; and in the God of all grace, as Jacob found him to be; and let us know the sufferings of Christ, with the glory to follow, as shadowed forth in Joseph.

And, oh, to be practical here, how should our *life be conformed to our hope*. Christ is one thing; being

conformed to the hope we have of soon seeing him is another. It was Christ in heaven whom Paul knew to be there, and whom he loved, that gave rise to the strong wishes and desires he had to be with Him. To be *with* Christ. Waiting *there* for the glory was far better than remaining here. Paul is *our* model pilgrim in this respect. What says he? How lovely the description of "*the strait*" he was in. Says the Apostle, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." Now, there would have been no "strait" had he been clinging to this world, or there would have been no "strait" had he seen nothing worth living for here. "I am in a strait," he says, "*betwixt two*;" for here I am anchored, yet my canvas is unfurled! and the storms have come from off the land, loosening me from this world, and bidding me to set sail for the glory; moreover, the waves of earth roll out in sorrow by the side of my anchorage, and I long to draw anchor. To depart is far better. And then he turns to the other picture; for he well knew what Christ was *here*, what the work was *here*, what the love of saints was *here*, what it was to spend and to be spent *here*, what it was to be getting a weightier and weightier crown down *here*, to cast at Jesus' feet up *there*. And, looking at both pictures, he says, "I am in a strait betwixt two." Ah! Paul was no morbid sentimentalist. He was not like some who appear to see everything through one of those deceptive mirrors, which, whilst they magnify one part, diminish another. Such either magnify the world and live for it, and would grieve to leave it, or are all for departure and see nothing to anchor them here. Ah! you can never convert a soul in heaven. You can never add one such gem to the priceless crown of Jesus when inside the heavenly portals. "We would not live always;" yet who of us would like to be here if we could never add another act whereby Jesus could be

glorified? A poor life to have lived with some of us were it to end *now*! A poor prospect of a crown with some of us were we to depart *now*! Ah! how little any of us do for Him! How little do we glorify Him! Then apply the mirror of the Word itself, and, when you see *Jesus*, give way to your longing to be with Him, or when you see it would be for the glory of *Jesus* for you to remain, say with Paul, "Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful." In the mean while

"We'll stem the storm, it won't last long,  
We'll anchor by-and-by,  
In the haven of eternal rest,  
With *Jesus* ever nigh."

And now, O sinner, a word to you. Of all doctrines, the Abel doctrine is the foundation one; without the offering and the sacrifice—without an atonement for our sins, an expiation for our guilt—without a Saviour slain for us, we have no redemption; but "*we have redemption in His blood.*" Oh, if you feel your sins, and are weary of the load, come with me and see the blood of *Jesus*; look and live.

"That blood can make the foulest clean."

God accepted Abel and his offering. God has accepted Christ *as Saviour*, on the ground of His offering; and all who look to that offering are accepted in Him. Nay, have died together with Him; and are risen together with Him, and shall one day, *not far from hence*, come with Him. So wondrous is this union with *Jesus*, that He will not be in the glory, and leave you behind. Oh, keep your eyes on *Jesus*. For one look at your poor, wretched self, take twenty at HIM; it would cure you of that one look if you only knew Him as He is—your *Jesus*—your all in all. Count self to be *dead*,—utterly dead,—and Christ to be your life. Not *self*, but Christ; not *you*, but *Jesus*.

## ADDRESS XVI.

## THE BODY OF CHRIST.

"And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all."—EPHESIANS, i. 22, 23.

THE body of Christ we understand to be *His Church*, as the apostle says, "*The Church which is His body.*"

The body is not composed of Jews simply, as was the dispensation of old, nor of Gentiles merely, as the nations will be as distinct from Israel in the day of the Lord.

There will then, doubtless, be one glory of Israel, another glory of the nations, and another glory of the Church, which is His body. There will be those who will form the kingdom, and those who over the kingdom will reign together with Christ in the glory.

These several glories of the day of the Lord more or less find their separate roots now. For example: Israel, as among the nations, though not yet gathered, is a distinct people, a race not to pass away or to lose its distinct existence as such by any merging of itself with the nations. And there are the nations that now know not God, out of which God is calling both Jew and Gentile into one body. This latter, doubtless, is "the mystery" of Eph. iii. 3-6, where Paul says, "How that by revelation God made known unto me the mystery . . . which in other ages was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto His holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit; that the

Gentiles (or those of the nations) should be fellow-heirs, and of *the same body*" (or form *one body*). He speaks of it (Eph. iii. 9) as "*the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God.*"

I would suggest here, that it is *the body*, rather than *the bride*, which is the mystery hid. Those who love dispensational truth may search and see, bearing in mind that the bride is no where spoken of in all the writings of that apostle, who by emphasis is the apostle of the mystery; and that *the body*, as now revealed, is no where spoken of with any distinctness, if at all, *by the prophets*. The truth about the bride is evidently *no mystery*. The prophet who sings in the 45th Psalm is full of the bride, which bride in that Psalm is evidently Jewish. Isaiah lxii. relates to the bride, and is Jewish. The Song of Solomon, who for Israel was the kingly king, the king of glory, is full of the bride, which also is evidently Jewish. The prophets, too, elsewhere tell of the bride, grandly descanting upon it as upon a well-loved theme, and not as on any hidden thing or mystery, but as a glorious object of faith to be revealed in the latter days.

The *body*, with our own light in the word as revealed to Paul, can be discerned as having been hid in mystery; for example, as in *Eve*, who, respecting Adam, was a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones; also in Ps. cxxxix., where the Lord is seen as saying, "In thy book *all my members were w-r-i-t-t-e-n*, which in continuance were fashioned" (or, as in the margin, "what days this *should be* fashioned"). So that they were not *then* being fashioned, but were simply future. In accordance with which, when the due time was about to arrive, the Lord said, (referring to Peter's confession that He was the Christ, Matt. xvi. 17,) "On this rock"—not I have been building, but "upon this rock I **WILL** build my Church." It was, doubtless, in anticipation of this mystery that the Lord in prophecy had said, "How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum

of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee."

Ephesians and Colossians are full of this "mystery." The apostle speaks of it as His gospel. It came to him from and by the Lord Himself. Hence he is our apostle—the apostle of these times of the Gentiles—times in which, regarding the Church, which is His body, it is neither Jew nor Gentile as such; but a new thing—"a new creation"—times in which, Christ being head, "*He hath made both one . . . that He might form both Jew and Gentile in Himself into one new man.*"

Assuming, then, that the body is the mystery, and its manifestation to us, who believe Paul's own special ministry, we see in Gal. i. how he came into possession of it. Other apostles got their ministry from the Lord while as yet He was here, or not yet ascended; but Paul, direct from the Lord after His ascension, and that by *revelation*; as he says, "I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." "It pleased God," he says, "to *reveal* His Son in me." After which he did not confer with flesh and blood—did not go to any of the apostles—not even to Jerusalem, where the saints might have instructed him; but went to Arabia, thence to Damascus, "then, *three years* after," he says, "I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days."

"Then, fourteen years after," he says, chap. ii. 1, 2, "I went up to Jerusalem with Barnabas, and took Titus with me also. And I *went up by revelation, and communicated unto them that Gospel which I preach among the Gentiles.*"

But not only did the apostle communicate orally concerning his Gospel, and the mystery of *the Church* with which by revelation he was favoured; his writings become filled with the same. His letters to the Ephesians and Colossians are full of it. He speaks of it also in Corinthians. In Ephesians the apostle is most explicit. In chapter i. he fully establishes the

truth that Christ is *the Head*—"the Head over all things to the Church which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." In chapter ii. the body is seen to be quickened when the Head was raised or quickened from the dead, and is now seated where He is, forming together with Him, in the heavenly places, "*one new man*"—Christ the Head, the Church His body. It was thus they were seen in the Eternal purpose, and that independently of our own knowledge or experience of it. When we are *morally* quickened it is our privilege to be led by the Spirit, through the truth, into all the blessedness and joy of it, as well practically into the walk and life to which it naturally tends.

In chapter iv. the growth and development of the body are indicated. For the body is not yet perfect, nor will it be until the Head and the body are both joined, which they will be on His return, when they will form "*a perfect man*."

In chapter v. the great truth is made to form our daily life. We are held responsible to the Head. As the husband is head of the wife, so Christ is Head of His Church. As the husband claims obedience of the wife, so Christ the obedience, the submission, of His Church. In verses 26-33, the apostle is most explicit. There, as a man loves his wife, Christ loves His Church. There He is Saviour of the body. There he says Christ delivered Himself up (died), that He might sanctify it, having purified it by the washing of water, by the Word, that He might present it to Himself glorious, having no spot or wrinkle—that it might be holy, blameless. There, too, he tells us that no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourishes it and cherishes it, even as the Lord the Church; for we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. "This is a great mystery," Paul adds, "but I speak concerning Christ and the Church."

Surely, statements such as these (of the Church) had never been before. They were not known to Abraham

or Daniel, nor are they of future accomplishment, seeing they were specially revealed to Paul for us, to whom neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creation. Yet, as we have said, the mystery was hid in Eve, who was not merely a wife to Adam, but was first *in* him, and after his "deep sleep" was raised up together *with him*: also, as we have seen in Psalm, cxxxix., where in the Book all the members were written. The "*body*" plainly is not Jewish, nor is it millennial. It is of present interest, and belongs specially to us who, in this intermediate time, believe in and make confession of a despised and rejected Jesus, as did Peter, when he uttered the confession, that although the world and Israel had rejected Him, He, Jesus, was *the Christ, the Messiah*, the Son of God; concerning which confession the Lord said, "Upon this rock I will build my Church."

And now, will you go with me a little in detail into a few things respecting the Church as Christ's body?

And first notice *the place of eminence* given to it. There is nothing so closely related to a man as his own body; no, not his child, or bride even, however tenderly allied. You could not conceive of anything nearer to Christ than the body. Nothing could go beyond it. The thing next beyond it would be to be head itself, which is simply impossible. It was blessed for saints in Old Testament times that their names were on the breastplate and on the shoulders of the high priest. It is a great thing for Zion to be engraven on the palms of His hands, there never to be erased; but we, says Paul, speaking of the body, *are*, as it were, the hands themselves—*are* His breast. It is much, truly, to be *a bride*. But a bride is not one's own body, and Paul implies that a man might hate his wife; but he says, "No man ever yet hated his own flesh." Blessed, precious position of eminence, this of the body! nearer than names on the palms of the hands or on the breast; nearer than that of friends, or sons, or bride;

though we are friends and sons, and the Lord, in the latter day, will have His bride, and will find a portion of His reward in resting in her love. Beloved saints, have you ever seen your position thus? It goes beyond all other glory, the essential excepted; beyond all merely *human* position; it goes beyond all other orders of beings—beyond the height or rank of the highest angel. It is not said of the highest created nature as it is of us, “Ye are the body of Christ.”

How pre-eminent our position is! God’s thought in the salvation of the members was, that we might be sharers of all that belongs to the Head. And our association with Him accordingly is complete. Was the Head laid on the cross? Did He die there? We are dead with Him. Was He raised from the dead? We are raised together with Him. Is He a *son*? We, too, are *sons*. All the blessedness that He *can* communicate, as Head, He communicates to us. What *was* the life with God? John tells us what it was; how it was manifested in the Son. Life, light, and holiness were in Him. Eternal life was “with the Father;” in Him we see love, grace, righteousness, holiness, power; this was the eternal life which was with the Father, and which was manifested in the Son. Having eternal life, we have fellowship with the Father, with His Son, Jesus Christ. We get this fellowship as to love in John xvii., where the Lord says, “I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it, that *the love wherewith thou hast loved ME may be in them, and I in them.*” Was it the love of Creator or the love of God simply? No; it was the love of *the Father*. Not, as we constantly tell you, His love to man or to an angel; but His love to “*the Son of His love.*” And this love is that to which He says we are now entitled —“that the love *wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them*”—that timeless, ineffable, infinite love, which from all eternity it was the Father’s joy to pour out upon His own Son.

It is the same with *peace*. That primal peace, which by emphasis he calls "my peace," which He had with the Father, He has given to us; as he says, "My peace I give unto you." He speaks distinctly of "*peace*," and of "*my peace*." He says, "Peace I leave with you;" that is one peace—peace with God, which, as sinners, we need, and which was *made* for us by Christ on the cross, and which in the Gospel is offered to us. But, over and above that, He says, "*My peace (my own peace—the peace I have as Son with the Father) I give unto you*"—a peace which is above all circumstances of sorrow or trial, as seen in Him who, though a man of sorrows, retained a mind at rest before God. Ah! beloved, we have not yet, believe me, taken hold of all our privileges in Christ Jesus. His peace is ours—oh, wondrous thought!—the peace of the Son of God. Some do not understand either this peace of the Son which He hath given us, or "the love of the Father." Then we are also *heirs*. He is heir of all things, and we take heirship with Him. Neither He nor we are yet in possession. He died to reconcile all things. He has reconciled *us*. We *are* made nigh. But the whole earth, and the heavens, will yet be subject to Him, when He is enthroned above them all. Angels are distanced by the thought that sinners are to sit down with Him on *His* throne, even as He is now on His Father's throne. Moreover, the Head cannot show out its fullness but through the members. It is ours, beloved, *we* who are with Him in His rejection—who own Him as Lord and Christ—who are His body,—to be associated with His highest exaltation. This it was which gave Him infinite satisfaction during the time of His rejection. As, when David came to the throne, those who had shared his rejection were raised to positions of honour in the kingdom, even so, there are those, He tells us, who will sit with Him on His throne, reigning over the kingdom, ruling the world.

This is a glory which differs—the body with the Head. Is there not a difference between the glory of Israel and that of His redeemed body? Surely, there is a marvellous distinction between those who reign with Christ, and those who are reigned over. He had long since gathered Israel as a people ere He said, “On this rock *will* I build my Church.” He is *now* building His Church. Every believing sinner from the time of the Lord’s rejection to the time of His coming again, is, as I believe, included in the body. But neither the Head nor the body have as yet been manifested. Can the Head manifest His life, and the body not be in the manifestation? “When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory.”

It is the same with His *fulness*. The body, says Paul, “is the fulness of Him, that filleth all in all.” What was in Him never could have been seen or known but for His redeemed body. Even as no one could have known a Creator but for creation, which showed what was in him, so none would have known God, in Christ, His infinite resources of grace, holiness, righteousness, and love, but for the Church; hence He hath, says Paul, “raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come *He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us through Christ Jesus.*”

But the exceeding riches will not be fully seen until Christ and His Church, the Head and the members, are “glorified together.” The Head the first fruits, afterwards them that are His. This is a time for the *patience* of Jesus. He is waiting to take up His Church for which He died, that we may be glorified together. In order to that, the Lord Himself will descend from heaven for us, and we shall be caught up to meet Him. The body will then be *with* the Head, and will be with Him wherever He is. If *the Head*, as in 1 Thess. iv., be *in the air*, the body will

be with Him. If the Head, as in John xiv., be in heaven, the body will be with Him. If He be in glory, as in Colossians, reigning, we shall reign with Him, and be with Him for ever. When He delivers up the kingdom to the Father, He will not deliver up His body. Did any man ever give up His body? The kingdom will have answered its end; not so the body.

What sublime and elevating truth is this! How it links us in, not only with the eternal future, but brings us back to see what we were, in the purpose of God, in the eternal past—joint heirs with the Son, who was with the Father. John says, “We beheld His glory;” not His glory as man, but “as of *the only begotten of the Father.*” Ah, it is with *that* glory also we are to be associated. The Head cannot have His primal glory without its casting its radiance specially on the body. Of one glory He says, “The glory which thou gavest me I have given them;” but in regard to the essential glory He says, “Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that *they may behold MY glory.*”

Nearer or dearer to God than all this we cannot be; and all that we want is to bow the head before Him, to adore and worship. As to our walk and life, we must take our true standing as the members of Christ's body. The world that rejected the Head rejects the members; that is, if true to Him. He promises you nothing now *from* the world but tribulation. Israel will have much here—the kingdom, the whole earth, a new Jerusalem! Abraham looked for a *city*, which city, as seen in Rev. xxi., will yet come down from God out of heaven; and the Messiah, for His Israel, is to have *the throne of David*; but where are we? We have no throne, no kingdom here; but we shall reign with Him over the earth, like those who were with David in the cave, and who shared his honour when he came to the throne. So shall we share the glory of Jesus. We shall come with Him in His glory, and shall reign with Him. Won-

derful position—to form the body of Christ! Nothing, not one iota, lower! This surely is wonderful, to be as He is! Is it not melancholy that there are dear Christians not knowing, and therefore not living in the enjoyment of this truth? And sometimes it happens that when told of it, they care not for it. Alas, how shameful! that when God's love is put out to me I do not care to know it! I draw into the narrow shell of my own prejudices rather than take it!

Imagine a poor man who got his living by taking alms of the passers-by. A lawyer tells him he is worth ten thousand pounds! What cares the man now for the alms? But, oh, how are we still, as it were, content with our own former poverty, instead of exulting in our priceless portion. What I want is, with the Colossians, to be brought *into the knowledge of His will*, to know *what* I was in His purpose, and to be filled with a knowledge of His will. I have only to know the will, and whatever I find as mine there, I am in it at once. This is the present privilege of every believing sinner.

And will not the Lord, beloved, care for His body? "Saul, Saul," He said, "you are touching *me*—you are afflicting *me*." Oh! how close is the connexion between the Head and the members! Can the body suffer pain, and the Head not feel it? or the members be in a wrong position, and the Head not sooner or later deal with them? Sometimes, when they sin a sin unto death, He takes them up home into heaven. If mixed with the world, and in a wrong position, He, in simple love, takes them out of it. What better care could He take of His members? Great is His love. If the hand be cold, He will warm it; if in pain, He will devise means to alleviate it, or will suffer with it.

Ah! beloved, believe me, whatever may be thought or said to the contrary, this whole truth is a practical truth. It is a deeply sanctifying truth. For how does *this position of ours* bear upon our life! The Head

is holy; we must be holy. The Head is not of the world; we are not of the world. The Head is in heaven; we must be heavenly. The Head has no place with the ordinary course of this present, evil world, (age,) and, as members of the body of Christ, we should have none. Should we go where the Head would not go? But the Head could not go where, alas! many Christians go. You are walking, perhaps, in some wrong way with the world that rejected the Head. "Holding the Head" will put you right in every circumstance. Would *He* be here? Would *He* do this? This should guide me. What wonderful Christians it would make of us! Ah! it is a high standard, I know, and few there be that even think of it. Yet it *is* our standard; not I am a professor, and I must walk as such, or I am a minister, and must walk as such; such walk, at best, must be defective; but I am as Christ, and must walk as He walked. Says John, "As Christ is in this world, so are we;" and being as He is, we must walk even as He walked.

And now as we have one life and are one body, so we have one Spirit. Not one Spirit for the Head and another for the body. The Head was anointed with the oil of gladness, and it ran down to the body. The Holy Ghost dwells in us: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" He said to His disciples, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father unto you;" and the Holy Ghost baptized them into one body at Pentecost, so that we have not to ask for the Holy Ghost to come. The Spirit is in the Head and in the members; and He it is who reveals to the members the fulness in the Head. Oh! it is *His* work to bring all this wondrous truth to our mind, and so give it to be life and power within us, that our lives being formed thereby, we may glorify God. It is thus, too, when we walk according to what He through the Word reveals, that He dwells within us an unhindered and an ungrieved guest.

This subject bears on the question of our communion. What is communion? It is not so much our telling out before God what *we* are as to ourselves; it is the rather our telling out before God what Christ is. In communion we participate with God as it were in the delight which He feels in Christ; in our measure we delight as He does in the fulness that dwells in Him.

And the scene of such communion is not here—it is where Christ is, in heaven. There, in the true sanctuary, our Divine Head is seated before God, in divine perfectness, for us. We are as He is—perfect in His perfectness, complete in His completeness—well-pleasing to God for His sake. In such scene is perfect rest and peace. As in the holiest, Aaron, through the blood, was at perfect rest before the Divine holiness, so we who, through the blood of Jesus, are made nigh, are where sin and sorrow and death have no place—having been left outside, where the Sacrifice for sin once and for ever has been made.

But, oh! the fulness of the Head, and the Comforter, and the walk, and the life, and even the communion with God, where Christ now is—all make way for the promise, “*I will come for you.*” “And surely I come quickly.” We shall not always be separated from our Head—not always here! We are to be with *Him* in glory. But we must be first gathered. And the very next thing we have to expect is, that all the members of the body will be gathered to the Head. “I go away,” He said; “and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that *where I am, there ye may be also.*” The Lord HIMSELF will come. And then, having received us to Himself, when He appears in His glory, we also shall appear with Him in glory. “Even so come Lord Jesus; come quickly.”

## ADDRESS XVII.

## GRACE: WHAT IS IT?

"By grace ye are saved."—Ep. ii. 5.

THESE words, form a parenthesis, having its place in the midst of the most wondrous truths, relating to our oneness with Christ Jesus, *and the way in which God hath saved us.*

It was not after we were made alive to our condition as sinners that He came in and saved us, but *when we were dead in sins.*

It was in the condition of "dead in sins" that He found us, when we had no thought of Him, or had any love for His name. This He did in and by Christ. We have died—had our doom for sin—in His death on the tree. And as He was raised again from the dead, we are quickened together with Him, and are raised up together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. As death on the tree closed the door for ever on the trespasses and sins for which He died, and as His open grave showed a life *without* sins, so are we freed from sins, and our life is hid with Christ in God.

But it is not with the truths in the midst of which these words stand that I would now treat, but with the words themselves, which declare on what ground it is that God can and does give so great a salvation, viz., that it is simply and only on the ground of *grace.*

But, oh, how little do we understand *what God's grace is!* And how slow are we to perceive that grace is for the sinner, simply and solely *as a sinner*—

as one utterly DEAD, without any particle of merit to recommend him to Divine favour! We are apt to introduce something between the grace of God and the unmixed sinfulness of man. This robs grace of its true character. Were there any merit in the sinner, it would prevent the exercise of grace. If he *merited* salvation, salvation would no longer be a gift, but a right which he could claim. If the slightest atom of desert or merit come between the sinner and eternal life, that life is no longer *a gift*. In such a case, God would be the debtor and man the creditor, and not man the debtor and God the Giver.

But who can tell what grace is? Or who can describe Divine love? I sometimes try to solve the question, "*Why did God love man?*" I know that God's nature is perfectly pure, and that He loves what is pure, and holy, and good. But man was not pure, or holy, or good; man was depraved and corrupt. God loves what is gracious and grateful in His creatures. But man was ungracious and ungrateful. And, moreover, God loves those that love Him. But man did not love God. The sinner in his natural, carnal mind, never loves God, but is enmity against Him. Why, then, did God love the sinner? That He *did* love him, and *does* love him, is plain as revelation can make it. To say that God does not love the sinner until the sinner loves God, is a lie against Him—a doctrine of the devil. It is one of the hardest stones which have to be hammered out of our hard hearts. That God loves the sinner *as he is*, is the Gospel. Anything less could not meet his case, seeing he is "*corrupt* according to the deceitful lusts," and, in his very essence, "*enmity* against God."

We may learn a little of what grace is in God, by seeing what it is in man. And we may know, in some measure, how it affects the sinner who receives it, by a glance at its effects as produced by one person on another. Let me suppose a case in illustration.

I had long wished to be the bearer of life to some condemned cell. My wish was granted me. It was on a Tuesday that a poor sentenced criminal was to be hanged. He was within one day of the fatal drop. But on the Monday, all unexpectedly, I was summoned to take him his life! I had succeeded in obtaining a *reprieve*—a paper signed by our gracious Sovereign, giving him back his forfeited life. This, as I have said, is what I had long wished for. So wonderful a privilege was it to be in a position to give *life*!

My first thought was, Where is the train that can bear me swift enough to the cell? I dreamt not of delay. Delay appeared cruel; until, at the very threshold of the prison, I bethought me thus—How can I tell him? The news will kill him. The man will die if I tell him, so great will be the revulsion. He *has* died, so to speak. He *is* dead in law. And he is already in the bitterness of death. So, with his life in my hand, I stand before the victim in his cell. His face is wan. His knees feeble. His vacant eyes have no tears, but are red, and look as if, with dry, hot grief, they had burned down into their sockets. Melancholy picture! She who owned him as her husband had just been carried out from the last separation—still, and seemingly a corpse, unconscious of the *strange*, last kiss which a murderer had impressed on her lips. The expectant orphans, after *their* wretched farewell, were crying over the yet motionless form of their mother.

"My poor man, can you read?" "Yes," was the reply. But fearing to break the good news to him too suddenly, I added—"Would you *like* your life?" "Sir," he responds, "do not trifle with me." "But life is sweet—is it not?" "Sir, I would rather you would not speak to me." "But would you not like me to procure your life?" "It is of no use; I'm justly condemned. I'm a dead man." "But the Queen *could* give you your life." He looks inquiringly at me, but is silent. "Can you read this?"

And now those hot eyes are directed down upon the paper. As he intently reads, putting my arm around his shoulders, I say—"There, my poor man; there is your life!" No sooner had I uttered the words than, as I expected, he dropt down at my feet. There he lies, as it were, *dead*! It was more than he could bear. Ah, you who are cold and dubious about God's work, this is something for *you*. How often of late, when you have seen the revulsion of mind in poor sinners when first getting a glimpse of Christ, of life, have you cried out, "*Excitement! it's all excitement.*" Out upon this charge of excitement! What! when a man to whom a reprieve is announced, granting him a few more short years of natural life, falls down as dead, may not a sinner, who finds he is not to be lost, is not to be damned, but that now, on believing, he is saved—he has Christ, and heaven and everlasting life—I say, may not *he* weep? Yea, cry? Cry for joy; and be, as it were, in a swoon of love—a half delirious ecstasy of life. Would to God that thousands, like my poor prisoner, were so overwhelmingly affected as to fall as dead with joy at the far more momentous and glorious announcement which I bring you to-day.

But now, *revived*, he asks—"Sir, who sent me this?" "The Queen sent it." "Why did the Queen send it to *me*?" "I cannot say. It was *grace* in her—her act *as sovereign*. It pleased her to do it." "What have I ever done to the Queen?" "Nothing, but break her laws." "Could I see the Queen?" "Why do you want to see the Queen?"

At this the tears are in his eyes. What a sight! How refreshing to those hot sockets—those weary eyes! Ha! yes; tears! What a tale they tell! A new life is coming! Hail to that life! Dear saved sinners, you understand me? He repeats, "could I see the Queen?" "What for?" "I don't know; but if I *may*—*why*, I would fall at her feet. I would embrace her

feet ; I would like to kiss them—if but for once. And this life, I'd place it at her service." "Then you are not an *Antinomian*?" "What is that?" "A man who *says he is saved*, but that he may murder again—that though liberated he may live as he lists. Would *you* murder again? or again break the Queen's laws?" "Murder again! Break the laws again! Ah, no, no. If she were at war with her enemies, I'd go for her into the very thick of the fight. If I had a thousand lives, they are not mine." "Then you could die for her?" "I could. My life is not my own, but hers. She has given it to me."

Dear friends, do we get any inkling yet as to what grace is? We, who are quickened together with Christ, were *dead ; dead in sins*. To set us free from that death, He bore our guilt, our sins, on His own body on the tree. To know this is to know the Gospel, and also God, who had His own design in loving us. The analogy is feeble, but the Queen knew what feelings filled her heart. She was conscious of clemency—of grace. She felt compassion for the poor, miserable victim of crime; and she knew the murderer, when saved, would reveal all this—that he would be a mirror in which it would be reflected. She anticipated, also, what would be the effect of grace—that it would draw forth love; that the saved one, more than all her other subjects, would devote himself to her interests, and, if needful, would die in her service. Were he to shine among her peers as a member of her Court—educated and honoured—so much the greater wonder—so much the brighter witness would he be of her favour and of her grace. So God knew what was in Himself—resources that had never been brought out, which no eye had ever seen or heart conceived. There they lay—hidden riches of grace and love truly infinite.

But God said, I will work a work in saving the sin-

ner which, more than anything else, will bring out those resources. How could His compassion or His grace be shown in angels who never fell? or even His love and joy to the same extent as in redeemed sinners? Where can we see holiness, or righteousness, or love, so displayed as at the Cross? Angels are subjects, servants, standing before God in primal innocence; delighting to do His will and yield Him homage; but sinners redeemed from death and from the lowest degradation, by "the precious blood of Christ," are made one with Christ—loved by God as Jesus is loved—to be glorified with Christ with the same glory, and to sit with Him on His throne as co-heirs of the same inheritance! Oh, marvel of marvels! wonder of the universe—displaying, as it does, "the manifold wisdom of God," and "the exceeding riches of His grace."

In the illustration which I have used, it is rather the *Queen* that we should see, and not so much the *saved murderer*; especially if, besides having his life granted to him, he is now, as we have supposed, not only saved, educated, elevated, but brought into nearness to the throne itself, and with unmeasured honour made to share its highest confidence, its richest glory. *Law* would have consigned him to an ignominious death, and buried him in a felon's grave; but *grace* has in him erected a monument for herself, and has adorned that monument with beauty and great glory—a glory and beauty bestowed by her own lavish hand. Thus out of the marred and broken pieces of our ruin, in which the enemy found his triumph, God has collected and constructed a wondrous plate, on which He has portrayed, as it were, a portrait of Himself—His wisdom, His righteousness, His holiness, and His love!

Now, this is the *God-ward* side of truth; and very precious it is to him that sees it. It would have been beginning at the wrong end if I had gone into that felon's cell, and had said—"My poor man, you must

love the Queen." How could *he* love the Queen? Was he not, on the morrow, to be hung by her laws? Where, in his case, was there a way for *love*? There was room enough for misery, fear, and dread; but none, in the nature of things, for love.

Or suppose I had said, "My poor man, you must reform, be sorry, turn over to a new life." On the morrow he was to *die*. The *law* demanded his death; and none of those inward exercises of soul, nor outward moral amendments, would or could stay that demand. He had wept his last tears; he had groaned under the the sentence. But of weeping and groaning no account is taken by the law. *He must be hung by law, or saved by grace.*

Now, these were the two alternatives that lay before God. God must, according to His justice, which demanded the sinner's death, utterly condemn him; or on the ground of grace, save him. He chose the latter. Grace *reigned*—not at the expense of law, but by a most glorious vindication of the righteousness of law. Christ became sin; that is, He became responsible for its penalty, which was *death*. And that death He suffered—suffered for us. He took the place of the guilty; He bore the judgment of the guilty; and consequently the guilty, for whom He suffered, need *not* die. Life has been purchased for them. As has been well said, "*Infinite worth has met and discharged eternal penalties.*" Thus the Gospel of the grace of God—God's good news (Rom. i. 1,)—is "the opening of the prison to them that were bound." It is the proclamation of pardon for the guilty—of salvation for the lost. It is far more. It is a message which puts us into a divine life; yea, into association with Christ. Says Paul—"We who were dead in sins, are quickened together with Christ, and raised us up together, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

Thus to know God—His grace and love to us as

sinners—is the true spring *of our love to Him*. “We love him because he first loved us.” It is a poor, meagre Gospel merely to say that unless we change our ways, or love God, we shall be lost. This may be man’s Gospel, but it is not God’s. It is God’s Gospel to say—We *were* guilty, lost; we had to die—were under sentence of death; but Christ took that sentence—He *did die* for us. Receiving this, believing it, we are saved—yes; receiving it, or believing it as simply as did the murderer receive or believe the message which gave him his life. Such is faith. The blessedness, however, of believing, is not in thinking of faith itself, but of its object; even as the murderer never thought of *how* he was to believe the message, but of the astounding and joy-inspiring *truth* which that message conveyed. And when he read or knew that message, it gave him life, joy, peace, gratitude. It was in him the germ of every emotion and affection which became a subject of such grace as that bestowed on him. Thus also is it with the good news of Christ. Strange *preaching*—to tell everything *but* the Gospel!

Sad overlooking of my mission had I gone into the prison cell, expatiating on the horrors of murder, and on the misery of the drop, and had enjoined on the criminal (a hopeless task in his case) sorrow for the past, and amendment for the future, but had *forgotten to produce the Queen’s reprieve*! Melancholy trifling is it with souls, when sin is pourtrayed, and the law is opened, and death described, and the Judge at the door, and heaven depicted as lost, and hell—its doom, its fire, its worm, and flame—displayed; but no reprieve—no announcement of pardon—no news of life!—no Gospel—no good news of God!—no proclamation of Christ—no kingdom of heaven opened to all believers!

Let me not be mistaken. None can over-estimate the evil of sin, or the awfulness of death, and judgment,

and eternity, to *the unsaved*. But to begin and end with these—how melancholy ! and may I not add, how cruel ! Many a sinner already *knows* the misery of sin, the dread of dying, and the fear of hell. What he wants is *to be saved*. My poor prisoner—he knew the misery of murder, the horrors of the gallows. What he needed, and that which alone would meet his case, was grace, pure grace—*the gift of his life*. In no other way could it come. He had no reason to show for his life. He had no hope. Grace alone could meet his case. *Grace alone can meet ours*. Nor shall we ever take other ground—no, not even in heaven. It will be always and for ever—

“Oh, to grace how great a debtor !”

It will be always and for ever—“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father ; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

And, now, such is *grace*. But the tree is known by its fruit. And, oh ! what fruit ! what joy and peace, on the reception of it ! And we do not sin that grace may abound, but we put off the deeds of our former selves, that fruit may abound. For since we are raised up together with Christ, we mortify all that is not suitable to *Him*, or to the scene in which He hath placed us. That scene is heaven, (*heavenly places*,) where, before God, we are as Christ is—accepted in the beloved ; righteous as He. Our title to enter into the *holiest of all* is simply the blood, which is there, and which cleanseth from all sin.

But, oh, are there any in this multitude who have never seen themselves to be *dead* ? or that all their works, their religion, their prayers even, in such condition, are but *dead* works. Ah, it is this which men do not see. Satan blinds them by this deadly doing.

It is when we see that Christ died for *dead people*—people DEAD IN SINS—that we have the true light beginning to shine into us. The dead are shut up to God for life; for only God can give life. “And we, being dead in trespasses, are made alive together with Him. . . . having forgiven you all the trespasses.” I know that strait, indeed, is this gate, and narrow, indeed, the way, and that few there be that find it; but except ye enter it ye are yet in your sins.

And do we not now see *what repentance is*? Repentance is a change of mind. It is a change about God. It is a change *in us*. What a change of mind respecting the Queen my poor felon had!—what a revulsion *in himself*. Grace got into his heart, and wrought all manner of change there. But there had been no change had he not received the grace. The carnal mind sees nothing good of God. When the Gospel reveals, and the Spirit shows, that Christ died for us, we not only see God in a new aspect, but what the eye sees the heart is moved to *feel*. “For God, who commanded light to shine out of darkness, *hath shined into our hearts* to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” Hence we have another heart, by grace, quite opposed to the old heart, by nature, whose presence, alas! within us is still prone to unbelief. Repentance is not merely sorrow. It is surely *that*; but it is more. It affects the whole life. Doctrine, experience, life, all find their centre in the returned prodigal. It were a pleasant task, as he rests enfolded in his father’s arms, or is seated, in silent wonder, at his father’s table, to make inquiry into the change that had befallen him—how hateful his old life; how blessed the new! Surely, over the scene where *he* sat might be read the inscription, “BY GRACE ARE YE SAVED.” Wondrous grace! Wondrous love!

## ADDRESS XVIII.

## THE TIMES AND SEASONS.

"But of the times and the seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night."—1 THESS. v. 1 to end.

THE Apostle reckoned that the Thessalonians knew the truth concerning both the advent of our Lord Jesus Christ for His saints, as He had promised in the fourteenth of John, and His subsequent coming in judgment to the world. Concerning the first of these, "Ye show what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and *to wait for his Son from heaven.*" And, beloved saints, what I want you to do is, that you keep your eye fixed, not so much on the *past*, not so much on any memories, painful or pleasant, that you may have of the life which now lies behind you—not on any of the experiences even of your past spiritual life, nor yet so much on your present trials or pursuits, but on the hope the Lord Himself has given you, that He who once ascended will again descend and take us to Himself, that where He is there we may be also.

He will come not *then* as Judge for judgment on the world, but as Son from heaven, to receive us to Himself; and also as Head, to take up the Church, which is His body, which then will have become complete. This—the Lord's coming for us—is our special hope. It was that for which the Thessalonians were waiting,

and it is that which, in our Christian history, may next occur. The Lord may come at any moment, and, however the world may disbelieve it, the saints long absent from their Lord will see Him in the heavens, and will be caught up to meet Him.

If I am now speaking to any who has been buffeted by trials—and where is there a believer of any standing or experience who has not gone through many depths and vicissitudes, perhaps of temporal, but surely of spiritual trial?—if I am speaking to such, I would say, Let not your minds be inordinately occupied with what is gone, left for ever behind you, nor yet with what is now *present* with you, but with what the Apostle refers to, when he says, “Ye show what manner of entering in we had unto you, how ye turned from dumb idols to serve the living and true God ; and *to wait for his Son from heaven.*” Paul could have said, I did not compromise any truth ; I did not keep back any hope concerning the saints. Ye know my manner of entering in unto you, and how, as the result of the word preached, “ye turned from idols to serve the living and true God, and to *wait* for his Son from heaven.”

In the fourth chapter he had been telling these disciples that the Lord would descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, or of a *chief messenger*, and the trump of God, and that on the arrival of the message from His lips, the dead in Christ should *rise* first, and that those who were alive and remained till the coming of the Lord should not prevent or precede those that were asleep, but were to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so they would be for ever with the Lord. Then, as if in his statement of things he had turned a mighty corner where other truths would break on his view, he adds, “*But of the times and seasons, brethren, ye have no need that I write unto you. For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord*”—a day subsequent to that of which

he had been speaking—"so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say peace and safety, sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape."

It is thus we see what *were* these times and seasons? I have often said that properly we have no dispensation, that we come in between the dispensations. We stand between the prophets and patriarchs, who looked for a reigning Messiah, on the one hand, and the time when the earth will see that Messiah in millennial glory, on the other. It is during this interlude that we have our place. We are not of the Jewish dispensation—nor are we of the millennium. We have not been looking for a temporal Messiah, nor are we to be of that earthly kingdom over which He will reign. When He comes in that kingdom, we are to come with Him. When He appears in glory to take it, we shall appear with Him in glory.

Says Paul, there is no need to write of times and seasons to you. Saints had heard of times of glory and of joy, times of millennial splendour on the earth; also, as preceding such times, times of great tribulation.

In the twenty-fourth of Matthew our Lord shows what would be the character of that time on *earth* which would lie between the present and His public coming to the world. This He does in answer to the question—What shall be the sign of *Thy presence* and of the *full end of the age*?

The disciples had found, him sitting on the Mount of Olives, and being anxious, as we ourselves would have been, to know the character of the future, they asked Him. In his reply He tells them—and it is here from the lips of HIM who knew, not in the mere conjectures of men that we get to know what is to come in the future—that there would be wars and rumours of wars, that nation would rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, that there would be

famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places; that such would be the beginning—not of a better age—not of a millennium—but “*of sorrows*.” For then, instead of His disciples making the best of this world, or being at rest in it, He says of them:—“They shall deliver you up to be afflicted and shall kill you, and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name’s sake.”

After this, at eleventh verse, He says there shall be false prophets, and the love of many shall wax cold, but that the good news shall be proclaimed in all the world *for a testimony* (its longed-for conversion not being yet), and that then shall *the end* of the age, or dispensation, arrive; at that end, as given in detail in last chapters of Zechariah, Jerusalem (the Jews having been gathered to their own land) will be besieged, the abomination of desolation, Antichrist, the man of sin, will take possession, and a great tribulation ensue, such as never has been since the beginning of the world. And then, *immediately after the tribulation*, we have what? Millennium? No. Peace? No. But that of which my chapter treats—the *coming to the earth*, as we believe, *of the Son of Man*.

But these latter, He speaks of as a day—the day of *the Lord*, which day comes in as all other days come, by first dealing with night, and displacing its darkness, and then itself to reign. The coming of that day will be solemn, dreadful, sudden: “Ye, yourselves, know perfectly, that the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night.” A thief comes suddenly, a thief gives no notice of his coming; so the Lord gives no notice other than this testimony of His love, that is, to the world, a sinful world, lying in darkness, and loving to have it so. But “ye,” says Paul, “are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief.” As the Lord, on the plains of Mamre, told Abraham beforehand the doom coming on Sodom, so, in His word, hath He told us of the doom coming on this

present evil age. He has *also* told us of His coming *for us*. He says to His disciples in the fourteenth of John, "I go to prepare a place for you, and, if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Accordingly those who have owned Him during His rejection, and who form "the Church, which is His body," would be first taken, and were not to look for judgment with this world, were not to look for the tribulation coming on the world, but are delivered out of it: "*Who hath delivered us*," says Paul, "*from the wrath to come*." The apostle John saw some in holy vision—a great multitude who came up *out of* the great tribulation. They, therefore, had been in it, but we of the present are to wait for His Son from heaven, who hath delivered us *from* the wrath to come.

Do you now understand? At least we ought, if we are as enlightened as were these converted idolaters. They were in all the gloom, not only of nature, but of a dark pagan mythology, when Paul first preached to them. But when the apostle opened up to them these wondrous truths he could, indeed, commend them, as if he had said, "Ye know that when I taught you, and ye received, the truth, ye turned from idols to serve the living God, and to wait for His Son from heaven." But, going on to speak of the coming of the Son of Man in judgment on the world, the apostle says, (third verse,) "For when they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." Now, we know that the world is unthinking of this, the world does not believe it at all; it is going on with its various interests,—parliamentary interest, government interest, the interest of commerce, the interest of science, city interests, money

interests, and domestic interests—arranging for marriages, arranging for the settlement of property, planning and arranging for the future. The world does not believe that sudden destruction is to come upon it. The world is going on as it always did, as it did in the days of Sodom, and as it did in the ante-deluvian age, when they were eating and drinking, marrying and given in marriage, until the flood came and took them all away.” Said the Lord, “As the days of Noah, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.” Ah! then He will reveal Himself in all His great power *from heaven*, having His messengers of power with Him. Not as of old, will those messengers hymn of peace and good-will, but, with their Lord, will be clothed with flaming fire, taking vengeance—oh, that word VENGEANCE!—on all them that know not God, and believe not the Gospel, who will suffer destruction, to endure for ever, from the face of the Lord and the glory of His power. Could a time be more awful, or more to be dreaded? And, let me say, this truth of Christ’s coming to the world thus does not rest on any judgment or opinion of ours. We do not submit it as a question for your opinion; we tell it to you as a *fact*—we tell it to you as a *truth*, that the Lord will come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God. Speak we of the times and seasons! This will be one of those mighty dreaded seasons, when the rejected Christ will take vengeance on this *present evil age* for having rejected Him—when He will deal with darkness, bringing swift destruction on the world of the ungodly—when the lamp of this accepted time will be put out, and the dark and terrible day of the Lord come. To you who would know what, in the order of things, is to follow this judgment, I need only name such passages as Zec. xiv., Ps. lxxii., Is. xxv., lx., lxi.; also, Is. iv., in all which it is clearly shown that, after the earth’s long

night of sin, a morning of joy will ensue, a time of knowledge and rest, of righteousness and peace; then Israel and the whole earth will be at rest and peace; then the time of the long promised and long prayed-for millennium.

But it is not all future of which Paul speaks. The apostle comes now, at sixth verse, to what is practical. For they that sleep sleep in the night, and they that be drunken are drunken in the night; but let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love."

The way to have all things in readiness for what is coming, is to have on the breastplate of faith and love. Our own breastplate reminds us of the breastplate of Aaron: on ours is "faith and love"—on Aaron's "lights and perfections" Many and varied are men's thoughts on these as to what precisely they were. "Lights" probably were indicative of God's nature. The light of knowledge, the light of truth, the light of holiness. God seeing Israel in the light of these just as they were, His light revealing all their iniquity and sin. It is by the same that He saw you and me, our sin and iniquity.

Then, on the other hand, there were perfections—perfections answering to whatever the lights demanded. Jehovah—Jesus, held Israel responsible according to the "lights;" but He found in His own "perfections" what met that responsibility. This is very blessed. I often say the best Gospel to my own soul is the one hundredth and thirty-ninth Psalm—"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me." *You may never* know the extent of your sin yourself; but God has searched it and known it. His eye has gone down to its greatest depth, and has searched it all out by the eye of His holiness. He is, therefore, able to deal with it according to a right estimate. How blessed to know that He has not dealt with sin according to

my estimate of it, or your estimate of it, else had He dealt inadequately with it; but according to His own wondrous knowledge, according to the glorious "lights" of His own adorable nature. And it is at the Cross of Jesus, according to His own knowledge, that He deals with it, making atonement for it, and dealing out in full measure the dread punishment due to it. And this He did Himself, according to His own eternal perfections—His own righteousness, justice, and grace. The lights reveal sin which is put away; and according to perfections the sinner is saved.

Beloved, this is our Gospel, and, dear sinner, it is yours the moment you believe it—a glorious Gospel, putting you into harmony with all God's adorable mind. Let no one give you a lower Gospel than this; if they do, it is for you to mount up on your own knowledge of what God is. You may have been a poor sinning Peter, but God meets you, not according to what *you are* or deserve, but according to what He is and hath done—according to His own adorable perfections, which met all man's need in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ.

But now turn your eye downwards a little. One does not like to do it. A man whose eye is out upon some glorious sight does not like to turn away from it to look down at what is lying at his feet. It does seem coming very low to turn our eye from the glorious breastplate of lights and perfections, to look upon our own. Says Paul, "Putting on the breastplate of faith and love." Aaron had two things on his breastplate—lights and perfections. We have two things on our breastplate—faith and love. We have the faith which sees the dreaded bolt of Divine vengeance against sin spending itself at Calvary, and the love which we see to be in God towards us, and which we have in us, even His perfect love, which casts out fear. The bolt of the Divine vengeance for rejected love will shortly be

hurled on a Sodom world ; but faith looks within the rent veil, and beholds Him who bore all for us, and sees peace purchased for us by the Son of God ; and with the faith I have the love that casteth out fear—not my love, beloved, but God's love, (though we do love Him because He first loved us,) it is the perfect love which God has to the sinner which faith sees ; it is that in us which casts out fear.

God's love is a sovereign love. God never loved fallen angels as he loved fallen man. He passed by fallen angels, but not fallen man. And it is an eternal love ; it is an infinite love. Yea more, it is a dying love ; for when nothing but the death of the Son of God could satisfy God's justice, then gave He His Son to die ; while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly.

This is a love outside of us. When a man looks on his child, he sees *the child's love*, and he loves it. He does not question his love—does not go on splitting hairs about it, or indulge in metaphysical questions about it. He sees the child, and he loves it. If he go to India or Australia, he carries the love of that child with him and in him ; the love of that child is shed abroad in his heart. The question is never raised in his mind, "*Do I love my child?*" Such should be our love to Him who first loved us. We should behold what manner of love He hath bestowed on us, and, rather than question it, dwell in it. "For he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God. God is love."

Now, we are to possess this breastplate of faith and love ; faith to see the lights and perfections in God's nature for us ; and love, God's love, shed abroad in our hearts, casting out fear. Thus you see this breastplate also leads up to God. We think anything relating to ourselves must lead away from God ; but no, this leads us up, it leads to Jesus, and Jesus brings in to God.

Says the Apostle, "*Putting on the breastplate of*

faith and love." Beloved, if you have this breastplate on it will give you to live securely, as behind its Divine strength; also calmly and in peace. What a place for the heart, *behind* this plate! The breast is the seat of the affections. How untroubled they ought to be with such a shelter. I commend you, beloved, to this shelter until we meet again; yea, to feel invigorated and strong in faith and love may you be all the days and months till we meet, whether our meeting be in the sunlight of His presence or in this place; for should that day come of which we have been speaking, you will be with Him where He is until the indignation be overpast. And then, oh! then, the morning without clouds—*then* the reign of the Messiah—*then* faith will have her object turned into one of sight! and love will not be love in desire, but love in indulgence; for the reins will be thrown upon the neck of love. Love will have full scope; we shall infinitely and eternally love.

Meanwhile, we are the subjects of *hope*. Paul calls the helmet the *hope* of salvation, (ver. 8.) Christ is yet our hope: "For it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Is it not a glorious hope, beloved? Hope regards what is absent and future: memory, what is past. Oh, let us not so much look on memories past. I suppose I have as many happy memories as most from the time I first knew the Lord to the present hour. I have memories, blessed memories, of Himself, of His work, and of His saints. I have memories, indeed, of His wondrous work that I might love to dwell upon, but I cast them all away before the colossal grandeur of this "hope."

Daisies may grow on Alps, and feathers may float upon the wave; but it is the tall Alp, and the solemn deep we see. Thus we forget all else when we are out

upon the coming glory. It is in the presence of this hope to-day that I bid you farewell—like those German watchmen, who, ere they go out, each one on his beat at night, say, “Brother, farewell; we part at night, we meet at sunrise;” so we repeat, brother, farewell—sister, farewell; we part amidst this world’s deepening night; but, brother, sister, we meet at dawn. Meanwhile we are now on our several beats; I to far-off lands and cities; you, perhaps, to labour at home; but we shall meet in the morning light—we shall meet in the dawn of the cloudless day—we shall assemble in the Father’s house—

“No more disease, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell shall reach that place;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.”

Is this hope yours, beloved? If it be, what of your trials? What of your temptations? What of your sorrows? What of your old age? What of your poverty? What of tribulation or persecution?

Says Paul, “Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, *worketh for*,” not simply is *followed by*, though that is true, but “*worketh for* us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “For I reckon,” says Paul—it was bold of him, yet not bold; for as a marble to a crown jewel, so are afflictions to the glory; set the afflictions over against the glory, and say with Paul, “The light afflictions, which are but for a moment, *worketh for* us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not on the things that are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.” Mark that word “eternal.” Eternity is stamped upon everything that is of God—whether in our relationships, our friendships, or our reminiscences. Anything that was of God in us, will have eternity stamped on it; but all that was merely ours

in our service for God—if mistaken zeal—if anything of self—it happily will *not* be eternal, but be burned up as hay, wood, stubble; at which burning we ourselves shall see the last of all that was of *us*. How happy even to think of it. But now, for the present, when we are parting one from the other, as we do to-day, or when life is slowly ebbing away as it is from some here, who, by certain presages in themselves, know they are as trees marked to fall, we have truly need of this helmet, this blessed hope of salvation, and also the breastplate of faith and love. They are like two eyes looking out from earth's shadows into the glorious light of the promised future. Oh, beloved, is this hope yours? This hope of a coming glory that maketh not ashamed. Beloved, think of it—think of what you *will be* when that hope is fulfilled; never forget it, but always think of it; yes, always. Think of it when you are presiding at the bridal feast—think of it when you lay your first-born beneath the clod of the valley—think of it when poverty, as an armed man, overtakes you, and riches make themselves wings and flee away—think of it when you are laid aside in sickness, or when strong in life and health; let it be the one object on which your eye is fixed—the coming of the Lord Jesus to take you unto Himself. The Lord Himself will descend and make good His own words—“I will take you.” It is this which is our hope—the one hope set before us for which we now look—waiting for the Son from heaven. “For God hath not appointed us unto wrath; but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.” We are to have nothing less, and we could have nothing more—that “whether we wake or sleep we may live together with Him, wherefore comfort yourselves together.”

We might talk of all this to the unconverted man, and he cannot comprehend it; nevertheless it is true, the Lord is at hand. The return of the blessed Lord

not practical?—its adoption leads to indolence and unconcern for sinners?—who believes it? not those who hold it; no, no, *no*, beloved. One of the greatest motives to preach the Gospel everywhere under heaven is, that every soul brought out hastens the time of the Lord's promise—every soul saved brings nearer that day. And I would say to every dear minister and evangelist present—when you go to a city, do not imagine that all will be converted; but go in the right mind about it, feeling “There are souls here to be gathered into the Church, and the Lord is waiting for these souls.” Oh, it is a glorious thing to be an evangelist; with one hand, as it were, to bring out dead souls from the dark world; and, with the other, to bring on the day of Christ, by gathering in the members of His mystical body.

The Lord is calling out a people for Himself everywhere; taking them, like Lot, from out of a doomed Sodom; and the patience of Jesus waits till the last one is gathered in. For it is the last soul gathered into the mystical body that will bring the Lord, whose own hand will close up this evil age, and who then will open the goodly door of another.

Now, adds the apostle, “Comfort yourselves together, and edify one another;” not disputing one with another; not angry with those who cannot receive the truth you receive; but *edify* one another. Can I add, as did Paul, “even as also ye do”? Oh, what a spiritual millennium I should find on my return if, meanwhile, ye were all edifying one another. Oh, what a re-union we should have! How one would thank God for withdrawing one's presence from you, if it were only the means of drawing out your faith and love, and if God were to come among you with increased power and blessing. May God grant it; may He give you such a harvest of souls as you have never yet had.

Now, we come to what concerns ourselves a little.

“ We beseech you, brethren, to know them that labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you, and esteem them very highly in love for their work’s sake.” Mark, it is for the “work’s sake.” Everything that is not for the work’s sake will be but wood, hay, stubble, and will be burned up. When we all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, anything that is of nature—anything of *mere* taste, or of *mere* eloquence, or elaborate trope or measure—anything that is merely of *self*, will be as nothing in that day: it must be for the *work’s sake*; this is the rule by which we must try all God’s servants. Alas! after such a rule, how little have we surely. What have I? I speak not for others. Adds the apostle, “And beat peace among yourselves.” Write that word seventy times seven on the walls of that room where you retire to pray; and, if you have in your heart a thought of evil towards another—if you have a spirit that is going out in retaliation, or (shall I say) revenge—if you are harbouring such thoughts—write up on the very couch by which you kneel down to pray, “seventy times seven!” Ah, says some brother, I have forgiven twice. Ah, but have you forgiven him seven times? Well, not only have you to forgive him seven times, but, I was going to say, the innumerable number, seventy times seven! I have differed from many in my short life; I have had many differences of opinion; but, I say it truthfully, I do not know of a soul in the universe that I could not kneel down and pray for in a spirit of love.

Ah, dear people, if you have a hard thought of any one, spread it out before the Lord. It was while *He* prayed on the holy mount He was transfigured. Morally it is often while *we* pray that we are *changed*—changed from suspicion to confidence, from envy to love. “Pray for those who despitefully use you.” “Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a

quarrel against any." On a little farther it says—"See that none render evil for evil." Evil, beloved, will come. God often allows bad men to torment good men, even as the doctor applies the leech to the horse that it may draw out any evil that is in him.

Adds the Apostle, "Warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded." What is meant by "feeble-minded"? Men are oftentimes feeble-minded when they have just met with bereavement; they say they cannot stand up against it; or when they are being laid aside in disease, suddenly marked to fall, with the axe already at the root of the tree. They are feeble-minded when some child, it may be, is suddenly taken from them—often stunned, as it were, by the blow. They are feeble-minded when the enemy tries them, when Satan comes in like a flood, harasses and distresses them with his devices and wiles.

It is surely the feeble-minded you are to comfort, gently to nurse the weak ones, the sickly in the Church, doing it to Him who will give you your wages. Such are true pastors of the flock who bear the sorrows and are burdened as with the very *sins* of those over whom they watch. Says Paul, "Be patient toward all"—no matter who or what they are, be patient toward them. Possess your souls in patience. Do not talk about patience, but live it. Let patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing, and "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks." Submit yourselves to this test, whether you are in joy or sorrow, whether in wealth or want, in *everything* give thanks, recollecting that—

"E'en crosses in His sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise."

And "Quench not the Spirit." When men come to

speaking to you of the truth as it is in Jesus, see that you quench not the Spirit by refusing to hear. "Despise not prophesyings, (preachings.) Abstain from all appearance of evil." Some people say, *May* I do this? or *may* I do that? The thing may not be wrong in itself; nay, it may be even right in itself, but if it could in any way be construed into evil, Paul does not say, avoid what *is* evil, but avoid "*the appearance of evil*"—not merely what is confessedly wrong, but avoid even the *semblance* of wrong. "Let not your good be evil spoken of." May God write that word on our hearts, beloved. May God put it on every thought of your heart, for the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.

We are drawing to a close. "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly"—the God who is truly a God of peace; the *certain* God, not the doubtful God, but the *very* God of peace—God made peace by the blood of the cross. "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." That is the Gospel to the sinner. Justice demands the victim; but Wisdom says, I dwell with Him; I was as one brought up with Him; I can satisfy the love and the justice of God; yea, I can save the guilty and satisfy God, and I, if I take the sinner's place, I both save and satisfy. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." He so loved us, "that he gave his only begotten Son to die for us, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Such is the Gospel we preach, the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, and any sinner—poor, fallen, degraded, sunk in the very depth of iniquity—may, on believing it, take his place at the Father's table, "clean every whit." "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God that your whole body, soul, and spirit be pre-

served blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Our sanctification is both absolute and progressive. I cannot enter heaven *if* not sanctified. But my own progressive sanctification, owing to the evil which is in me, will never be complete. It is not *that* which saves me. We are, as to our standing before God, sanctified in Christ Jesus, "who of God is made unto us *sanctification*," which sanctification is perfect. "Ye are complete in him." But it is with this very completeness that, as saints, our life is to correspond. Hence our own sanctification, which is progressive. Our standing is our standard. "Be ye holy for I am holy." Ah, then, see that ye touch not, taste not, handle not, anything that is contrary to Christ. "I pray God that your *whole body* be preserved blameless." The whole body includes all. Oh, how much could I add here; but the rather pray that your whole body, soul, and spirit, be preserved blameless till the coming of the Lord Jesus. Faithful is He that calleth you. God hath called you, and He who hath begun the good work in you will continue it until the day of the Lord Jesus.

May I not read this other little sentence—"Brethren *pray for us*." Brethren, pray for *me*—ah, yes, for *me*—taken from you in presence, not in heart. Will you not sometimes bear me on your hearts. "Greet all the brethren. Be kindly affectionate one to another."

Adds the Apostle, "I charge you that this epistle be read to all the holy brethren."

What an epistle is this chapter! First the colossal truth about the times and seasons—the coming of the Lord; then the breastpiece, then the helmet the hope of salvation, then the Gospel for the sinner, and the prayer that the very God of peace might sanctify you wholly, and finally the personal request—"Brethren,

pray for us," which request, now, on leaving you for a while, is mine. Farewell, beloved.

May the Lord lift up the light of His countenance on you and give you peace. "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing."

"Lord Jesus, we pray,  
Soon give Thy glad day ;  
From the throne in the heavens  
Thy presence display."

~~~~~

# INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

Jurors' Award: S. W. PARTRIDGE, Class XXVIII., Section C., Honourable Mention for Illustrated Books.

---

## WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

*Any Book sent post free by return, on receipt of the published price in Stamps or otherwise.*

---

The SALOON SHOW-ROOM is open daily from 10 till 6; Saturdays till 2.

---

**The Holy Bible**, consisting of the Old and New Covenants, translated according to the Letter and Idioms of the Original Languages. By ROBERT YOUNG. Minion, crown 8vo, cloth, 21s.; morocco, 24s. (Full lists of Mr. Young's works on application.)

**Supplementary Marginal Readings** (New Testament). Containing about 10,000 Marginal Readings. By the same Author. Cloth gilt, 2s.

**Concise Pocket Commentary on the Holy Bible.** Specially designed for those teaching the Word of God. By the same Author. Part I. (Genesis to Esther), 5s. 6d.

**The Song of Songs: an Allegory, and its Interpretation.** By the Author of 'The Destiny of the Human Race.' Square 16mo, cl., 1s. 6d.

**Heavenward Ho! or, Homeward Bound.** A Seaman's Sunday Book. Second Thousand. Crown 8vo, limp cloth, 1s.

**Tales for the Train.** I. Overton's Question. 18mo, cloth gilt, 1s.

**The Need and Method of Sabbath Storing for God.** By Rev. H. T. ROBJOHN, B.A. The Obligation and Advantages of Sabbath Storing for the Lord. By Rev. G. FLETCHER, Bury. Two Prize Essays. 6d. each; or, bound together, 1s. 6d.

**Peter Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist.** By WILLIAM TALLACK, Author of 'Malta under the Phœnicians,' &c. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**The Power of Truth; or, Results of Theatre Preaching and Extraordinary Meetings in the South of London.** By WILLIAM CARTER. With Engraving of a Thieves' Tea-Meeting, &c. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

**Self-Formation; or, Aids and Helps to Mind-Life.** By Rev. PAXTON HOOD, Author of 'Blind Amos,' &c. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**The Pastor and the Parish ; or, The Minister as Preacher, Pastor, &c.** By JOHN B. HEARD, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Bilton, Harrogate. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. (One-Hundred-Guinea Essay.)

**The Model Parish: a Prize Essay on the Pastoral Character and Pastoral Work.** By F. R. WYNNE, A.B., Incumbent of St. Mary's, Kilkenny. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. (Fifty-Guinea Essay.)

**The Test of Truth: an Argument and a Narrative.** By MARY JANE GRAHAM. Ninth Edition. Royal 32mo, cloth gilt, 1s. (or separate, 6d. each).

**Riches Increased by Giving; or, the Surest and Safest Way of Thriving.** By T. GOUGE. New Edition, fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. With Prefatory Remarks by BAXTER, and Drs. OWEN, MANTON, and BATES.

**The Dairyman's Daughter.** An Authentic Narrative. By Rev. LEON RICHMOND, M.A. With Illustrations by BRENT FOSTER, and others. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

**The Temperance Reformation Movement in the Church of England.** By Rev. H. J. ELLISON, M.A., Vicar of Windsor. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s.

**The Four Pillars of Temperance.** By J. W. KIRTON. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**Illustrated Penny Readings.** In packets, 1s., or in paper boards, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

**Talk with the Little Ones.** With 30 Engravings. Illustrated paper boards, 1s.

**Our Dumb Companions; or, Conversations of a Father and his Children about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys.** By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. With Illustrations from drawings by Landseer, Ansell, Herring, and Welr. Second Edition. Cloth, 6s.; gilt, 7s. 6d.

**Worse than Death: a Tale.** By HARRIET POWER, Author of 'Beatrice Langton,' &c. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Baptismal Regeneration.** By W. H. FERRAR, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Dublin. Demy 8vo, 1s.

**Three Opportunities; or, The Story of Henry Forrester.** With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

**Mick Tracy, the Irish Scripture Reader.** With Engravings. Eighth thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Family Walking-sticks; or, Prose Portraits of my Relations.** By GEORGE MOORIDGE (Old Humphrey). With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**The Little Woodman, and his Dog Caesar.** By Mrs. SHERWOOD. With Thirteen Illustrations. Parour Edition. Printed on toned paper, price 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

**Memoirs of Joseph Sturge:** Containing an account of his Labours in connexion with Public and Philanthropic Movements for nearly Forty years. By the Rev. HENRY RICHARD, Secretary of the Peace Society. With Portrait. Demy 8vo, cloth, 16s. (The Work includes Letters from Lord Brougham, Thomas Clarkson, Sir T. F. Buxton, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Whittier the American Poet, &c.)

**Schnorr's Bible Prints.** A series of Twenty-four beautifully Tinted Engravings, illustrative of the Old and New Testaments. By Professor SCHNORR. With Explanatory Letter-press, by the Rev. H. J. ROSE, B.D., and the Rev. J. W. BURGON, M.A. 4s.

**Waste Not, Want Not.** By Mrs. SHERWOOD. Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s. 6d.

**Scripture Teachings for Young Children.** By ELIZABETH C. ASHBY. Old Testament. Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**Scripture Teachings from the New Testament.** By the same Author. Royal 16mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**British Workman Placards.** Fourteen Large Placards for Workshops, &c. 1d. each; Coloured, 3d. Nos. I.—XII. in a Packet, 1s.

**Voices from the Valley testifying of Jesus.** Dedicated to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon. By the Rev. F. WHITFIELD, A.B., late Incumbent of Kirkby Ravensworth, Yorkshire. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Truth in Christ.** By same Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Spiritual Unfoldings from the Word of Life.** By the same Author. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Gleanings from Scripture.** By the same Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**How to Stop Drunkenness.** By C. BUXTON, Esq., M.P. 1s.

**Happy Years at Hand:** Outlines of the Coming Theocracy. By Rev. Dr. LEASK. Second thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

**Beauties of the Bible.** In Ten Lectures. By the same Author. Third Edition. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Willy Heath and the House Rent.** By the same Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, illustrated, 1s. 6d.

**Lays of the Future.** By the same Author. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

**What Put my Pipe Out;** or, Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

**The Miracles of Christ** Illustrated and Explained. By ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., Incumbent of Clerkenwell. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. 6d. cloth.

**Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones.**

100 Woodcuts, from drawings by Sir K. Landseer, Gilbert, Birket Foster, Anelay, Harrison Weir, and Huard. One vol. Cloth, 5s.; gilt, 7s. 6d.

**Church of England Temperance Magazine, 1864.**

Demy 8vo, cloth, 4s.

**British Workman, 1855—64.** With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 15s.; gilt, 17s. 6d.

Yearly Parts, 1855—64. 1s. 6d. each.

Yearly Parts, 1858—64. (Parlour

Edition.) Gilt, 2s. 6d. each.

Part I., 1855-59, 9s.; gilt, 10s. 6d.

Part II., 1860-64, 9s.; gilt, 10s. 6d.

**Band of Hope Review, with numerous Illustrations, 1851—60.** Cloth, 10s.; gilt, 12s.

Yearly Parts, 1851—64. 1s. each.

Yearly Parts, 1859—64. (Parlour

Edition.) Gilt, 2s. each.

In one vol., 1861-64, 4s. 6d.; gilt, 5s.

**Children's Friend, 1861—64.** 1s. 6d. each; cloth, 2s.; gilt, 2s. 6d. In one vol., cloth, 6s.; gilt, 7s. 6d.**Important Truths in Simple Verse.** Third thousand. 18mo, 1s. 6d.; crimson gilt, 2s.**Tracts for the Suppression of Intemperance.** Ten different kinds. Illustrated. 1s. per assorted packet.**Meliora.** Vols. I to V. 8vo, cloth, 5s. each.**Pictorial Cards, illustrating Select Portions of the Old and New Testaments.** Printed in Oil Colours. In assorted packets (12 cards each). Packets I. and II., 1s. each.**British Messenger, Parts for 1862—4.** Paper, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s. each.**Assorted Packet of Select Penny Books.** 1s.**Assorted Packets of Small Books for S.S. Children.** 1s.**Dublin Tracts.** Sample Packets, 1s. each. Pursuant to a recent reduction, a Large Packet of these Tracts may (for gratuitous distribution) be had for 10s. (Complete Lists on application.)**Shilling Packets of Stirling Tracts.** On the following subjects, assorted:—The Gospel Banner, The Practical Preacher, Miscellaneous, The Christian Narrator, The Sabbath Observer, The Temperance Reformer. In Sixpenny and Shilling Packets. (Complete Lists on application.)

---

*SHILLING ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.*

---

- Ronald's Reason ; or, the Little Cripple.** Mrs. S. C. HALL.  
**Sybil, and her Live Snowball.**  
**Come Home, Mother.** By NELSIE BROOK.  
**Maude's Visit to Sandybeach.**  
**Marie and the Seven Children.** By Mrs. GELDART.  
**Crosses of Childhood.** By Mrs. WALLER.  
**Families, how made Happy or Miserable.**  
**Have we any Word of God?**  
**The Children's Party at Upland.**  
**John Todd, and how he Stirred his own Broth-pot.**  
**Rainy Days, and How to meet them.**  
**Rosa ; or, The Two Castles.**  
**The Haunted House.**  
**Truth frae 'mang the Heather.**  
**The Giants, and How to Fight them.** By Dr. NEWTON.  
**Confessions of a Decanter.** By Mrs. BALFOUR.  
**Cousin Bessie ; or, Youthful Earnestness.** By the same.  
**Club Night ; a Village Record.** By the same.  
**Homely Hints on Household Management.** By the same.  
**The History of a Shilling.** By the same.  
**Wanderings of a Bible.** By the same.  
**The Two Christmas-days, &c.** By the same.  
**Toil and Trust ; or, Patty, the Workhouse Girl.**  
**Tom Burton ; or, the Better Way.** A Workman's Tale.  
**The Sick Room and its Secret.** By Mrs. T. GELDART.  
**Rachel ; or Little Faults.** By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

**The Governess; or, The Missing Pencil-Case.**

**John Hobbs; a Tale of British India.** By GEORGE DRAGO.

**Mind Whom You Marry! or, The Gardener's Daughter.**

**A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.**

**Thoughts for Young Thinkers.** By GEORGE MOGRIDGE.

**Prince Consort: His Life and Character.** By Rev. J. H. WILSON. Four Illustrations.

**Our Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim them.** By the same. Four Illustrations.

**Widow Green and her Three Nieces.** By Mrs. ELLIS.

**A Voice from the Vintage.** By the same.

---

*ROLLS FOR SICK ROOMS, HOSPITALS, &c.*

IN LARGE TYPE.

**The Family Instructor.** Thirty-one Leaves of Selected Texts. 1s. 6d.

**The Silent Comforter.** Consisting of Thirty Leaves of Selected Texts. Thirty-third thousand. 2s.

---

Part II., Hymns. Thirty-one Leaves of Selected Hymns. Ninth thousand. 2s.

**Prayer in the Cottage: the Litany, Prayers, and Collects** of the Book of Common Prayer, arranged for thirty-one days' use; together with Select Portions from the Visitation of the Sick. 2s.

**The Green Pastures.** Consisting of Thirty-one Leaves of Selected Texts. Sixth thousand. 2s.

---

Part II., Hymns. Thirty Leaves of Selected Hymns. 2s.

**Daily Teachings, from the Words of our Lord Jesus Christ.** Thirty-one Leaves of Selected Texts. 1s.

**Words of Comfort.** Twelve Leaves of Selected Texts. 6d.

**Words of Life.** Twelve Leaves of Selected Texts. 6d.

---

*Complete Lists of the Dublin Tract Repository, Illustrated Present Books, the Stirling Tracts, &c., post free by return for one stamp.*

---

LONDON: S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.





